THE PSALM

BY

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THE PALM.

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED MUSIC,

FOR

CHOIRS, SINGING SCHOOLS AND CONVENTIONS.

BY

C. M. WYMAN.

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PREFACE.

THERE are a few features in this work that we hope will prove acceptable. These are:—

I. The Elementary Course is as concisely stated as possible, leaving every teacher entirely free to use his own method of communicating a knowledge of the fundamental principles.

II. The collection of Singing School Music has been carefully graded, so as to furnish very easy part-songs, which a class may readily reach within the first two or three lessons. This it is believed will add very much to the interest of the earlier sessions of schools. More elaborate Glees and Choruses have also been provided for the use of advanced classes and musical conventions.

III. In the department of METRICAL PSALMODY, we have selected from a large amount of material those tunes that seemed most likely to prove real additions to those already in use.

IV. In the "SOCIAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT," will be found a selection of pieces, especially adapted to these gatherings.

V. Of ANTHEMS and Set pieces, we present an unusually large and varied collection. The very general demand for short Anthems, suitable for opening or closing worship, has led us to furnish a large number of such pieces, drawn from many sources, to which attention is invited. Of longer pieces suitable for Dedication, Ordination, Thanksgiving, &c., there is, we trust, a sufficient variety. We have also added several CHORUSES from the OLD MASTERS for the use of MUSICAL CONVENTIONS and CONCERTS.

VI. METRICAL CHANTS. The words of these are almost entirely new, in this form, and the music in this, as in the other departments, has been written expressly for THE PALM.

VII. CONGREGATIONAL TUNES.—The most familiar standard tunes for Congregational use will be found in this department.

We hereby return our thanks to all those who have rendered valuable aid in the preparation of this work.

C. M. WYMAN.

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ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

(THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.)

CHAPTER I.

§ 1. A musical sound is called a tone.

§ 2. A tone has three properties which are essential to its existence. viz:

1st. LENGTH,
2nd. PITCH,
3rd. POWER.

§ 3. Therefore the theory of music may be divided into the three following departments:

1st. That which treats of Length—Rhythmics.
2nd. That which treats of Pitch—Melodics.
3rd. That which treats of Power—Dynamics.

NOTE.—No attempt is here made to furnish an elaborate treatise on the Theory of Notation, but simply to set forth the few prominent things which are essential to the success of the Singing School. In some instances the facts are only stated, leaving each teacher to work them out according to his own method. It is hoped that this condensed arrangement will assist teachers in making their explanations of the Theory, *few* and *short*, leaving most of the time for practice. Let the teachers' motto be—PRACTICE MUCH. TALK LITTLE.

CHAPTER II.

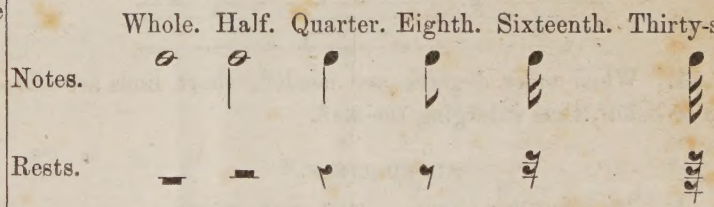
Rhythmics.

NOTES AND RESTS.

§ 4. The length of tones is represented by characters called Notes.

§ 5. Characters indicating silence are called Rests.

EXAMPLES.



§ 6. A whole note is equal to two halves. A half to two quarters. A quarter to two eighths, &c.

§ 7. A character equal to two whole notes, and written thus: ||𝅝|| is called a double note.

§ 8. Notes and Rests have no positive, only a relative length.

CHAPTER III.

Melodics.

THE SCALE.

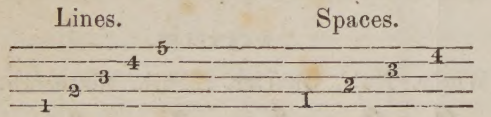
§ 9. The scale consists of eight tones, which are named from the lowest to the highest, thus:

	One.	Two.	Three.	Four.	Five.	Six.	Seven.	Eight.
The syllables	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do,
Pronounced	*Doe,*	*Ray,*	*Mee,*	*Fah,*	*Sole,*	*Lah,*	*See,*	*Doe,*

are used to assist the beginner in producing the right tones.

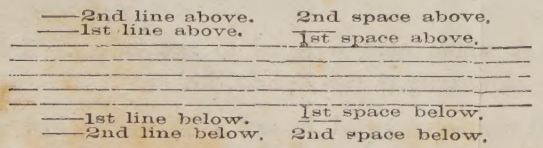
§ 10. The pitch of tones is represented by the Staff, which consists of five lines, and the spaces belonging to them. Each line and each space is called a degree. They are numbered from the lowest upward.

STAFF.



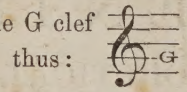
§ 11. When more degrees are needed, short lines are added above or below, thus enlarging the staff.

ADDED LINES.



§ 12. The absolute pitch of tones is named by the first seven letters of the alphabet.

§ 13. The pitches represented by the different degrees of the staff are determined by characters called clefs, of which there are three in general use, viz:

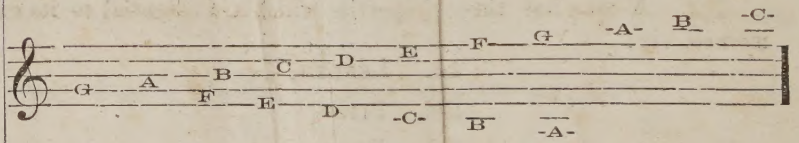
The G clef thus: 

The F clef thus:

And the C clef thus:

§ 14. The Treble or G clef represents the letter G upon the second line, while the other letters follow upward in alphabetical order, and downward by reversing the order, thus:

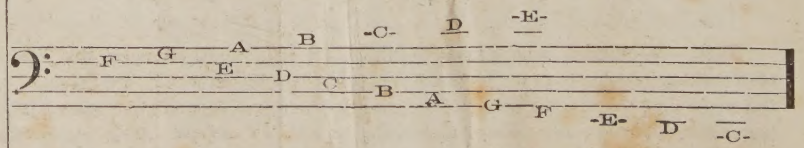
G CLEF.



§ 15. The Tenor, or C clef also represents the letter G upon the second line, and the letters, syllables and numerals are applied the same as in the Treble clef.

§ 16. The Base, or F clef, represents the letter F upon the fourth line, thus:

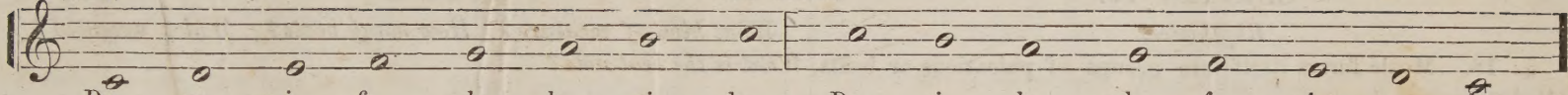
F CLEF.



§ 17. The scale, with syllables, numerals and letters, is represented upon the staff with the clefs as follows:

No. 1. *G clef.*

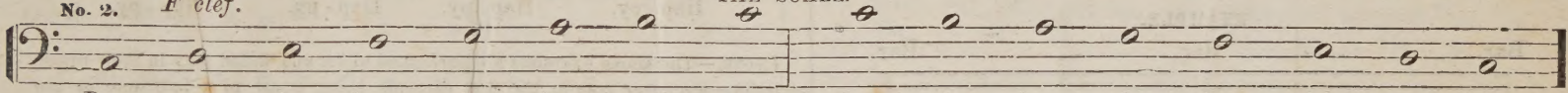
THE SCALE.



Do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do.	Do	si	la	sol	fa	mi	re	do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C.

No. 2. *F clef.*

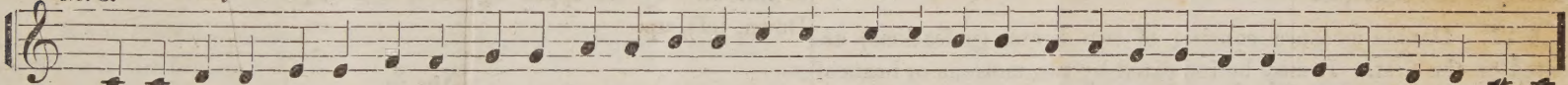
THE SCALE.



Do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do.	Do	si	la	sol	fa	mi	re	do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C.

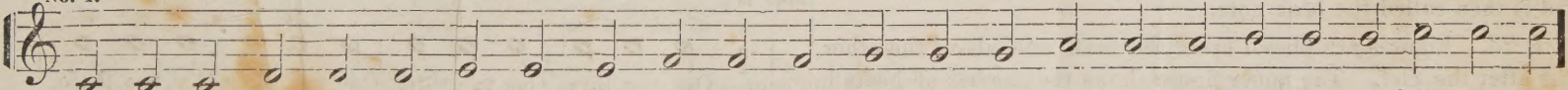
No. 3. *G clef.*

SCALE EXERCISES.



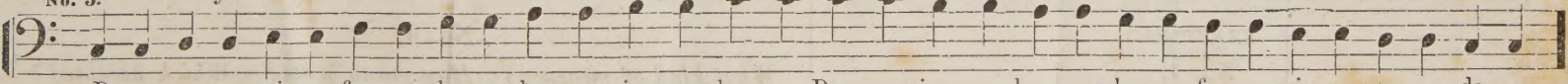
Do.....re.....mi.....fa.....sol.....la.....si.....do.....Do.....si.....la.....sol.....fa.....mi.....re.....do.
1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....8.....7.....6.....5.....4.....3.....2.....1.
C.....D.....E.....F.....G.....A.....B.....C.....C.....B.....A.....G.....F.....E.....D.....C.

No. 4.



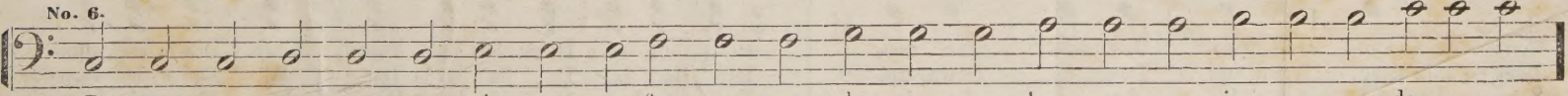
Do.....re.....mi.....fa.....sol.....la.....si.....do.....

No. 5. *F clef.*



Do.....re.....mi.....fa.....sol.....la.....si.....do.....Do.....si.....la.....sol.....fa.....mi.....re.....do.....
1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....8.....7.....6.....5.....4.....3.....2.....1.....
C.....D.....E.....F.....G.....A.....B.....C.....C.....B.....A.....G.....F.....E.....D.....C.....

No. 6.



Do.....re.....mi.....fa.....sol.....la.....si.....do.....

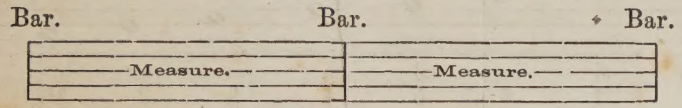
CHAPTER IV.

Rhythmics.

§ 18. Music forms itself into groups of pulsations or beats, called measures.

§ 19. Measures are represented to the eye by spaces between perpendicular lines; the dividing lines are called Bars.

EXAMPLE.



§ 20. There are four kinds of measure, viz: Double, triple, quadruple and sextuple.

§ 21. Double measure consists of two beats, (pulsations) accented on the first. It may be indicated by two motions or beats of the hand, viz., down and up, called beating time.

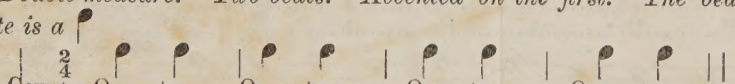
§ 22. Any note may be taken to represent the time of one beat, and is then called the beat note.

§ 23. Figures are placed upon the staff, one above the other, just after the clef. The upper figure shows the number of beats in a measure. The lower figure shows the beat note, or the note which occupies the time of one beat.

EXAMPLES.

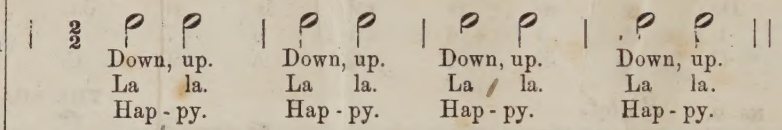
No. 1.

Double measure. Two beats. Accented on the first. The beat note is a 𝅗𝅥



No. 2.

What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?

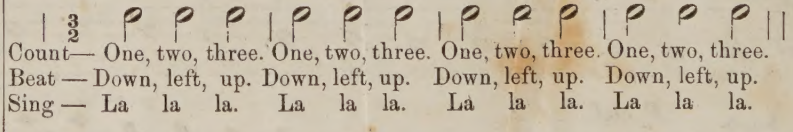


(NOTE.—The above exercises are performed alike, and differ only in their representation—a quarter note in the first example being equal to a half note in the second.)

§ 24. Triple measure has three beats, accented on the first. It is indicated by the upper figure 3, and requires three beats, viz: Down, left, up.

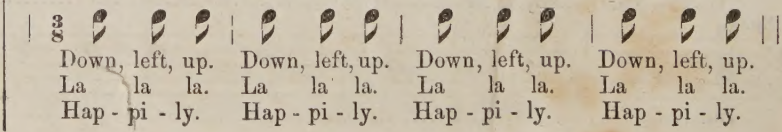
No. 3.

Triple measure. Three beats. Accented on the first. The beat note is 𝅗𝅥



No. 4.

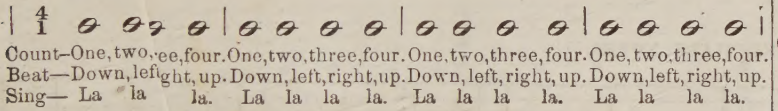
What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?



§ 25. Quadruple measure has four beats, accented principally on the first, and lightly on the third. It is indicated by the upper figure 4, and requires four beats, viz. Down, left, right, up.

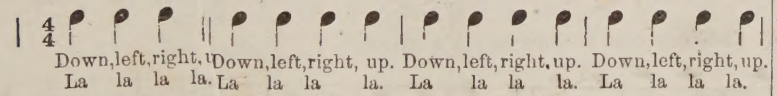
No. 5.

Quadruple measure. Four beats. Accented on the first and third. The beat note is 𝅗𝅥



No. 6.

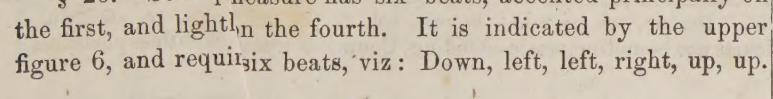
What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?



§ 26. Sextuple measure has six beats, accented principally on the first, and lightly on the fourth. It is indicated by the upper figure 6, and requires six beats, viz: Down, left, left, right, up, up.

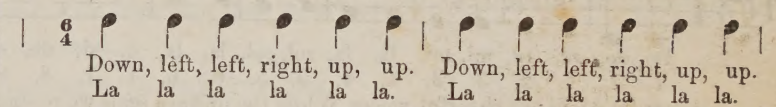
No. 7.

Sextuple measure. Six beats. Accented on the first and fourth. The beat note is 𝅗𝅥



No. 8.

What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?



§ 27. The following are in use for the upper figure: 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, and the following for the lower figure: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32.

TO THE TEACHER.

It would be impossible to follow any set programme in teaching Singing Schools, but it is hoped that the following will aid the teacher in furnishing that variety which will make his schools entertaining as well as thoroughly educational:

SINGING SCHOOL PROGRAMME.

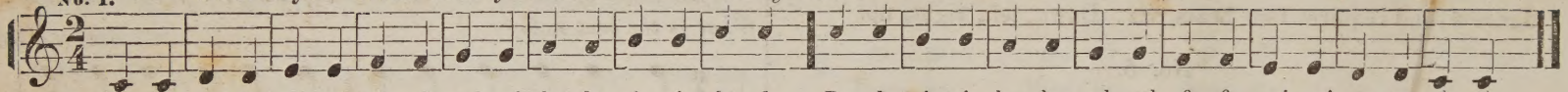
1. Familiar Tune.
2. Vocal Drill.
3. Blackboard Exercise.
4. Exercise in Reading Music.
5. Hymn Tunes.
6. Glees.
7. Quartet.

Rest Ten Minutes.

8. Hymn Tune.
9. Vocal Drill.
10. Anthem.
11. Chants.
12. Glees.
13. Anthems.
14. Quartet.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.*

No. 1. *What clef? What kind of measure? How many beats? What is the beat note?*†

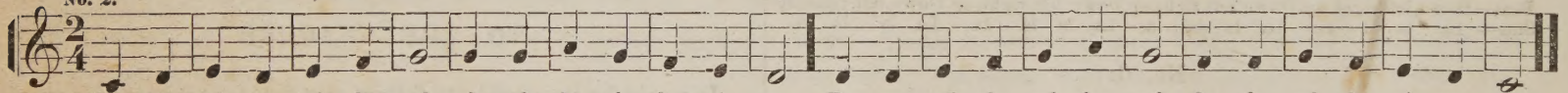


Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do. Do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do, do.
1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7, 7, 8, 8. 8, 8, 7, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1, 1.
Come, let's join our cheerful voices, While the upward scale we're singing; How the strain each heart rejoices, Pleasures pure and sweet 'tis bringing.

§ 28. A note may require more than one beat.

QUARTER AND HALF NOTES.

No. 2.

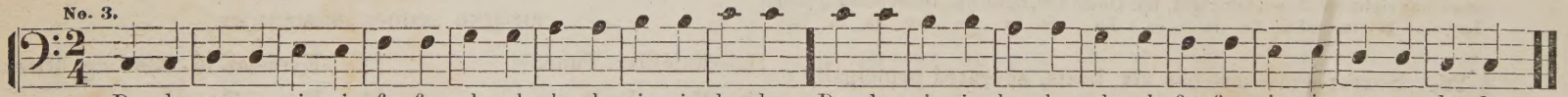


Do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re. Re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
Rainbow, rainbow; bright and fair; Smiling sweet on all be - low. Peace di - vine thy rays de - clare, Heavenly love thy splendors show.

NOTE.—Let the syllables, numerals, letters and words be applied to every exercise.

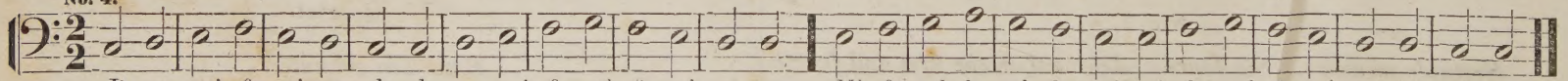
BASE CLEF.

No. 3.



Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do, do. Do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do, do.
Voices ringing, all are singing, Flowers springing, beauty bringing, Hearts are bounding, music sounding, Countless treasures, countless pleasures.

No. 4.



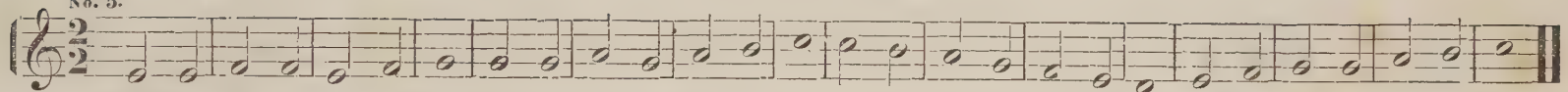
Do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, re. Mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, re, do, do.
Now the gentle May approaching, Shining fleecy clouds are fly-ing, Cheerly sound our notes of welcome, While with nature's songsters viein

* NOTE.—Much care has been given to the Grading of all the practical exercises. It is not intended that all the single exercises should be learned before singing in four parts, but after learning one or two pages, let the school go directly to "Morning Song," on page 19, and to easy hymn tunes. Thus, by alternating between single and four part pieces, may the variety and interest, so essential to the success of a school, be kept up.

† The pupil should answer these questions before singing every new exercise.

HALF AND WHOLE NOTES.

No. 5.



Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a - way, Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord I would commune with thee.

§ 29. A piece of music may commence on either beat of the measure.

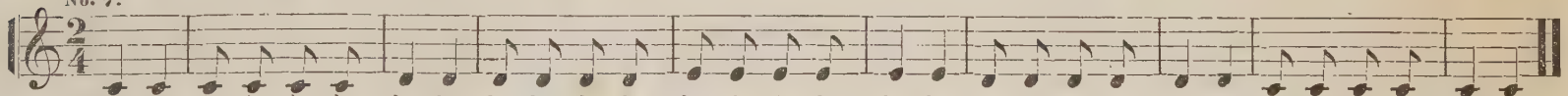
BEGINNING ON THE SECOND BEAT OF THE MEASURE.

No. 6.

Oh, yes, the good time now is here, The present is our own; Then do not wait for coming joy, Take *now*, 'twill soon be gone.

§ 30. Two or more notes may be performed at one beat.

No. 7.

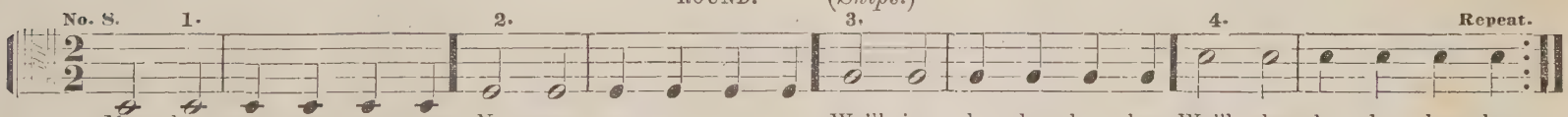


La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

§ 31. Dots thus (⋮) indicate a repetition of the music.

ROUND.* (*Skips.*)

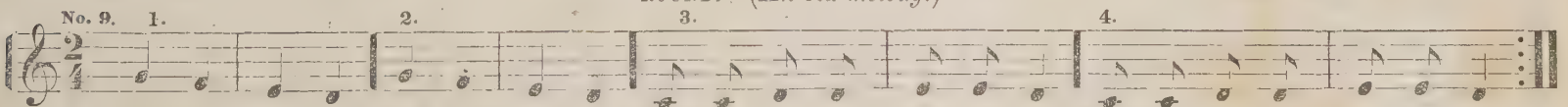
No. 8. 1. 2. 3. 4. Repeat.



May day, yes, yes, yes, yes. No snow, no, no, no, no. We'll sing la, la, la, ,la, We'll play ha, ha, ha, ha.

ROUND. (*An old melody.*)

No. 9. 1. 2. 3. 4.



O - ver moun - tain, Grove and fount-ain, Ple - sant 'tis to spend the day, Sing - ing, talk - ing by the way.

NOTE.—After singing this page the class may sing "Morning Song, and "Distant Bells," page 19.

* This should be sung in four parts, as indicated by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4. Each voice should commence at No. 1. When the first voice arrives at No. 2, let the second voice begin, and so through with all the parts.

TWO PART SONG.

No. 10. Ladies.

Join and sing this two part song, Loud let all our voices ring, Beat the time with ac-cent strong, So our cheerful song we sing.

Gentlemen.

RESTS.

No. 11.

Follow, follow, follow, follow, Never, never, never, never.

Never, never, never, never, Follow, follow, follow, follow.

§ 32. The whole rest is used to fill any kind of measure, and is then called the measure rest.

§ 33. A tie (⁀) is used when two or more notes on the same degree are to be sung to one syllable.

MEASURE REST AND THE TIE.

No. 12.

Change parts in the repeat.

Let me tell thee all, Be it great or small, All I feel or fear, Thine it is to hear.

Let me tell thee all, Be it great or small, All I feel or fear, Thine it is to hear.

NOTE—After this, sing "Gather Roses," page 20.

TRIPLE MEASURE.

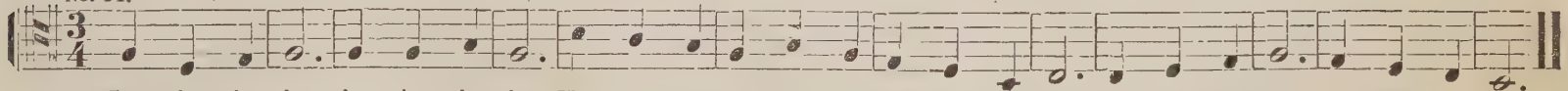
No. 13. *What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?*

Do, do, do, re, re, re, mi, mi, mi, fa, fa, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, la, la, si, si, si, do, do, do.
1, 1, 1, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8.
C, C, C, D, D, D, E, E, E, F, F, F, G, G, G, A, A, A, B, B, B, C, C, C.

§ 34. A dot (.) after a note or rest, adds one-half to its length, thus: and When more than one dot is added, each dot adds one-half of the length of the preceding dot, thus: and

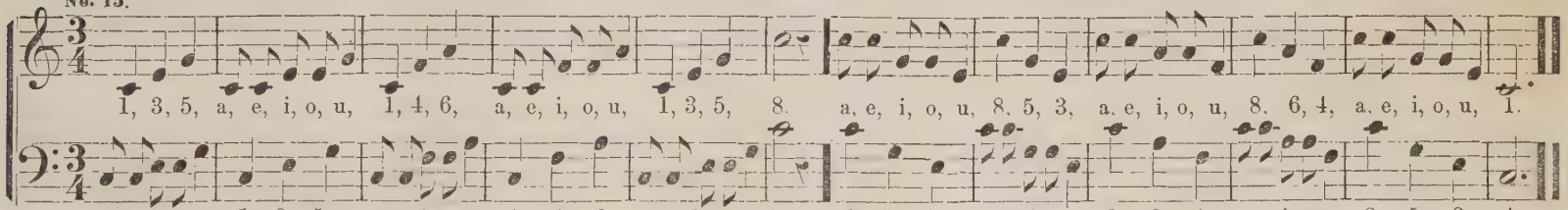
DOTTED NOTES.

No. 14.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Beau - ti - ful child, mer - ry and wild, Oft have thy prattlings my sor - rows beguiled, Beau - ti - ful child, mer - ry and wild.

No. 15.

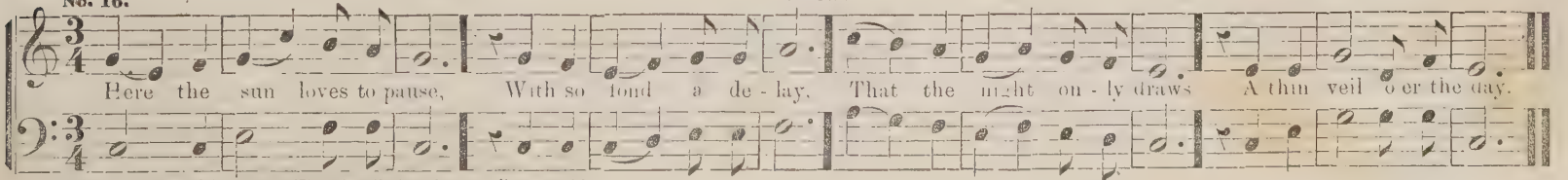


1, 3, 5, a, e, i, o, u, 1, 4, 6, a, e, i, o, u, 1, 3, 5, 8. a, e, i, o, u, 8, 5, 3, a, e, i, o, u, 8, 6, 4, a, e, i, o, u, 1.
a, e, i, o,u, 1, 3, 5, a, e, i, o,u, 1, 4, 6, a, e, i, o, u, 8. 8, 5, 3, a, e, i, o,u, 8, 6, 4, a, e, i, o,u, 8, 5, 3, 1.

§ 35. The slur (⁀) is used when two or more notes on different degrees are to be sung to one syllable.

THE SLUR.

No. 16.



Here the sun loves to pause, With so fond a de - lay, That the night on - ly draws A thin veil o er the day.

NOTE.—After this, sing "The April Sunshower," page 22.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?

No. 17.

Do re mi fa sol la si do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

No. 18. C D E F G A B C

Voices ringing, all are singing, Flowers springing, beauty bringing, Hearts are bounding, music sounding, Countless treasures, countless pleasures.

§ 36. Staccato marks, thus (, , , ,) signify that the notes over which they are written should be performed in a short, pointed and distinct manner.

STACCATO—A ROUND.

No. 19. 1. 2. 3. 4.

March march, march, Freedom calls you, quick, be ready, Rouse ye, in the name of God. March, march, march, Onward, onward, firm and steady, Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.

§ 37. Triplet is the name given to three equal notes, which are to be performed in the time of two of the same kind, thus: 3 = and 3 = The figure 3 is usually written over or under them.

TRIPLETS.*

No. 20.

Mer-ry, O, mer-ri-ly go over the ice and over the snow, Merry, merry, merrily, merrily, Merrily, merrily, merry, merry, O, O, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, O.

NOTE—After this, sing "Winter's Coming," page 20, and "The Distant Shore," page 20.

* When five notes are sung in the time of four of the same kind, 5 = it is called a Quintolet. Six in the time of four, 6 = Sextolet. Seven in the time of four 7 = Septolet, etc.

ROUND. (*An Indian feasting song.*)

No. 21. 1. 2. 3. 4.

Ha - ly, ma - ly, tip - sy tee, Har - ly, mar - ly, dom - i - nee, O - che, po - che, dom - i - no - che, Hi, pom, tus-kee.

DOTTED QUARTERS—A ROUND.

No. 22. 1. 2. 3.

If thou tell with whom thou go-est, Then I'll tell thee what thou do-est, For birds of a feather ev - er flock to-geth - er.

§ 38. When tones higher than eight are sung, eight should be considered as one of an upper scale, and when tones lower than one are sung, one should be considered as eight of a lower scale.

EXTENDED SCALE.

No. 23.

Do, do, si, do, re, re, re, re, sol, sol, re, re, do, re, mi, mi, mi, fa, fa, mi, re, do, do, do, do, do, sol, mi, re, do.
8, 8, 7, 8, 2, 2, 2, 2, 5, 5, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 3, 2, 1, 8, 8, 8, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1.

Do, do, re, do, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, mi, sol, do, do, do, re, re, do, sol, do, fa, fa, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, do.
1, 1, 2, 1, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 3, 5, 8, 1, 1, 2, 2, 8, 5, 1, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 5, 1.

§ 39. The hold thus: (𝄐) shows that the note, rest or measure over or under which it is placed, should be prolonged, at the pleasure of the performer. When over a double bar, it indicates an interval of silence between the strains.

HOLD.

No. 24.

Sing then, let us sing. Sing then, oh, sing. Sing. do not hold. Why should we hold in every measure?

Yes, but hold the rest. Yes, but prolong the measure. Wait for the hold. Now you may hold it at your pleasure.

HOME SWEET HOME. (*Three parts.*)

No. 25.

La, la, &c.....

La, la, &c.....Be it ev - er so hum-ble there's no place like home.
La, la. &c..... Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot-tage a - gain.

1. Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam. La, la.....
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain. La, la.....

A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there— Which seek through the world is ne'er met with else - where,
The birds sing - ing gai - ly that come at my call— Give me them, and sweet peace of mind, dear - er than all.

La, la &c.....
La, la, &c.....

Home, home, La, la, &c.....

La, la, &c..... Sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum --ble, there's no place like home.

La, la, &c.....

SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

No. 26. *What kind of measure? How many beats? Which accented? What is the beat note?*

Do.....re.....mi.....fa.....sol.....la.....si.....do..... do..... si.....la.....sol.....fa.....mi.....re.....do,

No. 27.

§ 40. Where the movement is rapid, it is better to give only two beats in sextuple measure.

TWO BEATS.

No. 28.

Ha,ha,ha, &c.....
Ho,ho,ho, &c.....
Merrily, merrily, happily, happily, merrily, merrily, happily, happily, merrily, merrily, happily, happily, merrily, merrily, O.

TWO BEATS.

No. 29.

La, la, &c.....

THREE PART SONG.

No. 30. 1st and 2nd Treble.

Let us love one an - oth - er, Not long may we stay In this bleak world of mourning, So brief is life's stay.
Some shall fall ere 'tis noon, and few lin - ger till eve, O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve.

INTERVALS.

No. 31.

No..... .....Yes.....
Yes..... .....No.....

No. 32.

Do, re, me, do.....

No. 33.

Do, sol, la, do.....

No. 34.

La..... Ha..... .....

§ 41. Da Capo or D. C. means return to and end with the first section, or at the word Fine.

No. 35.* FINE. D. C.

Summer days are now de - clin - ing, With their precious golden hours. Dim - ly, see, the sun is shin-ing, Thro' the fading groves and bowers.

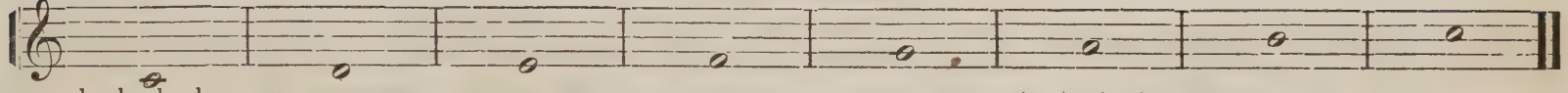
§ 42. A note commencing on the unaccented part and extending over two or more parts of a measure, is called syncopated, and should be accented.

SYNCOPATION.

No. 36.

VOCAL STUDIES.

No. 37.

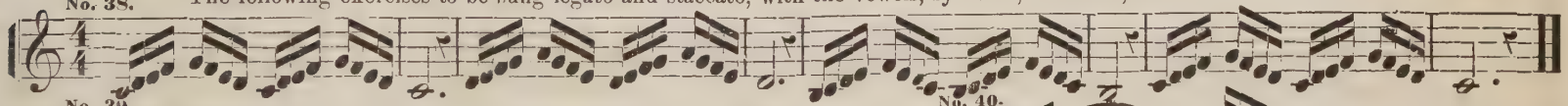


l, l, l, la, m, m, m, ma, n, n, n, na, p, p, p, pa, s, s, s, sa, t, t, t, ta, v, v, v, va, r, r, r, ra.
b, b, b, bo, d, d, d, do, f, f, f, fo, g, g, g, go, h, h, h, ho, j, j, j, jo, k, k, k, ko, z, z, z, zo.
a, e, i, o, u.....
oh, ah, a, e.....
e, a, ah, oh.....
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.....
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.....
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 10.....
Tent, tint, tight, taught.....
Sleep, slept, slip, slew.....
Stay, stack, step, stick.....
Lumping, bumping, mumping.....
Able, feeble, bible, double.....
Cradle, saddle, idle, bridle.....

NOTE—Let the sounds (not the names) of the above consonants be given four times in quick succession, and the remaining vowels, numerals and words should be repeated with each tone of the scale.

The following exercises to be sung legato and staccato, with the vowels, syllables, numerals, &c.

No. 38.



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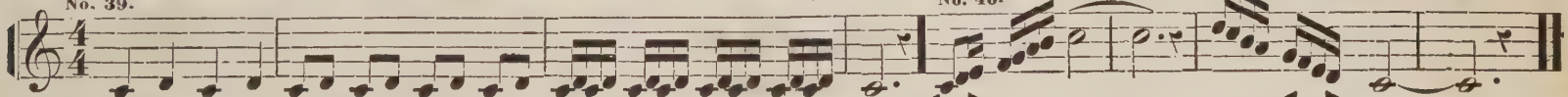

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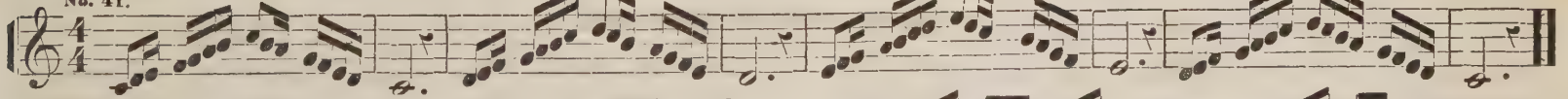
No. 41.



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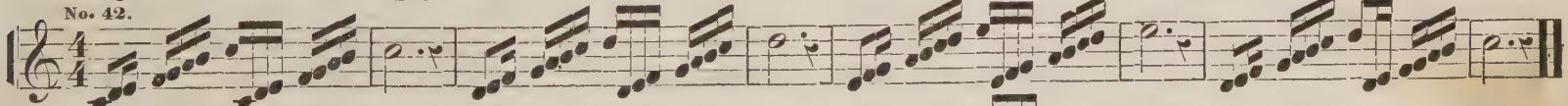

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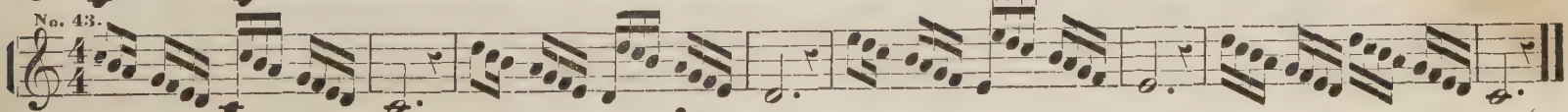
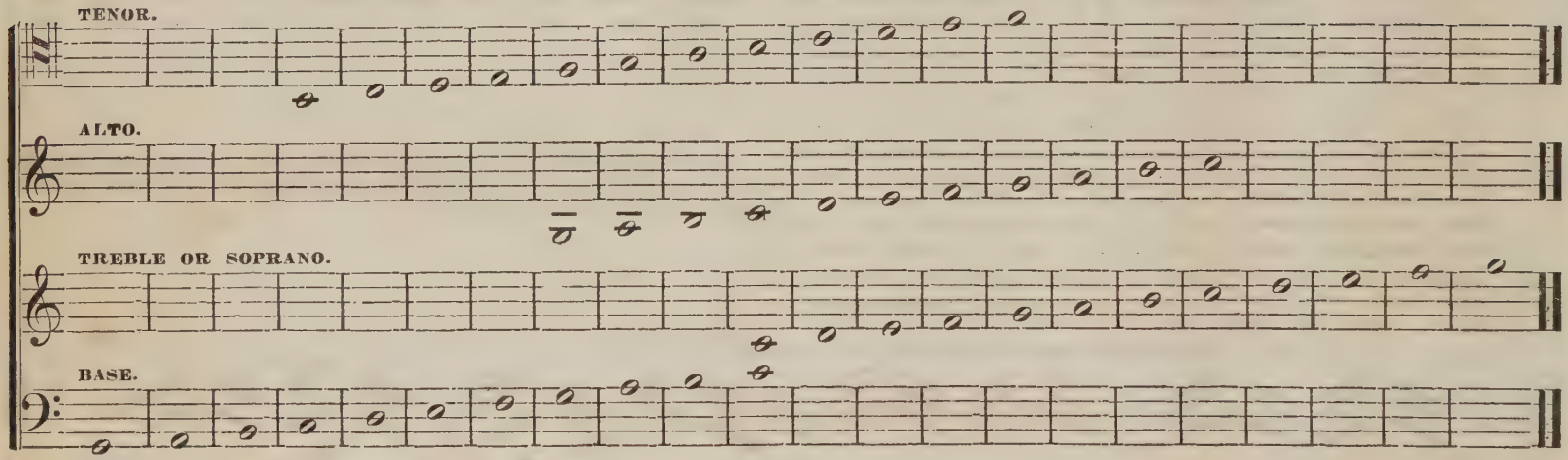


CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ 43. Voices may be classified as follows: Low male voice—Base. Low female voice—Alto. High male voice—Tenor. High female voice—Treble.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE USUAL COMPASS AND RELATIVE POSITION OF THE FOUR PARTS.



CHAPTER V.

(*Dynamics.*)

TERMS AND SIGNS OF EXPRESSION.

Piano	marked	*p*	Soft.
Pianissimo	"	*pp*	Very soft.
Forte	"	*f*	Loud.
Fortissimo	"	*ff*	Very loud.
Mezzo	"	*m*	Medium.
Mezzo-Piano	"	*mp*	Rather soft.
Mezzo-Forte	"	*mf*	Rather loud.

Crescendo	marked	*Cres. or* <	Commence soft and increase.
Diminuendo.	"	*Dim. or* >	Commence loud and diminish.
Swell	"	<>	Increasing and diminishing.
Sforzando	"	*sf.* o >	Attack the tone.
Legato	"	⌒	Connected and smooth.
Staccato	"	' ' *or* . .	Short and distinct.
Organ tone.	"	=	Equal in power.

MORNING SONG.

TENOR.

1. Swiftly from the mountain's brow, Shadows nursed by night retire, And the peeping sunbeams now Paint with gold the village spire.

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

2. Sweet, O, sweet the warbling throng On the white emblossomed spray, Nature's u - ni - ver - sal song Ech - oes to the rising day.

BASE.

DISTANT BELLS.

1. Those distant bells are soft - ly peal - ing, Pealing o'er the az - ure deep, Seem they like sweet voices stealing From the shores of night and sleep.

2. And as I lis - ten to their measures, Like the flow of ves-per chimes, Voices which the memory treasures, Seem to float from happier climes.

GATHER ROSES.

1. Gath - er ros - es while they bloom, While they shed a rich per-fume; Work will bring thee joys that last; Time is fleet-ing, fleet - ing fast.

2. Gath - er then, the blooming flowers; Use ye all th' allotted hours, Sieze the mo - ment ere 'tis past; Time is fleet-ing, fleet - ing fast.

3. Tar - ry not thy good to do, Be thou strong and be thou true; Work will bring a fresh re - past; Time is fleet-ing, fleet - ing fast.

WINTER'S COMING.

1. Summer's going, summer's going; See, the leaves are falling fast; Flowers are dying, Flowers are dying; All their beauty's gone at last.

2. Winter's coming, winter's coming; Now his hoar-y head draws near; Winds are blowing, winds are blowing, All around looks cold and drear.

3. Hope of Spring must now support us, Winter's reign will pass away; Flowers will bloom and birds will warble, Making glad each Summer's day.

1. O'er the foam - ing bil - lows Of the might - y sea, Lo! the ves - sel bound - ing, Mer - ri - ly goes she.

2. Hap - py land they're seek-ing, Broad and fair and free, Hap - py homes a - wait them When they've crossed the sea.

3. Soon they will have left us; Fresh the breez - es blow, Hands are fond - ly wav - ing, Greeting as they go.

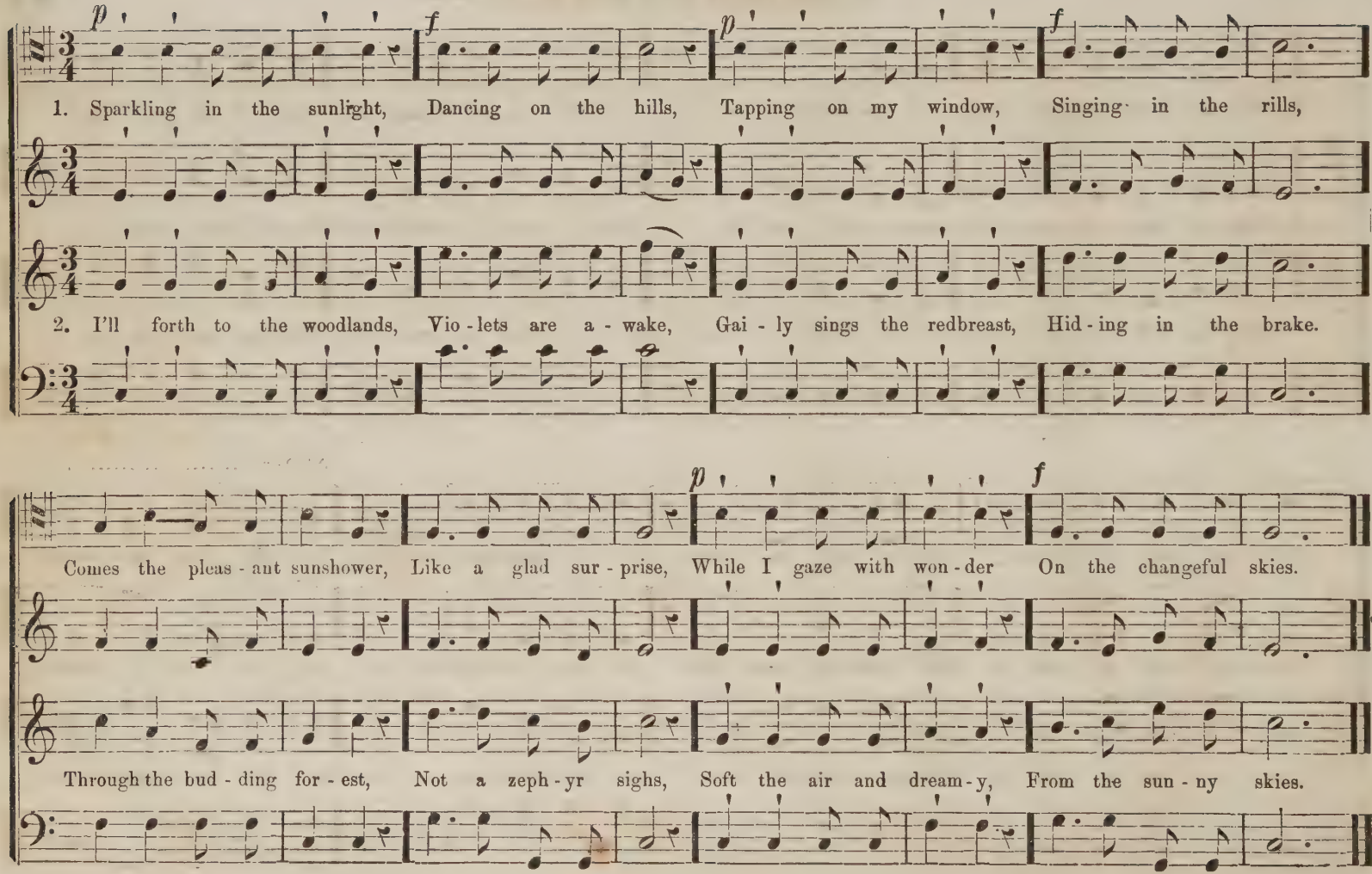
Slower.....

Hark! the crew are hail-ing; Friends on land once more, God pre - serve their sail - ing, To the dis - tant shore.

There they'll dwell to - geth - er, Chil - dren, hus - bands, wives, God pre - serve them ev - er, Long and hap - py lives.

Hark! their voic - es hail - ing, Friends on land once more; God pre - serve their sail - ing To the dis - tant shore.

THE APRIL SUN SHOWER.



CHAPTER VI.

Melodics.

MAJOR SCALE.

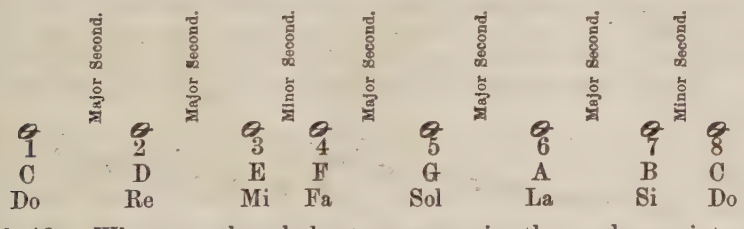
§ 44. The scale heretofore used, consisting of eight tones, is called the major scale.

§ 45. The difference of pitch between any two tones is called an Interval—as from 1 to 2, 1 to 5, 3 to 6, &c.

§ 46. The interval between two consecutive tones of the scale, is called a second—as from 1 to 2, 3 to 4, &c.

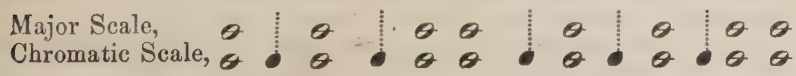
§ 47. The major scale has seven seconds, of which two are small, and are called minor seconds. Five are great, and are called major seconds. For purposes of measurement these two intervals are often called steps and half steps. The minor seconds occur between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8. All the others are major seconds.

MAJOR SCALE—SECONDS ILLUSTRATED.



§ 48. Wherever the whole step occurs in the scale, an intermediate pitch may be introduced, thus forming another scale. It consists of thirteen tones and twelve intervals of a half step each, and is called the chromatic scale.

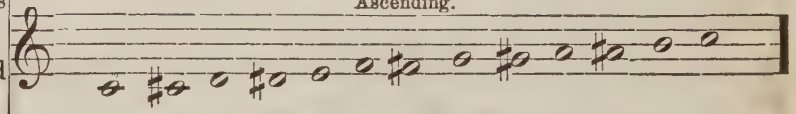
MAJOR SECONDS AND INTERMEDIATE TONES.



§ 49. The intermediate tones are indicated by means of characters called sharps (♯), or flats (♭), as follows:

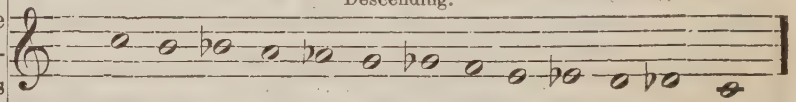
CHROMATIC SCALE, SYLLABLES, NUMERALS AND LETTERS.

Ascending.



Do,	di,	re,	ri,	mi,	fa,	fi,	sol,	si,	la,	li	si	do.
1	♯1	2	♯2	3	4	♯4	5	♯5	6	♯6	7	8.
C	C♯	D	D♯	E	F	F♯	G	G♯	A	A♯	B	C.

Descending.



Do,	si,	se,	la,	le,	sol,	se,	fa,	mi,	me,	re,	re,	do.
8	7	♭7	6	♭6	5	♭5	4	3	♭3	2	♭2	1.
C	B	B♭	A	A♭	G	G♭	F	E	E♭	D	D♭	C.

NOTE.—In the above syllables the letter i should receive the sound of long e—thus Di is pronounced Dē, Ri is pronounced Rē, &c. The letter e should have the sound of long a—thus Se is pronounced Sā, Le is pronounced Lā, &c.

§ 50. The numerals are read—one, sharp one, two, sharp two, seven, flat seven, &c. The letters are read C, C sharp, D, D sharp, B, B flat, &c.

§ 51. The degree upon which a sharp is placed, indicates a tone a half step higher, and the degree upon which a flat is placed indicates a tone a half step lower than it otherwise would.

§ 52. A natural (♮) is used to counteract the influence of a sharp or flat.

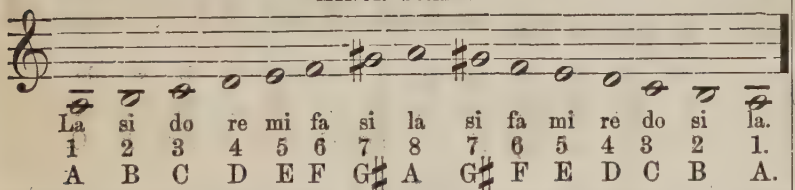
§ 53. The influence of a sharp or flat (accidental) extends through the measure in which it appears, unless counteracted by a natural. It also extends through succeeding measures, unless intercepted by a note upon another degree.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINOR SCALE.

§ 54. There is another scale, consisting of eight tones, but differing from the major scale in the kind and order of intervals. It is called the minor scale.

MINOR SCALE.



NOTE.—There are several forms of minor scales, but this, called the Harmonic Minor Scale, is the most used at the present day.

§ 55. The minor seconds occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8—the interval between 6 and 7 is called an augmented second, (the augmented second is equal to a step and a half,) and all the others are major seconds.

CHAPTER IX.

TRANSPOSITION.

§ 56. Transposition consists in changing the pitch of a scale or tune. The key note is named by the letter which is taken as One of the Scale. Thus a scale commencing with C for One, is in the key of C. A scale commencing with D for One is in the key of D, &c.

§ 57. The sharps or flats necessary in transposition are placed just after the clefs, and are called the signature (sign) of the key.

§ 58. When one sharp is used, the degree upon which it is placed is always the syllable Si, and the degree upon which the *last* (or right hand) sharp is placed, is in all cases the syllable Si, and the key note or do is found one above.

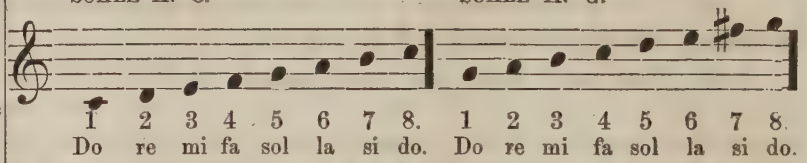
§ 59. When one flat is used, the degree upon which it is placed is always the syllable Fa, and the degree upon which the *last* (or right hand) flat is placed, is in all cases the syllable Fa, and the key note, or Do, is found four below.

NOTE.—With the above explanation, every pupil will at once be able to read in any key—and much practice in all the keys is recommended before farther investigating the process of transposition.

§ In transposing the scale, let it be borne in mind that the intervals must remain unchanged, *i. e.*, from 2 to 4 and from 7 to 8 must be half steps, and all the others whole steps. It will be necessary to omit some of the tones in the given key, and to introduce in the new key certain intermediate tones.

§ 61. Transposition of the scale from the key of C, to the key of G.

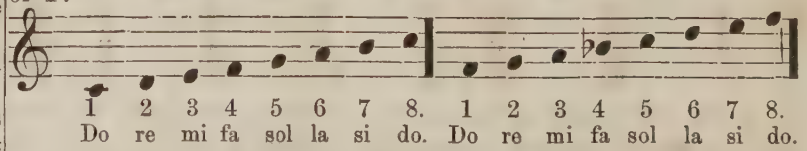
SCALE IN C. SCALE IN G.



In the above illustration it will be seen that the tone F is omitted, and the tone F sharp is introduced. The correctness of this will be seen, as the interval from E to F sharp is a whole step, and corresponds to the interval between 6 and 7, and from F sharp to G is a half step corresponding to the interval between 7 and 8.

§ 62. For similar reasons an additional sharp will be introduced in each succeeding transposition. (See pages 25, 26, &c.)

§ 63. Transposition of the scale from the key of C to the key of F.



In the above illustration it will be seen that the tone B is omitted, and the tone B flat is introduced. The correctness of this will be seen as the interval from A to B flat is a half step, and corresponds to the interval between 3 and 4, and from B flat to C, is a whole step, corresponding to the interval between 4 and 5.

§ 64. For similar reasons, an additional flat will be introduced in each succeeding transposition. (See pages 35, 36, &c.)

KEY OF G MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF E MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do. La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

G A B C D E F♯ G G F♯ E D C B A G. E F♯ G A B C D♯ E E D♯ C B A G F♯ E.

NOTE.—When the major and minor scales have the same signature, they are said to be related. Thus every major key has its relative minor, and every minor key has its relative major. The relative minor to any major scale is based upon its sixth, and the relative major to any minor scale is based upon its third.

No. 44. *What is the syllable where the sharp is? Where is Do?* What is the signature? What key? What letter is sharped?*

Do do re re mi mi re re re mi mi fa fa mi mi mi sol sol la la sol fa fa mi mi re re do.
1 1 2 2 3 3 2 2 2 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 5 5 6 6 5 4 4 3 3 2 2 1.

ROUND.

No. 45. 1. 2.

Do do do re sol sol re re re mi do do sol sol la sol la fa fa sol fa sol fa re si do.
Ha ha, &c..... La la, &c.....

NOTE.—In every two part exercise the ladies should first sing on the treble clef, and the gentlemen on the base; then changing parts, let the ladies sing on the base clef and the gentlemen on the treble.

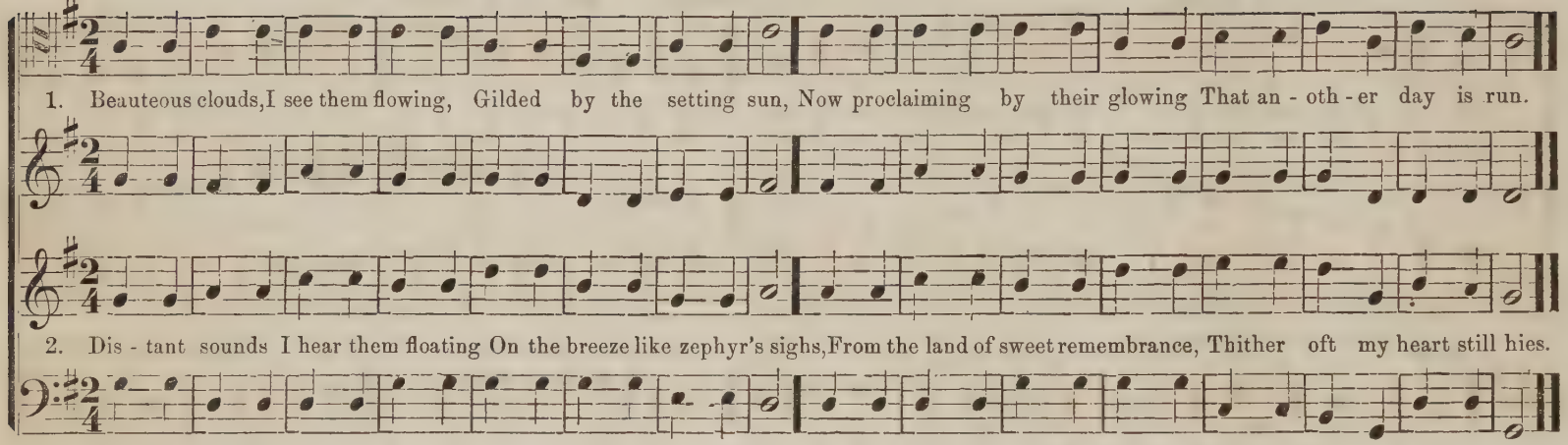
No. 46.

Do mi re fa mi sol sol re fa mi sol do mi re do mi mi mi re fa fa mi sol la fa mi re do.
No no, &c..... Yes yes, &c.....

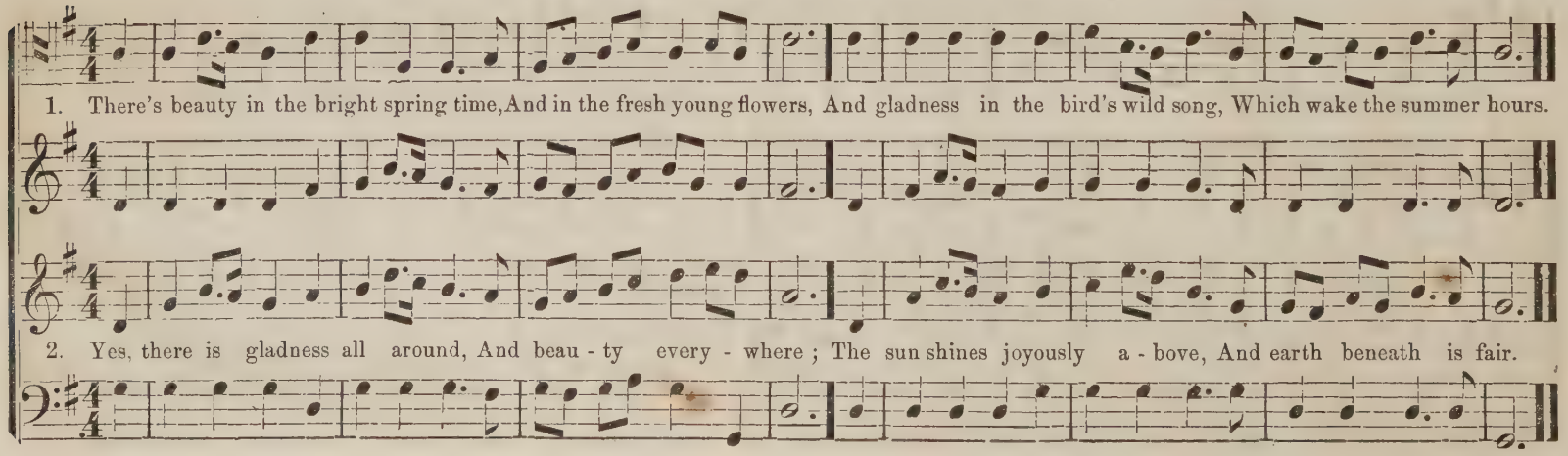
Do do si sol do mi mi do si re do sol do do sol la si do do do sol do sol si re re sol re sol do mi fa re sol sol do.
Yes yes, &c..... No no, &c.....

* The beginner should answer the first two questions before singing each new piece, and after transposition is understood, let the last three be answered.

SUNSET CLOUDS.



GLADNESS ALL AROUND.



Maestoso.

1. I see th'expectant nations stand To catch the coming flame in turn; I see from ready hand to hand The clear tho' struggling glory born.

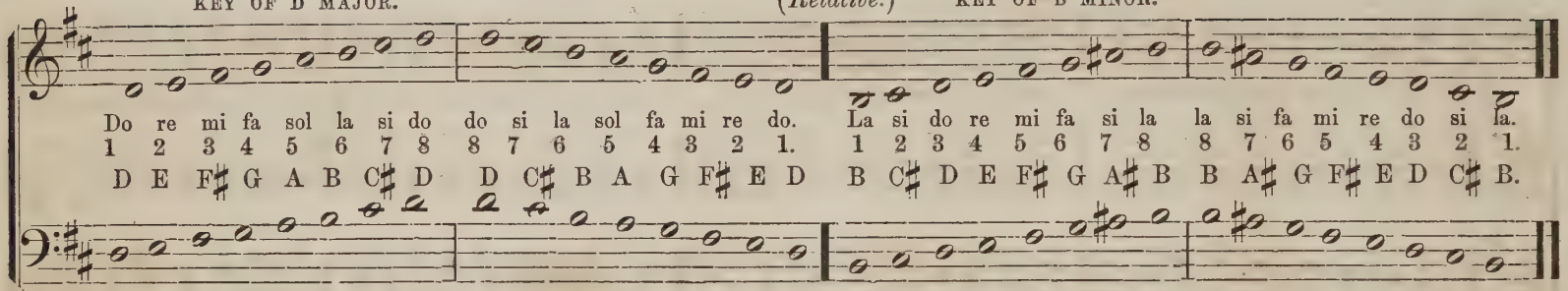
2. Shine, shine forever glorious flame, Di-vin-est gift of God to men, From Greece thy earliest splendor came, To Greece thy ray returns again.

And oh, their joy as it comes near, 'Tis in itself a joy to see, While fancy whispers in my ear, "That torch they pass is Liberty."

ff

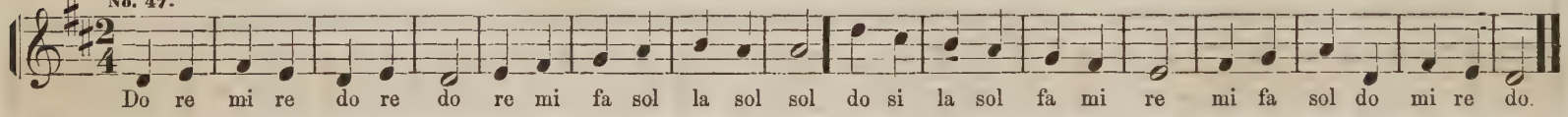
Take Freedom, take thy radiant round, When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return, Till not a shrine thro' earth be found, On which thy glories shall not burn.

KEY OF D MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF B MINOR.

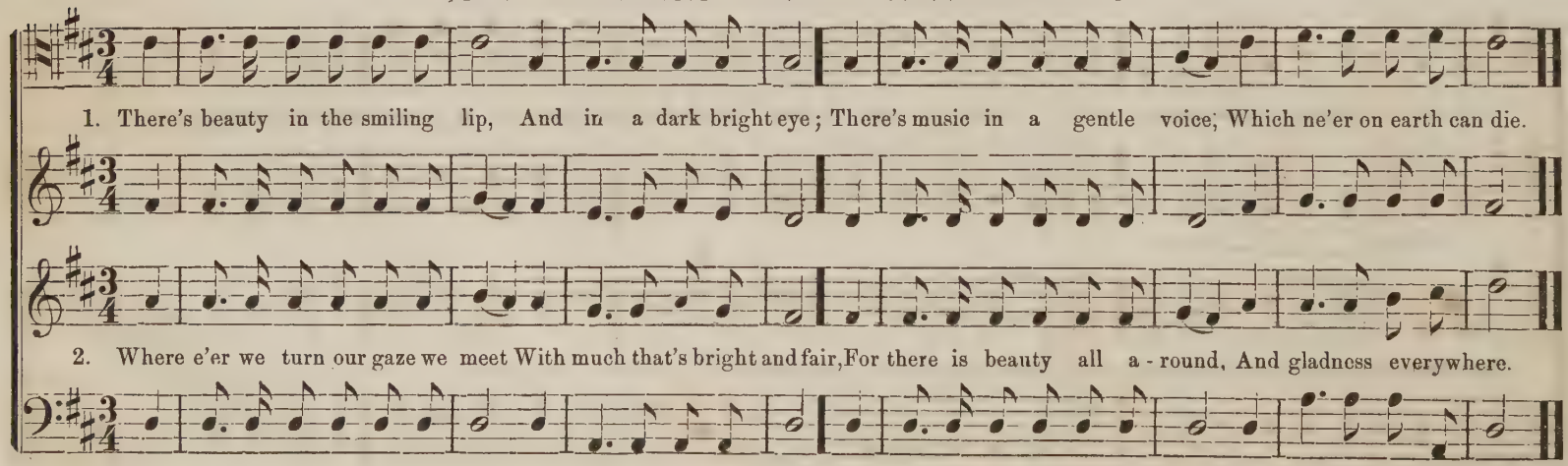


What is the syllable where the last sharp is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are sharped?

No. 47.



GLADNESS EVERYWHERE.



1. Violet time has come again, Once more laughing thro' the rain; Spring with sunny crown advances, Sunshine glittering on his lances.

2. Birds before him fly in crowds, Fast above him float the clouds, Swifter run re - joic - ing riv - ers, Sunbeam darts are in his quivers.

3. Swallows are his heralds fleet, Faster than the pulses beat; But-ter-flies between the showers, Tell the glad news to the flowers.

Long live spring—the rainbow arch Greets his coronation march, Green his banners free and brave, From each tree top rustling wave.

Where he treads primroses rise, And the daisies ope their eyes, Blackbirds sing in every bush, Answering the merry thrush.

Our old mon - arch, winter's dead, Spring time crowns another head, Sunbeams chase the envious rain, Violet-time is come again.

KEY OF A MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF F♯ MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do. La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

A B C♯ D E F♯ G♯ A A G♯ F♯ E D C♯ B A F♯ G♯ A B C♯ D E♯ F♯ F♯ E♯ D C♯ B A G♯ F♯

What is the syllable where the last sharp is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are sharped?

No. 48.

Do do re re mi mi re re do si do re mi fa fa fa mi re mi fa sol do si la sol la si do.

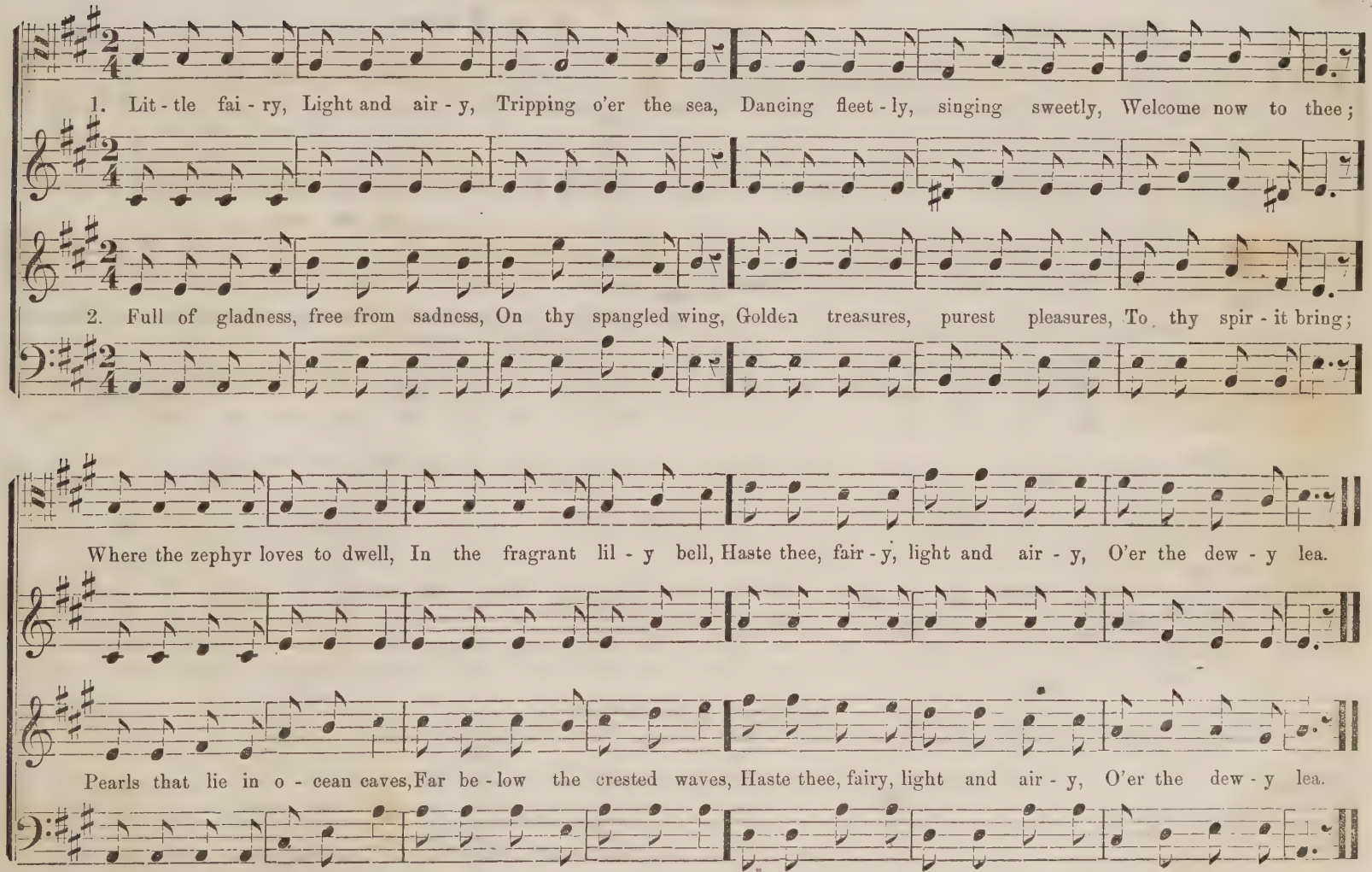
A ROUND.

No. 49. 1. 2.

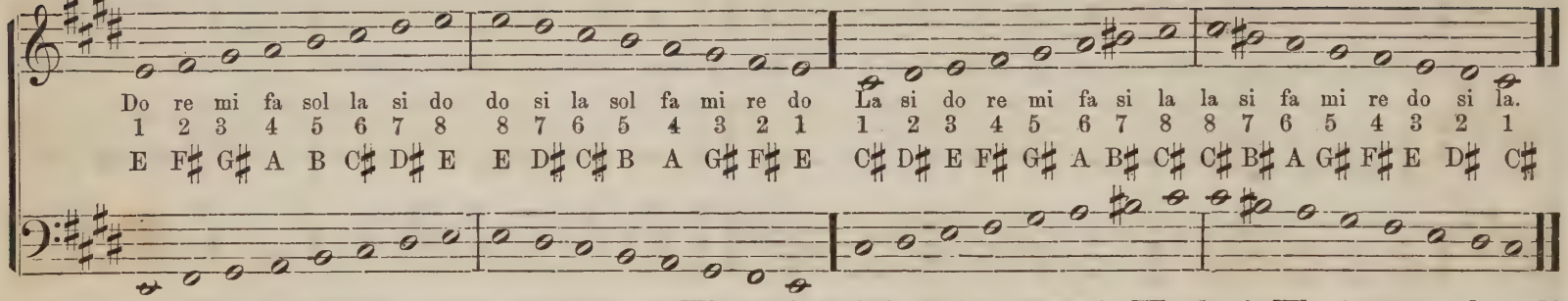
Brightly the sunbeams around us now shine, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine.

No. 50.

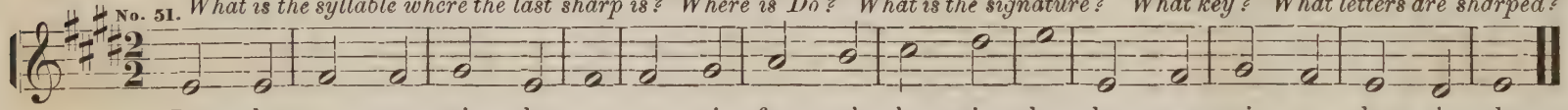
March, march, march, march away, Trumpet sound and cymbal play, March, march, yes, march, march away, Let trumpet sound and cymbal play.


1. Lit - tle fai - ry, Light and air - y, Tripping o'er the sea, Dancing fleet - ly, singing sweetly, Welcome now to thee;
2. Full of gladness, free from sadness, On thy spangled wing, Golden treasures, purest pleasures, To thy spir - it bring;
Where the zephyr loves to dwell, In the fragrant lil - y bell, Haste thee, fair - y, light and air - y, O'er the dew - y lea.
Pearls that lie in o - cean caves, Far be - low the crested waves, Haste thee, fairy, light and air - y, O'er the dew - y lea.

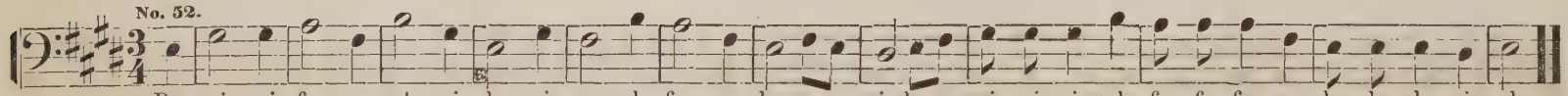
KEY OF E MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF C♯ MINOR.



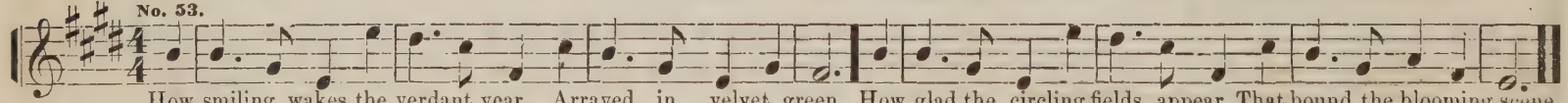
No. 51. *What is the syllable where the last sharp is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are sharped?*



No. 52.



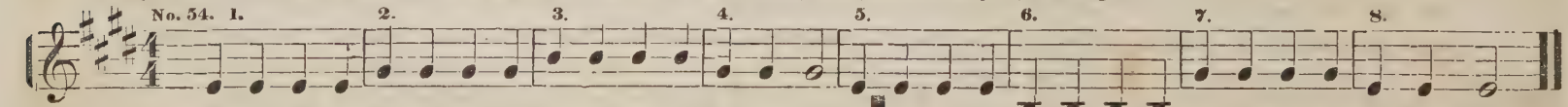
No. 53.



ROUND IN EIGHT DIVISIONS.

Each part should begin after the preceding division has sung one measure. Let it first be sung in two, three and four parts, then in eight.

No. 54. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.



EVENING BELLS.

1. Those evening bells! those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.

2. Those joyous hours are pass'd a - way And many a heart that then was gay, With - in the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

ANSWER OF THE ROSES.

1. We come gentle maidens, we come at your call, Our hearts warmly glowing with love for you all, Caressed by the sunshine, refreshed by the dew, And over us bending Heaven's beautiful blue.

2. O, say, should one shadow of discord and grief Mar the life of the Roses so tranquil and brief; One from all envy and jeal - ous - y free, To gladden each hearthstone our mission shall be.

What! listen to me, no, no, you're wrong, I'm right, no, wrong, wrong,

What! listen to me, no, no, you're wrong, I'm right, no, wrong, wrong,

What! listen to me, no, no, you're wrong, I'm right, no, wrong, wrong,

Come sing, listen to me, no, no, you're wrong, I'm right, no, no, you're wrong, you're wrong, &c. you're

Faster. Cres.....

wrong, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark! we're right, we're right, &c. we're right.

wrong, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark! we're right, we're right, &c. we're right.

wrong, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, we're right, we're right, &c. we're right.

wrong, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark! you're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, &c. you're wrong, you're wrong.

KEY OF F MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF D MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do. La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
F G A B♭ C D E F F E D C B♭ A G F. D E F G A B♭ C♯ D D C♯ B♭ A G F E D.

No. 55. *What is the syllable where the flat is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letter is flatted?*

Do do mi mi re re do re mi fa sol la sol sol la sol fa mi re do si do re mi fa mi re do.
1 1 3 3 2 2 1 2 3 4 5 6 5 5 6 5 4 3 2 8 7 1 2 3 4 3 2 1.

A ROUND FOR EIGHT DIVISIONS.

No. 56. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, singing a - way, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Song of the Keys.

No. 57. FINE.

One sharp shows the key of G, And two the key of D, sir; While three sharps show the key of A, And four the key of E, sir.
One flat shows the key of F, And two the key of B flat; While three the key of E flat shows, And four the key of A flat.
D. C. La, la, la, la, &c.

D. C.

Having learned the sig - na - tures, We practice on with pleasure; Singing in all the different keys, And various kinds of measure.

CHIMING BELLS.

C. M. Scovell.

Allegretto.

FINE.

Again, again, chime again, ye joyful bells, again, again, chime again, ye joyful bells.

Chime again, chime again, chime again, ye joyful bells, chime again, chime again, chime again, ye joyful bells.

Again, again, chime again, ye joyful bells, again, again, chime again, ye joyful bells.

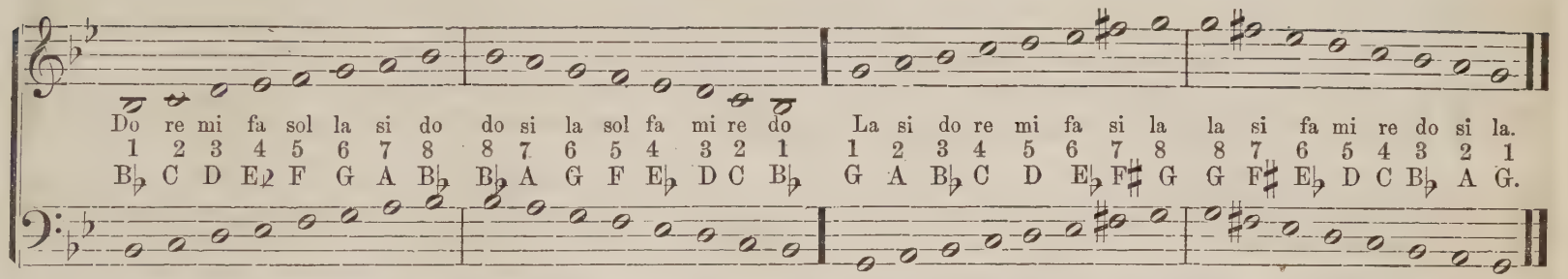
Rit. D. C.

As it comes floating o'er the plain.

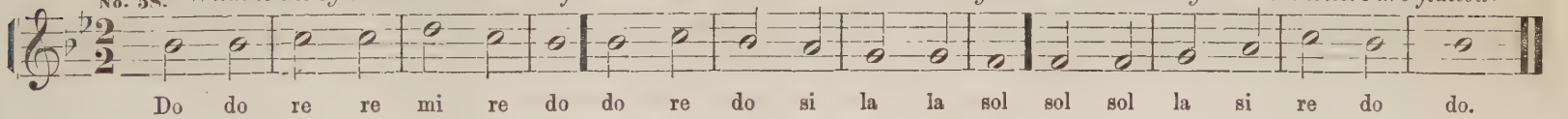
We hear thy sound floating far o'er the hills, As it comes floating o'er the plain.

We wait again for the sweet sounding bell.

KEY OF B♭ MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF G MINOR.

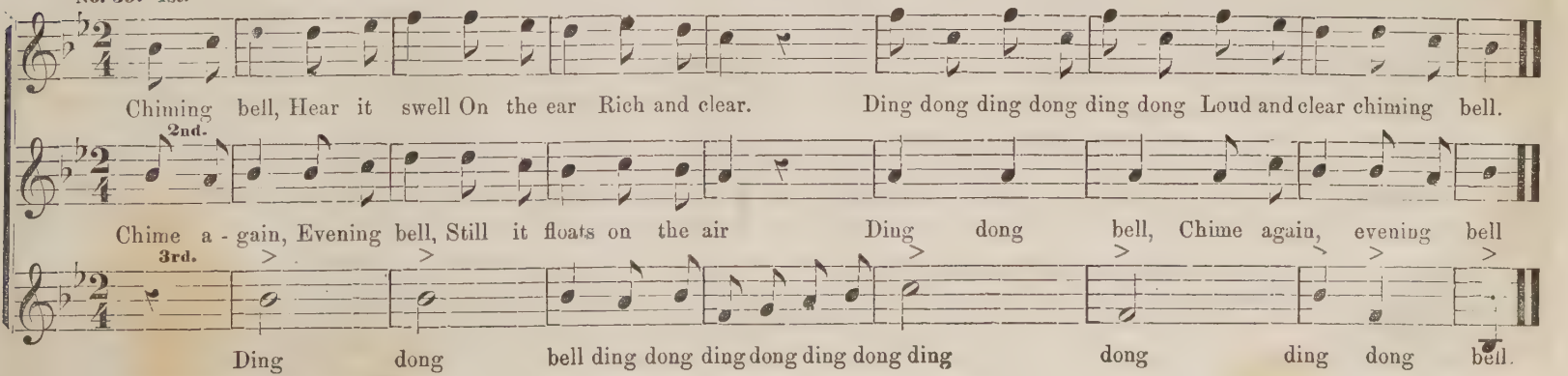


No. 58. *What is the syllable where the last flat is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are flatted?*



EVENING CHIMES.—Round in three parts.

No. 59. 1st.



O WIPE AWAY THAT TEAR, LOVE.

Allegretto.

1. O wipe away that tear, love. The pearly drop I see. Let hope thy bosom cheer, love, As yon bright stars we see.
2. Yes, when a - way from thee, love, Sweet hope shall be my star. We do not part for aye, love, I'll welcome thee a - far.
3. I'll watch the setting star love, And think I look on thee. And thus, tho' sundered far, love, How near our hearts may be.

SONG OF THE ROSES.

1. Like the birds, we know nothing of sorrow or care, Oh, the life of the roses is blissful and fair.
2. There is naught that can harm us thro' night's silent hours, For the great God who made us still cares for the flowers.

1. Like the birds, we know nothing of sorrow or care, Oh, the life of the roses is blissful and fair.
2. There is naught that can harm us thro' night's silent hours, For the great God who made us still cares for the flowers.

1. Like the birds, we know nothing of sorrow or care, Oh, the life of the roses is blissful and fair.
2. There is naught that can harm us thro' night's silent hours, For the great God who made us still cares for the flowers.

KEY OF E♭ MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF C MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
E♭ F G A♭ B♭ C D E♭ E♭ D C B♭ A♭ G F E♭ C D E♭ F G A♭ B C C B A♭ G F E♭ D C

No. 60. *What is the syllable where the last flat is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are flatted?*

Do re mi fa sol fa mi re mi fa sol la sol sol fa mi re do si do re re mi fa sol la si do.

No. 61.

3 3 3 3 2 1 1 4 6 5 5 5 5 5 8 6 5 4 3 2 3 2 1 5 4 3 7 6 7 8.

No. 62.

In the repeat change parts.

Oh, find thy sphere or high or low La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. Where God hath called or bids thee go.

THE SUNSHOWER.

Andantino.

1. Pleasant is the warm rain, Dropping on my brow, As the tears that fell From eyes that slumber now.

2. Is it but a por - tal To a home in view, That th'immortal soul E'en now may en - ter through.

Look, what bright mo - sa - ic Arches all the west, Resting on the up - lands On old o - cean's breast.

Look - ing down the vis - ta Of the years I've trod, Mem -'ry brings life's sunshower, Thanks to thee, O God.

KEY OF A♭ MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF F MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do. La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
A♭ B♭ C D♭ E♭ F G A♭ A♭ G F E♭ D♭ C B♭ A♭ F G A♭ B♭ C D♭ E F F E D♭ C B♭ A♭ G F.

No. 68. *What is the syllable where the flat is? Where is Do? What is the signature? What key? What letters are flatted?*

Do do si si la sol do do re mi re mi fa re re mi fa mi fa sol mi do si la sol la si do.

THE LEAF BUD.

1. Close within a downy cover, Here at rest I lie, I lie, Half a-wake and half in slumber, While the storms go by, go by.

2. Sometimes vague impatient strivings Stir my life within, within; Hopes of being something worthy, Longing to begin, begin.

3. Then a-gain a soft contentment Broodeth o'er my state, my state, When the time comes I am ready Until then I wait, I wait.

KEY OF D♭ MAJOR. (*Relative.*) KEY OF B♭ MINOR.

Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
D♭ E♭ F G♭ A♭ B♭ C D♭ D♭ C B♭ A♭ G♭ F E♭ D♭ B♭ C D♭ E♭ F G♭ A B♭ B♭ A G♭ F E♭ D♭ C B♭

SMILING MAY.—Round in three parts.

What is the syllable where the last flat is? Where is Do? What is the Signature? What key? What letters are flatted?

No. 64. 1. 2. 3.

Smiling May, come this way, Oh, do stay, I pray, What, Where, Oh, no, no, no, Smiling May, Come this way, Oh, do stay, I pray.

SUNSHINE.

1. From skies that were so gloomy, The clouds have rolled away, And now, among the roses The sunbeams are at play.

2 The birds are singing sweetly, I hear their glad refrain, And with them I'm rejoicing, That sun - shine's come again.

3. The dark - ness o'er my pathway, Has van - ished with the rain, And now my heart re - joi - ces That sun - shine's come again.

GREETING GLEE.

P. P. Bliss.
Words and Music.

SEXTET.

1. We come, we come, we come, To welcome our friends with a song; We come, we come, we come, And glad-ly the strains pro-long *

2. A - way, a - way, a - way, We'll haste to Eu-ter-pa's bright bower; A - way, a - way, a - way, Let mel - o - dy rule the hour.*

Our hearts are light With joy to-night, And light our songs shall be; Our notes we'll raise, In loud - est praise, Of heavn-born mel - o -

Ah, who would sigh, When Pleasure nigh, In-vites with cheer - ful lay; Then wel-come here, Our friends so dear, Be joy - ous while ye

* In D. C. go from here to coda.

dy. Our hearts are light With joy to-night, And light our songs shall be; Our notes we'll raise, In loud-est praise, Of

may. Ah, who would sigh, When Pleasure nigh, In-vites with cheer-ful lay; Then wel-come here, Our friends so dear, Be

D. C. CODA. After D. C. FINE.

heav'n-born mel-o-dy. We come, we come, we come with a song, We come, we come, we come with a song.

joy-ous while ye may. We come, we come, we come with a song, We come, we come, we come with a song.

Cheerfully.

1. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, Oh, ring the bells of morning; When all nature's music swells, And Sol is all a - dorn - ing,

2. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, When mid-day sun is beaming; Let their music, as it swells, Tell all within its hear - ing:

3. Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, As evening time ap - proach-es; For their sound to labor tells, The hour for work now clos - es;

When the dew-drop from the flowers, In its new-day beau-ty dress'd, When the perfume from each bower, Fills with joy the happy breast.

That an - oth - er morn has fled, That the day will quick - ly pass, That "Old Time," with si-lent tread, Measures moments with his glass.

And this truth their ring-ing tells—That the hours do quickly pass, Soon they'll ring the funeral knell, Of the liv - ing, moving mass.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, Oh, ring them out so clearly, When all na - ture's mu - sic swells, Ring, ring the bells.

Ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, Oh, ring them out so clear - ly, When all na - ture's mu - sic swells, Ring, ring the bells.

HO! COME ALL YE SONS OF GLADNESS.

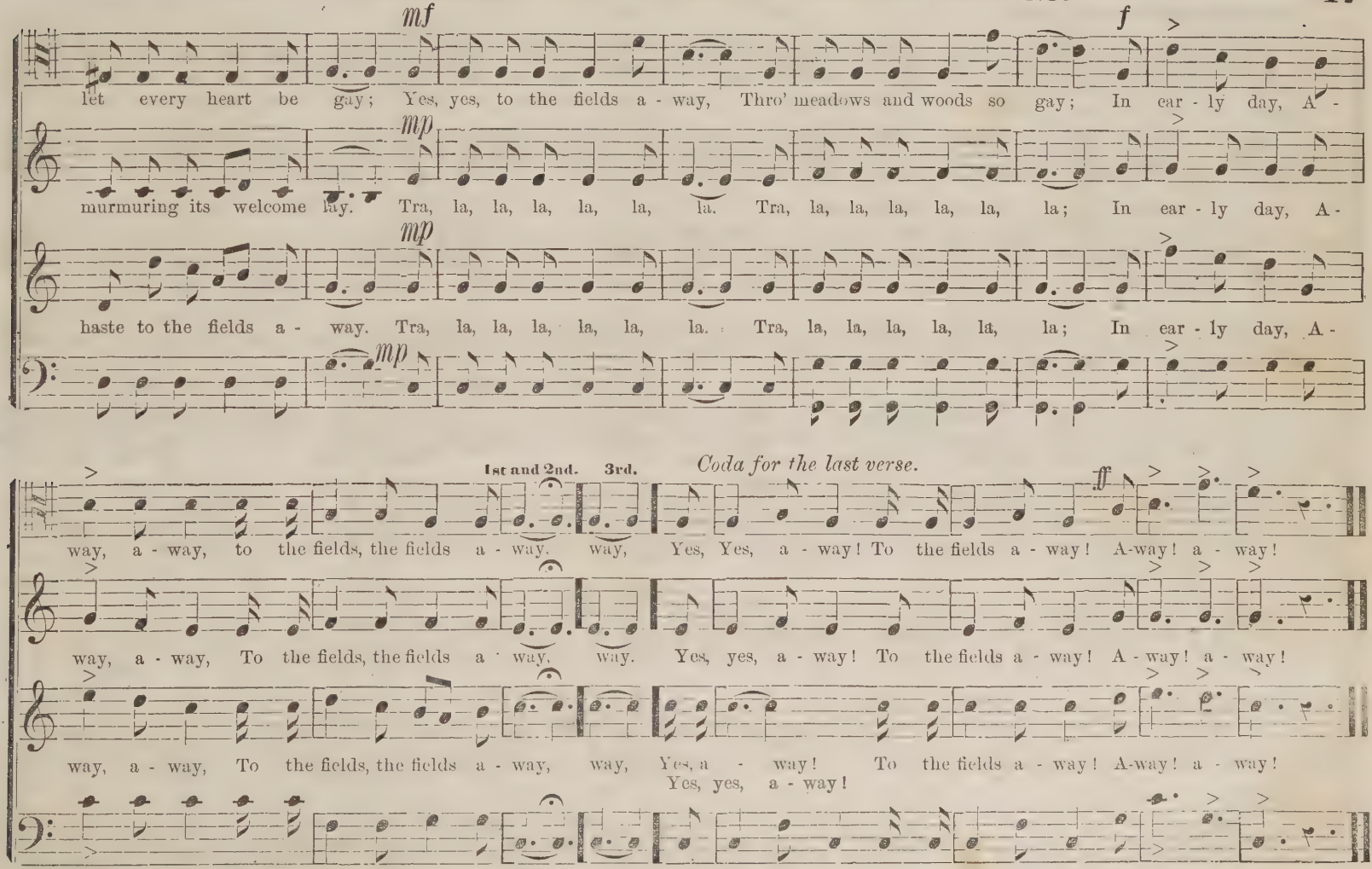
J. M. Pelton.
Words and Music.

PICNIC GLEE.

1. Come, come, come, Ho! come all ye sons of gladness! Quick! quick, to the fields a - way; Come banish a - far all sad - ness, And

2. Come, come, come, Yes, come where the wild flowers growing, Rejoice in the sun's glad ray, Above where the streamlet flowing, Loud

3. Yes, yes, yes, While nature, now smiling o'er us, Decked out in her best ar - ray, Invites to the joys before us; Come,


mf
let every heart be gay; Yes, yes, to the fields a - way, Thro' meadows and woods so gay; In ear - ly day, A -
mp
murmuring its welcome lay. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la; In ear - ly day, A -
mp
haste to the fields a - way. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la; In ear - ly day, A -
mp
f
1st and 2nd.
3rd.
Coda for the last verse.
ff
way, a - way, to the fields, the fields a - way, way, Yes, Yes, a - way! To the fields a - way! A-way! a - way!
way, a - way, To the fields, the fields a - way, way. Yes, yes, a - way! To the fields a - way! A - way! a - way!
way, a - way, To the fields, the fields a - way, way, Yes, a - way! To the fields a - way! A-way! a - way!
Yes, yes, a - way!

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

(QUARTET OR CHORUS.)

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN,
London, England.

cres. *dim.* that by guard trum -

1. *p* O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy both gen - tle and bright, both gen -

2. *f* O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows; It calls but the war - ders that guard thy re - pose, both that

3. *p* O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trum-pet and drum, by

p *cres.* ..... both

- - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long - ing to

They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to

gen-tle

guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy

trum-pet and drum. (*Omit and go to the sign* 𝄋 *on next page.*) Ere the step of a foe-man draws

gen-tle

f *dim.* *pp*

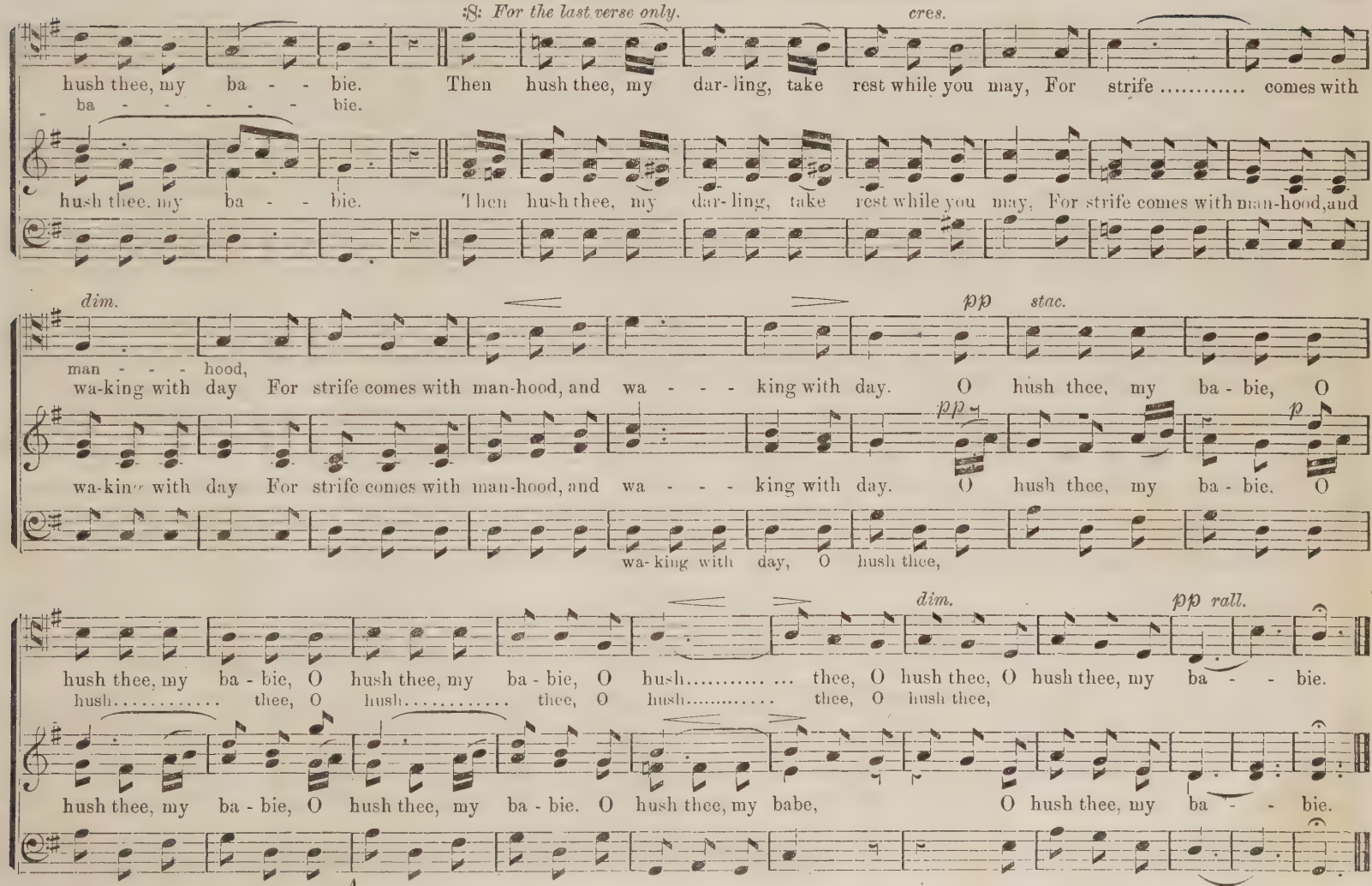
thee, they are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O

O hush ..... thee, my

bed, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O

near be - long - ing to thee. O hush thee,

draws near, O hush thee


:S: For the last verse only.
cres.
hush thee, my ba - - bie. Then hush thee, my dar-ling, take rest while you may, For strife ..... comes with
ba - - - - - bie.
hush thee, my ba - - bie. Then hush thee, my dar-ling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with man-hood, and
dim.
pp stac.
man - - - hood,
wa-king with day For strife comes with man-hood, and wa - - - king with day. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O
pp
p
wa-king with day For strife comes with man-hood, and wa - - - king with day. O hush thee, my ba - bie, O
wa-king with day, O hush thee,
dim.
pp rall.
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush..... ... thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - bie.
hush..... thee, O hush..... thee, O hush..... thee, O hush thee,
hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie. O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my ba - - bie.

WHISTLING MOUNTAIN BOY.

Geo. F. Root.

Allegretto.

1. He climbs the mountain side With swift and dar - ing feet; Oh, lit - tle cares he for wind or tide, For wea - ri - ness, cold, or

2. He hears the dis - tant roar Of an - gry beasts of prey, He laughing - ly mocks it o'er and o'er, And frightens them all a -

3. He, ere the stars come out To glad the brow of night, Right mer - ri - ly rings his glad - some shout Far o - ver the moun-tain

heat, Or where the thick-et grows, Or how the tor-rent flows; 'Tis ev - er the same, "I can! I can!" He whis-tles, as on he goes.

way. So brave his fear - less cry, So strong, so loud, so high, 'Tis ev - er the same, "I can! I can!" He whis-tles, as far they fly.

height. The toilsome march is done, The glo-rious height is won; 'Tis ev - er the same, "I can! I can!" He whis-tles, at set of sun.

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE. The three parts may be whistled. For whistling, play accompaniment two octaves higher.

Allegretto.

1. Ring out, sweet bells, and hail the morn, While all is bright above us; An-oth-er God-giv'n year is born And fond ones live to love us.

2. Ring out, school bells, and spread the light Of learning's rich dominion, For, free to all, both black and white, Are knowledge and opin-ion.

3. Ring out, church bells, across the hills And o'er the rockbound mountain, Ring of the joy that each soul fills Who drinks from Jesus' fountain.

4. Ring out, gay bells, and fill the earth With joy-ous notes of gladness, Let all the vales resound with mirth And mankind banish sad-ness.

CHORUS.

Rit. Tempo.

Ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, sweet bells! Ring out, ring out, sweet bells!

Ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, school bells! Ring out, ring out, school bells!

Ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, church bells! Ring out, ring out, church bells!

Ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, ring out, gay bells! Ring out, ring out, gay bells!

GOOD NIGHT.

S. W. Straub.

Dear friends, good night, good night to all, good night; Too soon will part this happy, joyous throng; But one more song before we part, Let its

Dear friends, good night, good night to all, good night; Too soon will part this happy, joyous throng;

Dear friends, good night, to all good night, Too soon will part this happy, joyous throng; But one more song before we part, Let its

Dear friends, good night, good night to all, good night; Too soon will part this happy, joyous throng;

sweet notes find an echo in every heart, A song, a song that's free and light, Filling our souls with pure de-

sweet notes find an echo in every heart, A song, a song that's free and light, Filling our souls with pure de-

A song, a song that's free and light,

Repeat soft and slower.

light; Good night, good night, good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Good night, good night, good night, good night; Let its sweet notes find an echo in ev'ry heart; *Echo.* *Echo.* *Echo.* *Echo.*

Good night, good night, good night, good night.

light; Good night, good night, good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night, good night.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

C. M. Wyman.

1. 'Twas evening when I left the vale That nursed my boy - ish years, My fa-ther's man-ly cheek was pale—My moth-er's wet with tears.

2. The stars are in the blue sky set, And light is on the sea, And some that part-ed now are met, But who shall wel - come me?

Then borne up - on the breeze of night, I heard the dis-tant bells Come o'er those waters, cold and bright, With all their breathing spells.

Then borne up - on the breeze of night, I heard the dis - tant bells With all their breath - ing spells.
They light no home's un-wreath-ed bowers, Of whom my spir - it tells, I heard those vil - lage bells.

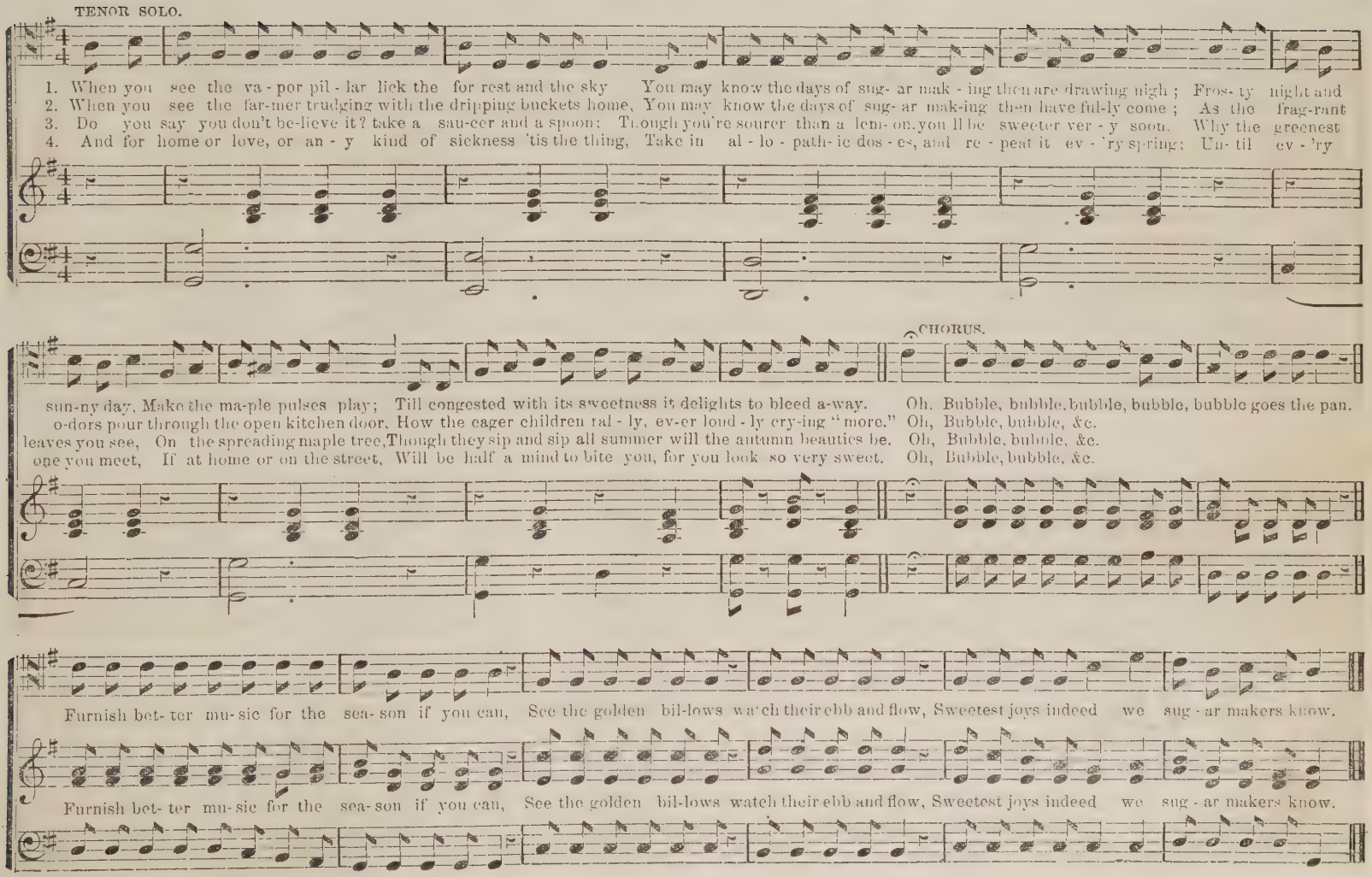
They light no home's unwreathed bowers, Of whom my spir - it tells, Nor come, as when in happier hours I heard those village bells.

ff CHORUS. *p* *ff* *pp* *Rit.*

Sweet village bells, sweet village bells, Sweet village bells, sweet village bells, With all their breathing, breathing spells, With all their breathing, breathing, breathing spells.

Sweet vil - - lage bells. Sweet vil - lage bells, With all their breath-ing, breath - - ing spells.

Sweet village bells, sweet village bells, Sweet village bells, sweet village bells, With all their breathing, breathing spells, With all their breathing, breathing, breathing spells.


TENOR SOLO.
1. When you see the va-por pil-lar lick the for rest and the sky You may know the days of sug-ar mak-ing then are drawing nigh; Fros-ty night and
2. When you see the far-mer trudging with the dripping buckets home, You may know the days of sug-ar mak-ing then have ful-ly come; As the frag-rant
3. Do you say you don't be-lieve it? take a sau-cer and a spoon; Though you're sourer than a lem-on, you ll be sweeter ver-y soon. Why the greenest
4. And for home or love, or an-y kind of sickness 'tis the thing, Take in al-lo-path-ic dos-es, and re-peat it ev-'ry spring; Un-til ev-'ry
sun-ny day, Make the ma-ple pulses play; Till congested with its sweetness it delights to bleed a-way.
o-dors pour through the open kitchen door, How the eager children tal-ly, ev-er loud-ly cry-ing "more."
leaves you see, On the spreading maple tree, Though they sip and sip all summer will the autumn beauties be.
one you meet, If at home or on the street, Will be half a mind to bite you, for you look so very sweet.
CHORUS.
Oh, Bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble goes the pan.
Oh, Bubble, bubble, &c.
Oh, Bubble, bubble, &c.
Oh, Bubble, bubble, &c.
Furnish bet-ter mu-sic for the sea-son if you can, See the golden bil-lows watch their ebb and flow, Sweetest joys indeed we sug-ar makers know.
Furnish bet-ter mu-sic for the sea-son if you can, See the golden bil-lows watch their ebb and flow, Sweetest joys indeed we sug-ar makers know.

EVENING BARCAROLLE.

F. W. Root.
Berlin, Oct., 1869.

Leggiero.

FINE.

D.C. 1. Bright the wavelets dance, entwining Wreaths of light about our boat, In which, beneath the sil - ver shin-ing, Free from care, we sing and float;

2. Still is lake and wood and riv-er, Hushed are all the sounds of day; Our songs, alone, the night air quiver, Then to si-lence fade a - way:

3. Shades are o'er the flood in-clin - ing, Slow a-cross our path they creep; And, with the silver-moon's, declining, Send the waves, becalmed, to sleep:

D. C.

Songs of love breathe low and softly, Streams of melody flow forth airily; Now the tones, inspired and lofty, Like victor shouts, from all arise

List! were echoing hills repeating? No, from far away friendly voices gay, Send across the waves a greeting; Let our glad song give back reply.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Streams of mel - o - dy flow forth air - y - ly: La, la, la, la. la, la, la, la,

Homeward now our course is tending, But our parting song rolls the hills among, To the sky above us bending, Up to the stars its clear notes raise.

1

I will sing you a song of the singing school, And the sounds you there may hear. Of the Do, Re, Mi, and the A, B, C, And the voices ringing clear.

2

Beat the time with ac - cent strong, Full and clear the tones pro - long.

3

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Lines and spaces, Clefs and keys, All must tell with ease.

4

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Is the scale of C, you know; Even, double, triple measure, too, Are among the many things we do.

5

Gent - - ly, now we sing, then rest, la, la, Beautiful triplets we merrily bring, Then laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha!

6

Oh, ah, a, e, bo, bah, ba, be, Sit up erect, I say, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! Drive dull care a - way.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

* Each, beginning in turn, sing the entire piece *twice:* At the conclusion, all may sing, *in harmony*, the word "away."

QUARTET. Roll On, Majestic Ocean.

GEO. F. ROOT.

FOR MALE VOICES.

From "Pilgrim Fathers," by permission.

1st Tenor. * *Moderato.*

1. Roll on, roll on, ma - jes - tic o - - cean, Where wave to wave is gent - ly sighing; How dost thou swell the soul's de-

2d Tenor.

1st Base. *m* *Cres.* *m* *Cres.*

2 When o'er our heads the lightning flash - es, And sea and sky with fu - ry blending; When peal on peal the thun-der

2d Base.

Andantino.

- vo - tion, As o'er thy breast our bark is fly - ing, As o'er thy breast our bark is fly - ing. Now the whispers of the night,

f *p* *pp*

crash - es, Our shattered sail in pieces rending, Our shattered sail in pieces rending. When the sail - or to the mast,

* This part may be sung by a good Alto voice.

O'er thy pen - sive wa - ters glide, And the moon's ce - les - tial light Smiles upon thy sil - v'ry tide. Boundless deep, Lovely deep,

mf *Cres.*

Clings a - mid the howling blast, And with - in his bosom's cell, Hope and fear al - ter - nate dwell. Rolling deep, Stormy deep,

When the gen - tle breez-es sweep, How we love thee—yes, we love thee. Boundless deep, Bound - less..... deep.....

f *Dim.* *f*

When the an - gry tempests sweep, Still we love thee—yes, we love thee, Might-y deep, Might - y... ... deep.....

Words by CHARLES A. BOIES.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

C. M. WYMAN.

SOLO.

1. Spir - it of Freedom, pur - est de - vo - tion, Springs from the hearts and the hands of the free; There's not a bos - om from o - cean to o - cean But would be beat-ing or bleed-ing for thee.
2. Up with the ban-ner; God will sus - tain it: Oh, can we part with a stripe or a star? No! by the blood that was lav - ish'd to gain it, Bet - ter the shroud of a na - tion by far.
3. Sons of Co-lum - bia, on, then, to glo - ry; "God and the right" be your mot - to and trust; A - ges shall tell of the pa - tri - ot's sto - ry, Millions shall weep o'er the pa - tri - ot's dust.

CHORUS. *ff*

Shout, Lib - er - ty, Shout, Lib-er - ty, Ech - o thy song o'er the

Shout, Lib - er - ty, Shout, Lib-er - ty, Ech - o thy song o'er the

land of the free; Oh, how thy chil-dren are thrill-ing with love for thee, Queen of the na-tions and pride of the sea.

land of the free; Oh, how thy chil-dren are thrill-ing with love for thee, Queen of the na-tions and pride of the sea.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

J. W. Ruggles.

Words from the Signet Ring, by permission.

1. Gath-er gent-ly round the bier, One we loved is sleep-ing here, Soft and reverent be our tread In the presence of our dead.
2. An-gels called the lit-tle one, Ere life's work had scarce begun, To the bless-ed heav'n-ly shore, There to sing for-ev-er more.
3. Well we know our lit-tle friend Walks where pleasures never end, And will meet us on that shore, When we walk the earth no more
4. We shall press no more his hand, We shall miss him in our band, Search in vain his wont-ed place For the radiance of his face.
5. Bless-ed Fa-ther, help us all To be wait-ing for thy call; Fear-ing not in thee to die, And as-cend to thee on high

Andante non troppo.

No longer chants at early dawn, The thrush his mel - low song, Each thing of life then born, Has flown or perished long, Ah! Summer's

No longer chants at early morn, The thrush his mel - low song, Each thing of life, then newly born, Has flown or perished long.....

The thrush his mellow song,

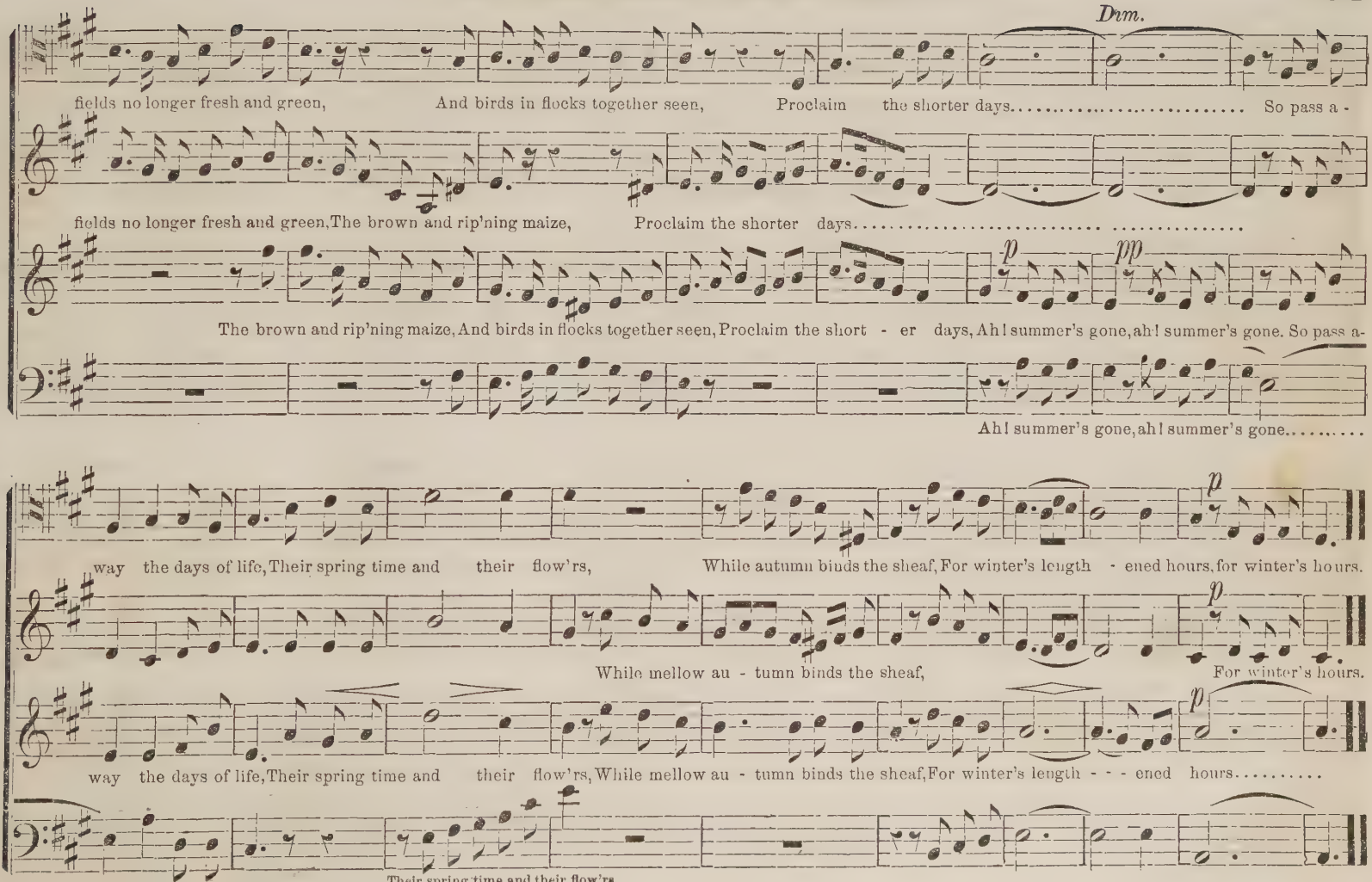
gone. All wet with morning dew, And far around the air perfum'd, Now, wither'd, meets my view, Ah! summer's gone. The

The rose that near my window bloomed, All wet with morning dew,

Dim.

..... All wet with dew, And far around the air perfumed, Now, wither'd, meets my view,.....

All wet with morning dew,


Dim.
fields no longer fresh and green, And birds in flocks together seen, Proclaim the shorter days..... So pass a-
fields no longer fresh and green, The brown and rip'ning maize, Proclaim the shorter days.....
p
pp
The brown and rip'ning maize, And birds in flocks together seen, Proclaim the short - er days, Ah! summer's gone, ah! summer's gone. So pass a-
Ah! summer's gone, ah! summer's gone.....
way the days of life, Their spring time and their flow'rs, While autumn binds the sheaf, For winter's length - ened hours, for winter's hours.
p
While mellow au - tumn binds the sheaf, For winter's hours.
way the days of life, Their spring time and their flow'rs, While mellow au - tumn binds the sheaf, For winter's length - - - ened hours.....
Their spring time and their flow'rs.

THE WOODLAND ECHO.

G. W. Foster.

Words arranged for this work.

1. The golden eve is glid - ing, In crimson down the west; And daylight long abid - ing, In beau - ty sinks to rest.

2. The evening stars have light - ed Their twinkling flames on high; So if in life benight-ed, May hope il-lume our sky.

ECHO. * *pp* CHORUS ECHO. CHORUS.

With woodland echoes ringing, With woodland echoes ringing, Now chant its gen - tle close, Now chant its gen - tle close; Now chant its

With woodland echoes ringing, With woodland echoes ringing, Now chant its gen - tle close, Now chant its gen - tle close; Now chant its

* The echo may be sung by four voices in an adjoining room.

ECHO.

m

gen - tle close, gen-tle close; While insect choirs are singing, We hymn its sweet repose, we hymn its sweet re-pose. la la la la

gen - tle close, gen-tle close; While insect choirs are singing, We hymn its sweet repose, we hymn its sweet re-pose. Tra la la la la, Tra

Tra la,

f *ff* ECHO.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la.

la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, ... Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la.

Tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la, Tra la la, Tra la la.

PRO PHUNDO BASSO.*

A Humorous Quartet.

P. P. Bliss.

Base.

Pro Phun-do Bas-so is my name, My voice is ver-y loud and strong; I sing the scales and psalm tunes too, And

Tenor. Base.

some-times sing a song. I sing a-lone,— Why sing a-lone? Be-cause there's no one here can sing one

Tenor. Base. Tenor.

half so well as I, Let me but try, What, you? Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ma-ry, love, the world re-pos-es; Soft the

Base.

cool-ing breez-es blow,— Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! What a ter-ri-ble, ter-ri-ble "blow," But—

Soprano. Alto.

Gen-tle-men, lis-ten to me, You'll never, you'll never a-gree; We'll join in a song with you, For four are bet-ter than two.

Soprano and Alto. Tenor.

We'll join in a song with you, For four are bet-ter than two. O, welcome fair la-dies are ye, We'll ev-er, we'll ev-er, a-gree.

Soprano.

Alto.

* For Singing School practice or Concerts.

Oh, welcome, oh, welcome, are ye, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree.

Oh, welcome, oh, welcome, are ye, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree. But par - don my in - no-cent laugh, ha, ha! Do you

Soprano.

know the notes on the staff, ha ha! Can you tell me where is Do, And sound the let-ters, al - so? O, yes, the let-ters we know, The

Alto.

lines and the spa-ces al - so. (*Spoken.*) What, A, A, A. (*Spoken.*) Yes, A, A, A.

But can you sound firm - ly the A..... No, no, you're wrong, sound A.....

(*Spoken.*) Well, A, A, A, You're wrong, &c. .....

(*Spoken.*) Well, A, A, A, You're wrong, &c. .....

No, no, try again, sound A,..... Too high, too high, too high, ha, ha! You're wrong, &c..... You're wrong, &c .....

..... wrong, wrong, You're wrong, &c..... wrong, wrong,

..... wrong, wrong, You're wrong, &c..... wrong, wrong,

..... wrong, wrong, You're wrong, &c..... wrong, wrong, I tell you, you sounded too high, ha, ha! Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

We didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't; We didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't,

We didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't we didn't; We didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't.

You did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did; You did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did.

ONLY WAITING.

Arr. and adapted by H. R. PALMER.

An aged Christian, when asked what he was doing, replied, "Only waiting."

SOLO.

1. On - ly wait-ing 'till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown; On - ly wait-ing 'till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown,
2. On - ly wait-ing 'till the reapers Have their last sheaf gather'd home; For the Summer-time is end - ed, And the Autumn winds have come.
3. On - ly wait-ing 'till the an-gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate, At whose feet I long have lingered, Wea-ry, poor, and des - o - late,
4. On - ly wait-ing 'till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown; On - ly wait-ing 'till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown,

Accom. soft.

DUET.

Ad lib.

'Till the night of earth is fad - ed, From the heart once full of day,
Quick-ly, reap-ers, gather quick-ly, The last ripe hours of my heart,
E - ven now I hear their footsteps, And their voices far away,
Then from out the gath'ring darkness, Holy, deathless stars will rise,

CHORUS.

Till the stars of heav'n are breaking, Thro' the twilight soft and grey.
For the bloom of life is wither'd And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me I am wait-ing, On - ly wait-ing to o - bey.
By whose light my soul will gladly Wing its passage to the skies.

Soprano.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

C. M. Wyman.

Allegretto.

1. The merry bells are ringing loud and clear On this happy, happy new year, And joyful ones are greeting young and old, With happy, happy years untold.

2. Then, merry, merry ones, sing on, sing on, Ere the happy, happy year's gone, And joyously our song thro'out the year Will fall upon th'entranced ear.

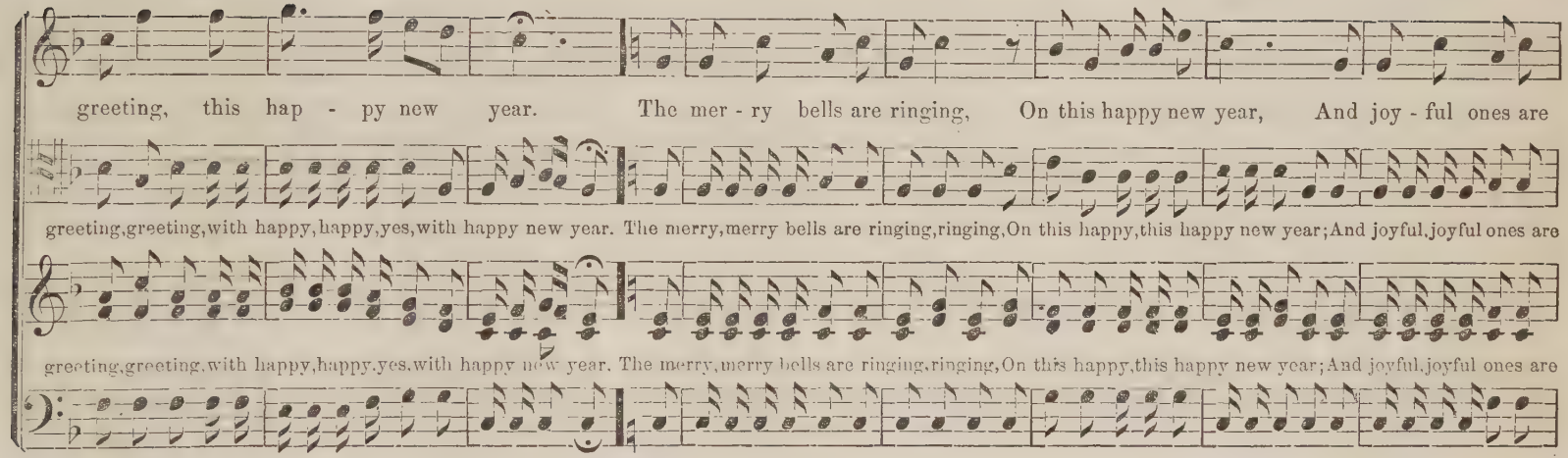
SOPRANO SOLO.

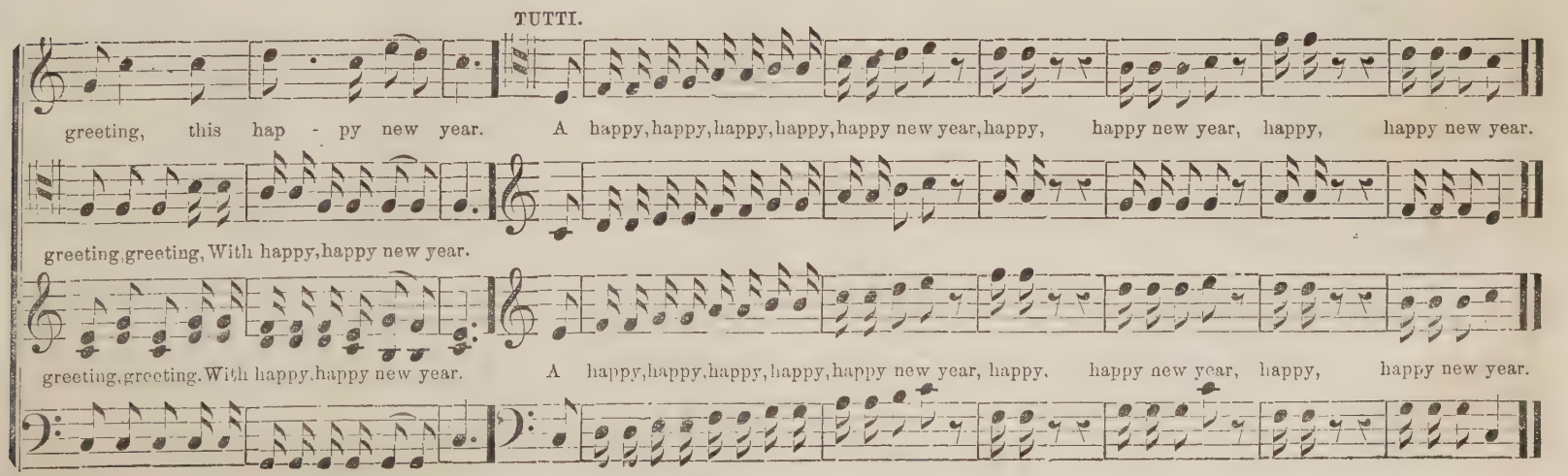
The mer - ry bells are ringing, On this happy new year, And joy - ful ones are

CHORUS.

A happy new year, a happy new year, The merry, merry bells are ringing, ringing, on this happy, this happy new year, And joyful, joyful ones are

A happy new year, a happy new year, The merry, merry bells are ringing, ringing, on this happy, this happy new year, And joyful, joyful ones are


greeting, this hap - py new year. The mer - ry bells are ringing, On this happy new year, And joy - ful ones are
greeting,greeting,with happy,happy,yes,with happy new year. The merry,merry bells are ringing,ringing,On this happy,this happy new year;And joyful,joyful ones are
greeting,greeting,with happy,happy,yes,with happy new year. The merry,merry bells are ringing,ringing,On this happy,this happy new year;And joyful,joyful ones are


TUTTI.
greeting, this hap - py new year. A happy,happy,happy,happy,happy new year,happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year.
greeting,greeting, With happy,happy new year.
greeting,greeting. With happy,happy new year. A happy,happy,happy,happy,happy new year, happy, happy new year, happy, happy new year.

OUR FLAG AND OUR UNION.

Words by C. C. HAVEN. A NEW NATIONAL SONG, DEDICATED TO EVERY STATE IN THE UNION. HENRY HARDING.

SOLO.

1. Hail! ye sons of brave sires! sprung from forefathers, free, Who, as he-roes and mar-tyrs, are honored in sto-ry; Let your own no-ble deeds, like your
2. Let A-mer-i-ca's sons still en no-ble her name. For, 'twas battling for right made our land in-de-pendent; And may no coming day show a
3. In a country as yet in the bloom of its youth—In progress un-ri-valled—ere its locks are grown hoary, Heaven grant us the wisdom and

an-ces-tors', be A beacon unfailing, re-splendent with glo-ry! Let our ban-ner, full-star'd, by no dishonor marr'd—In peace be our
stain on her fame, But her progress in glo-ry be ev-er as-cen-dant! And though un-named in song, yet in memory long, Let her patriots
vir-tue and truth, To be true to our trusts—and a-voiding vain glory. Let our realm's an-them be, "God keep us still free! And all hon-or

CHORUS.

Rit......

pride, and in peril our guard. For our flag and our un-ion, shouts each loyal son, Here let lib-er-ty triumph, till time's course is run.
still live, to whom all thanks belong. For our flag, &c.
and glo-ry we will render to thee. For our flag, &c.

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

From OFFENBACH.
Words and Arr. by J. R. MURRAY.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. With step so firm, so firm and stead - y, Let us march the prize to gain; With hearts so brave, yes so brave and

2. With wil - ling voic - es aid we ev - er All the good and true and brave; With earn - est hearts and with firm en -

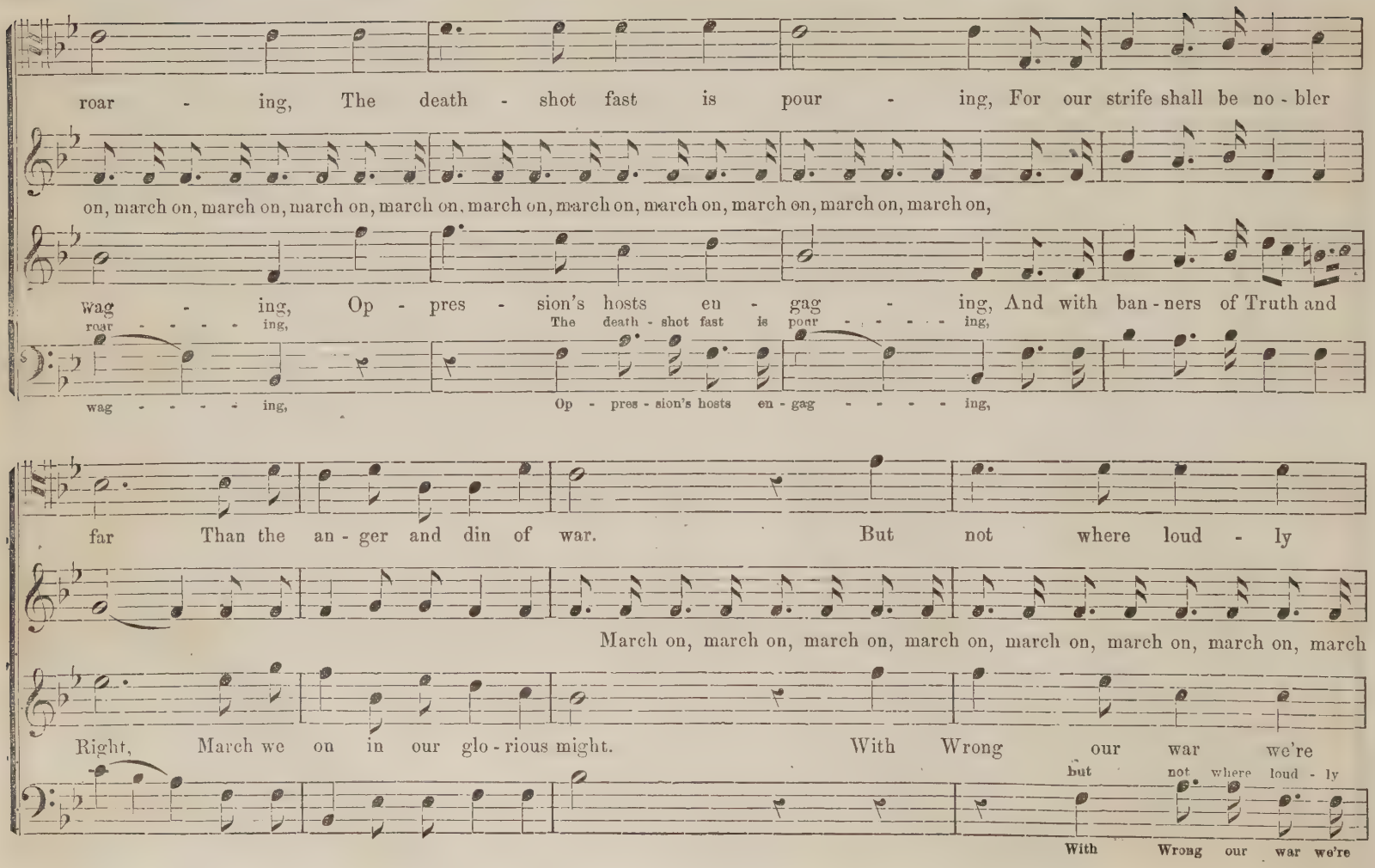
read - y, Let us haste to the bat - tle plain. But not where loud - ly

March on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march

deav - or, We will hast - en the weak to save. With Wrong our war we're

But not where loud ly

With Wrong our war we're


roar - ing, The death - shot fast is pour - ing, For our strife shall be no - bler
on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on,
wag - ing, Op - pres - sion's hosts en - gag - ing, And with ban - ners of Truth and
roar - - - - ing, The death - shot fast is pour - - - - ing,
wag - - - - ing, Op - pres - sion's hosts en - gag - - - - ing,
far Than the an - ger and din of war. But not where loud - ly
March on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march
Right, March we on in our glo - rious might. With Wrong our war we're
but not where loud - ly
With Wrong our war we're

roar - - - ing, The death - shot fast is pour - - - ing, For our

on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on, march on,

wag - - - ing, Op - - pres - - sion's hosts en - - gag - - - ing, And with

roar - - - - - ing, The death - shot fast is pour - - - - - ing,

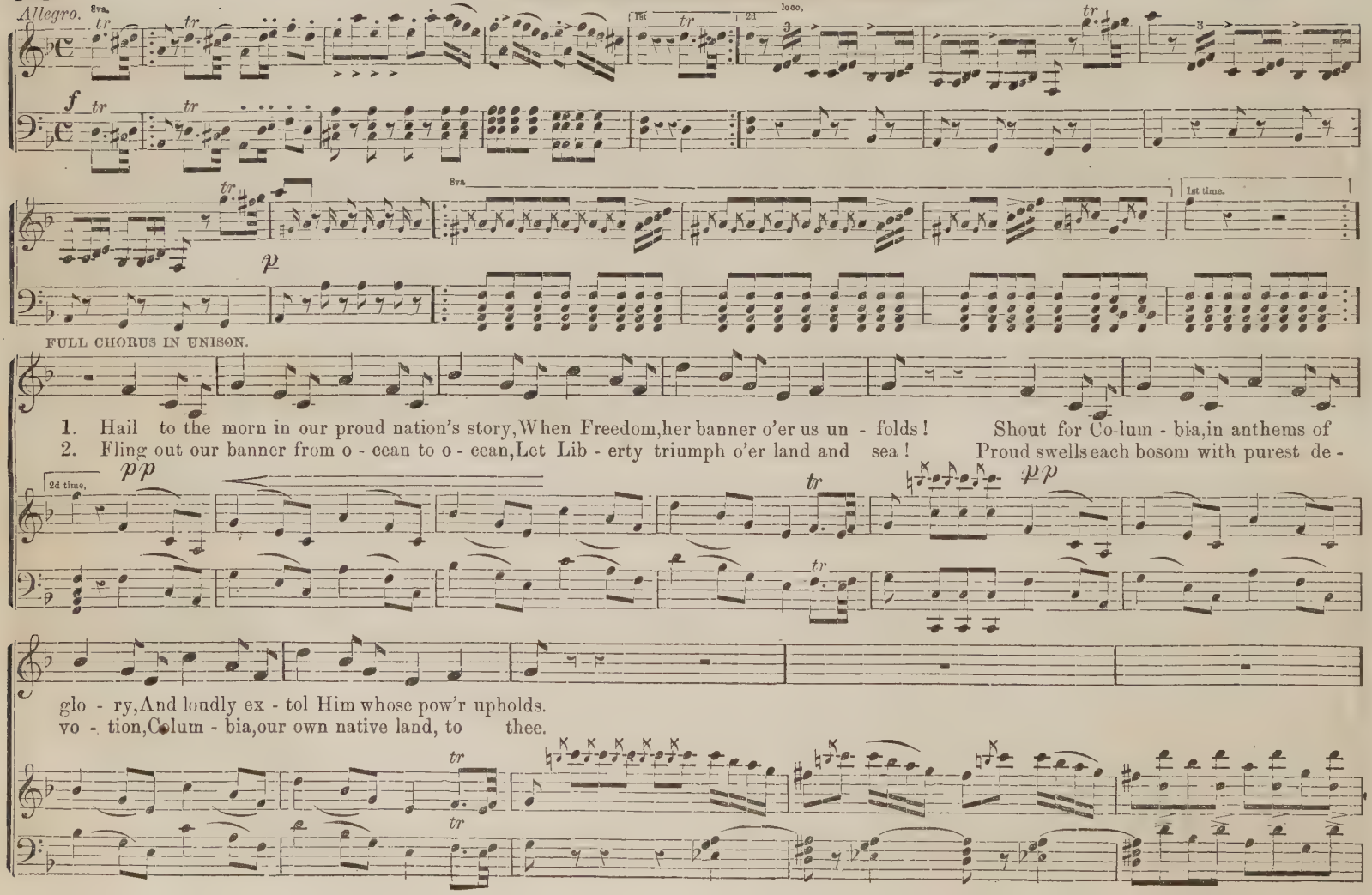
wag - - - - - ing, Op - - pres - sion's hosts en - gag - - - - - ing,

strife shall be no - bler far Than the an - ger and din of war.

ban - ners of Truth and Right, March we on in our glo - rious might.

ANVIL CHORUS from "IL TROVATORE."

VERDI.



ANVIL CHORUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *f*

Hark to the roar!... Is it weal, or woe, or

ANVILS.

f

warn - - ing? Wild - - ly the chimes ring, "'Tis Freedom's na - tal morn - ing." Ring, Ring,

1st time. D. C. 2d time.

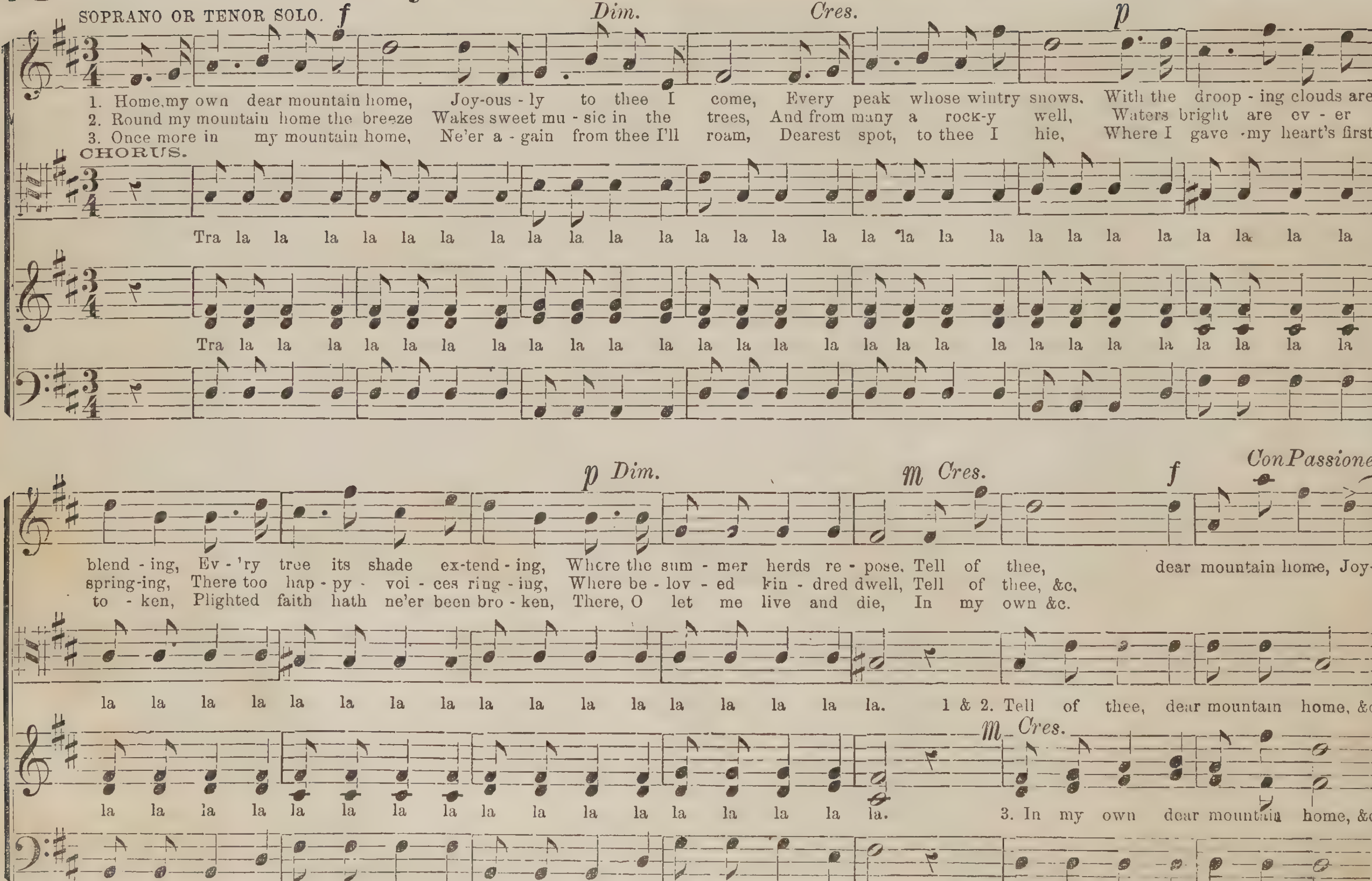
spread Co - lum - bia's fame. And joy and gladness, And joy and gladness, O'er all the land pro - claim. claim.

ff

D. C.

My Own Dear Mountain Home.

C. M. Cady.



My Own Dear Mountain Home.—Concluded.

Dim. *Cres.* *f* *Dim. e Ritard.* *p*

ous - ly to thee... I..... come, I come, My own dear moun - tain home, moun - tain home.

Joy-ous - ly to thee I come, Home, my own... dear moun - tain home, my own dear mountain home.

p *p Cres.* *pp*

Joy-ous - ly to thee I come, Home, my own... dear moun - tain home, my own dear mountain home.

Keller's American Hymn.

Words by Dr. O. W. Holmes.
Written for the National Peace Festival.

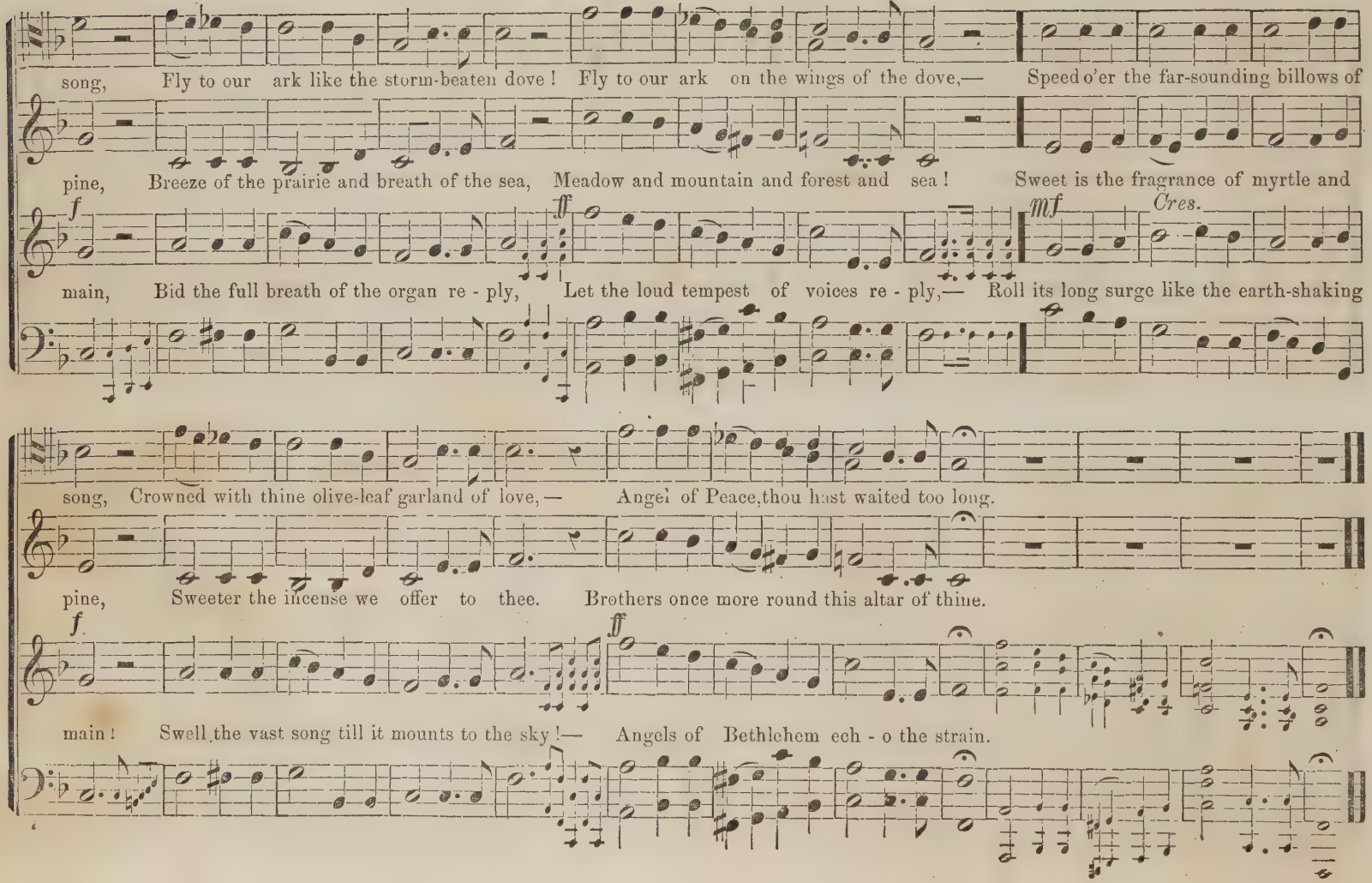
Sing 1st Verse f; 2d Verse pp; 3d Verse ff.

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love! Come while our voi-ces are blended in

2. Brothers we meet, on this al - tar of thine, Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myrtle and

f *mf*

3. An - gels of Bethlehem, answer the strain! Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!— Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the


song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove! Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,— Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of
pine, Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea, Meadow and mountain and forest and sea! Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and
f
ff
mf
Cres.
main, Bid the full breath of the organ re - ply, Let the loud tempest of voices re - ply,— Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking
song, Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,— Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.
pine, Sweeter the incense we offer to thee. Brothers once more round this altar of thine.
f
ff
main! Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!— Angels of Bethlehem ech - o the strain.

CHORUS. Joy Comes with Song.

Music from OFFENBACH.
Words and arr. by J. R. MURRAY.

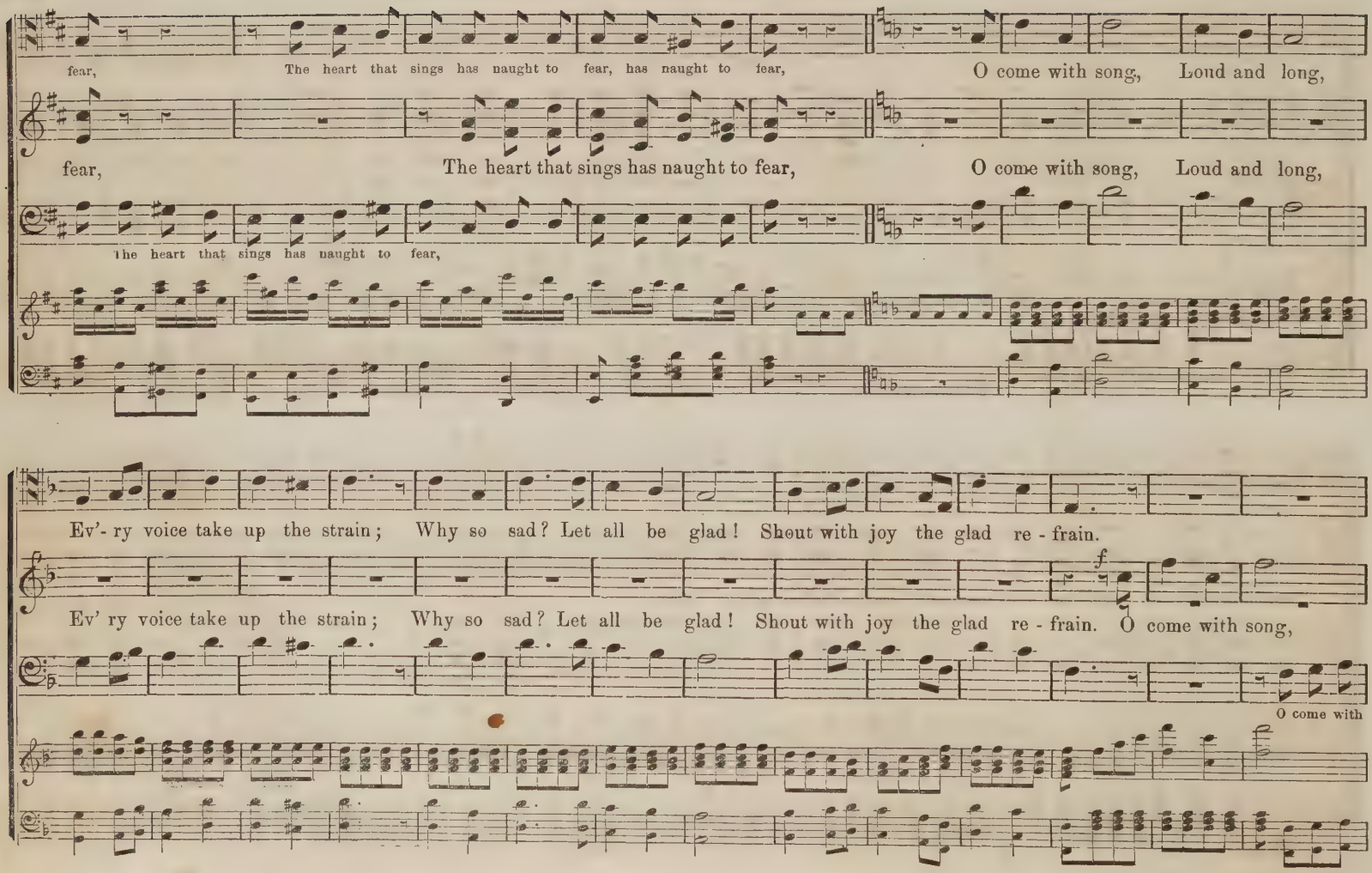
Allegro.

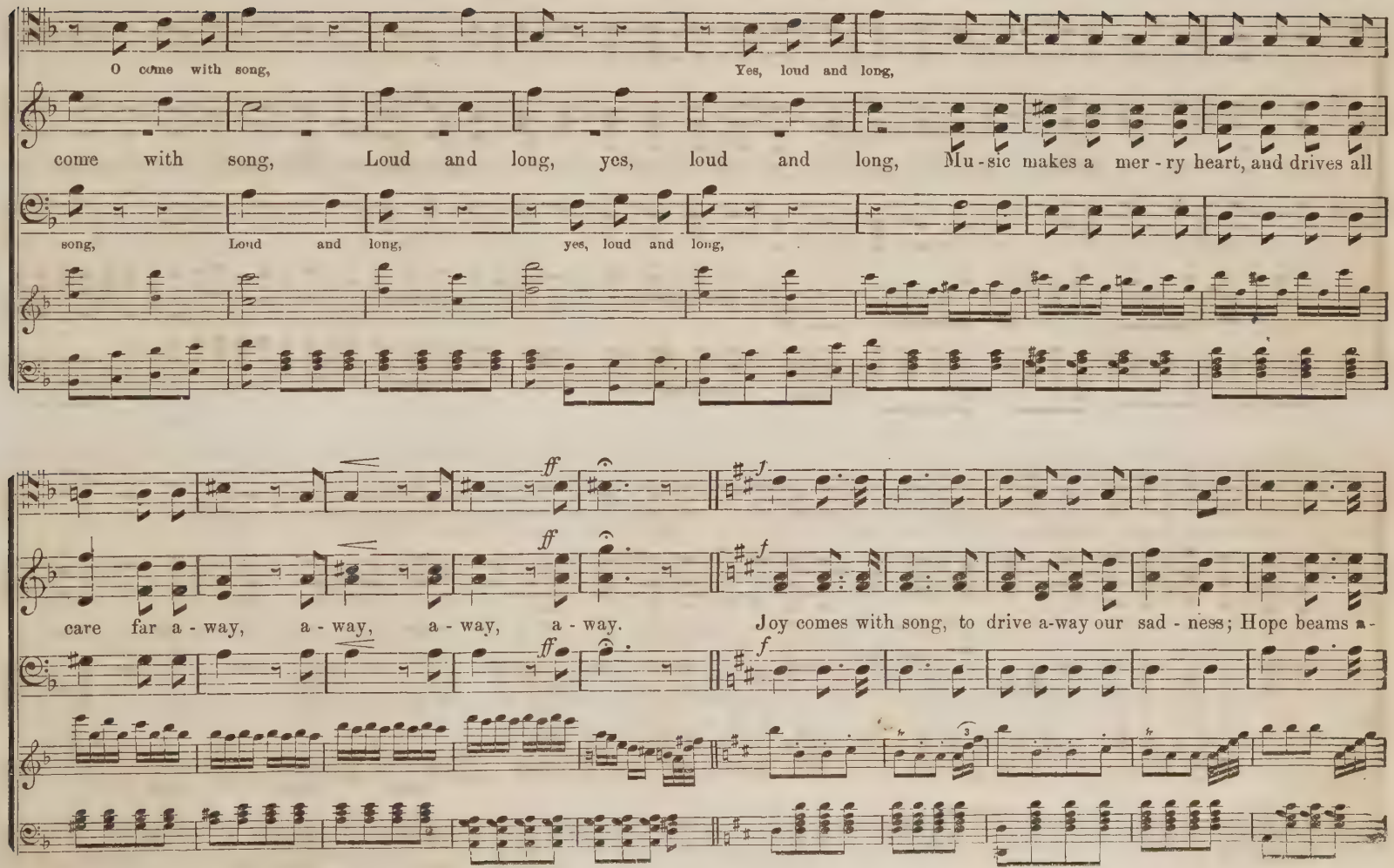
Joy comes with song, to drive a - way our sad - ness; Hope beams a - gain, our way to cheer: Now raise the strain, yes,

Play first eight measures for prelude.

The heart that sings has naught to fear, has naught to raise the strain of glad-ness, The heart that sings has naught to fear, The heart that sings has naught to

The heart that sings has naught to fear,


fear, The heart that sings has naught to fear, has naught to fear, O come with song, Loud and long,
fear, The heart that sings has naught to fear, O come with song, Loud and long,
The heart that sings has naught to fear,
Ev'- ry voice take up the strain; Why so sad? Let all be glad! Shout with joy the glad re - frain.
Ev' ry voice take up the strain; Why so sad? Let all be glad! Shout with joy the glad re - frain. O come with song,
O come with


O come with song,
Yes, loud and long,
come with song, Loud and long, yes, loud and long, Mu-sic makes a mer-ry heart, and drives all
song, Loud and long, yes, loud and long,
ff
f
care far a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way.
Joy comes with song, to drive a-way our sad-ness; Hope beams a-

gain, our way to cheer: Now raise the strain, yes, raise the strain of gladness, For hearts that sing have naught to fear; Then gai - ly

gai - ly let the cho-rus re - sound, Let hills and val-leys send the ech-oes a - round, For hearts that sing have naught to fear.

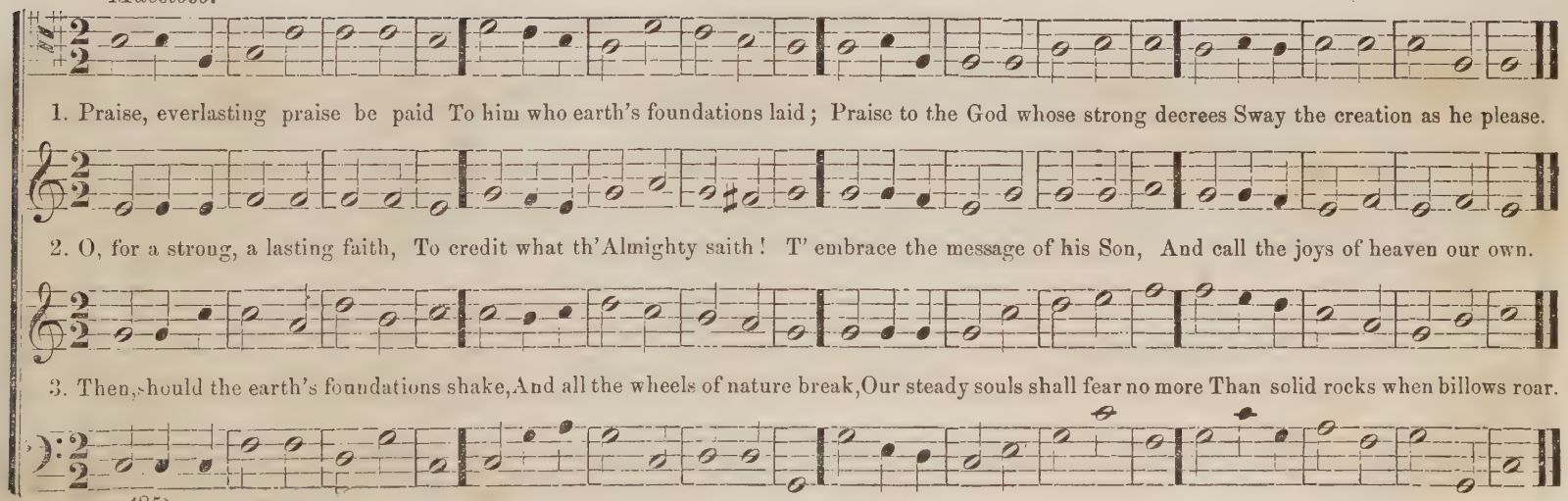
8va

THE PALM.

PALM. L. M.

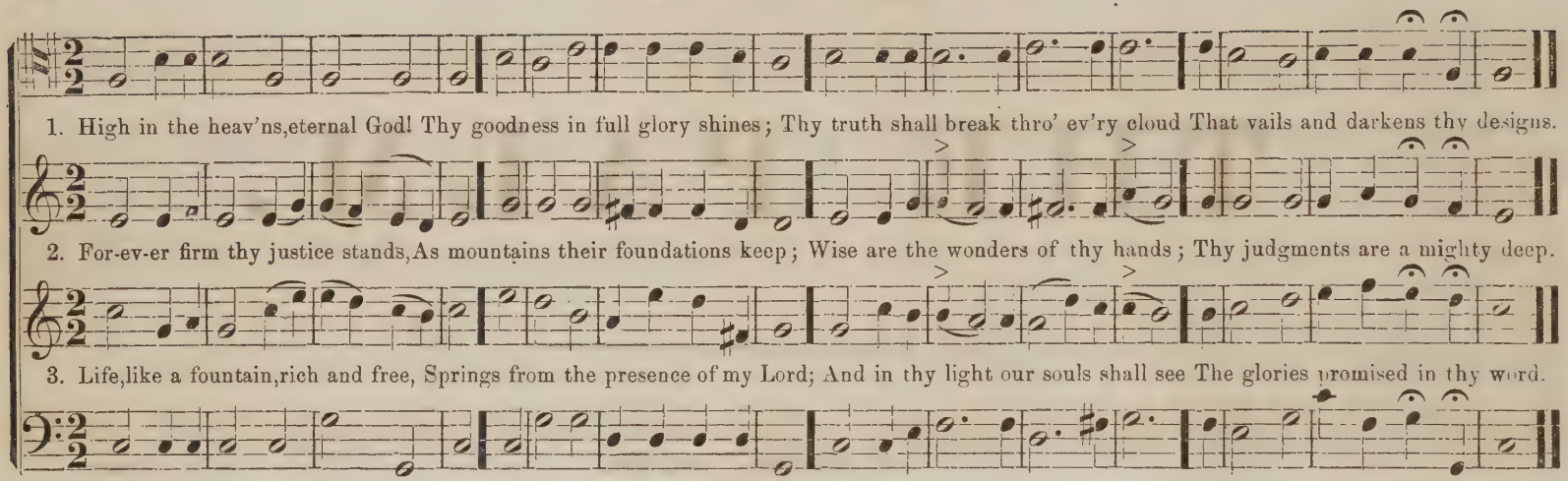
C. M. Wyman.

Maestoso.



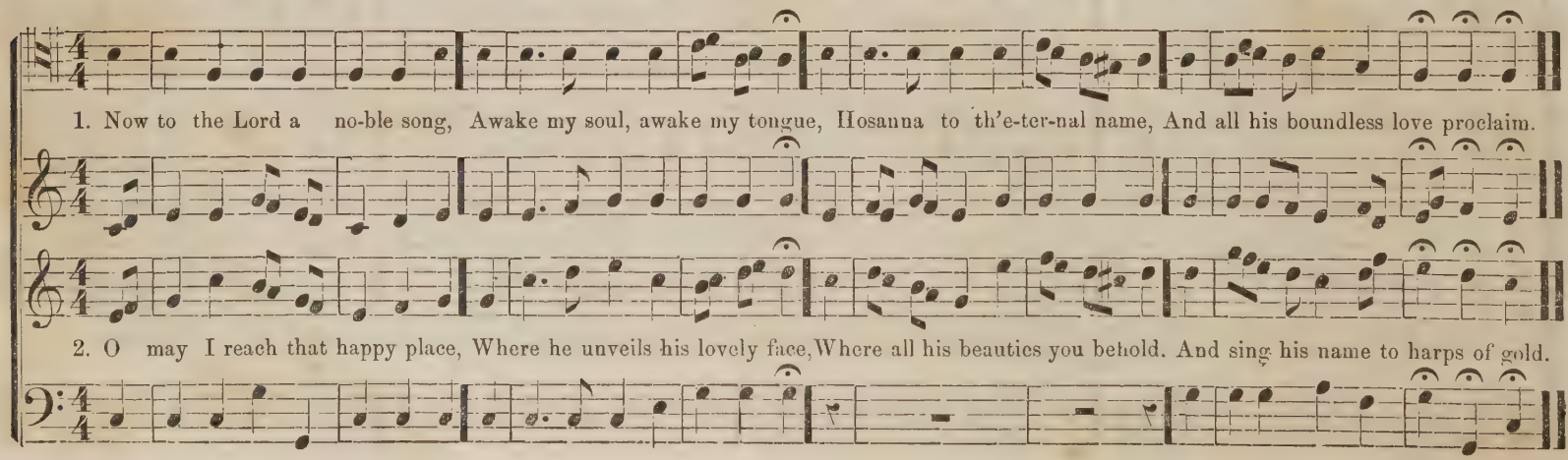
WOODFORD. L. M.

SIDNEY HOLMES.

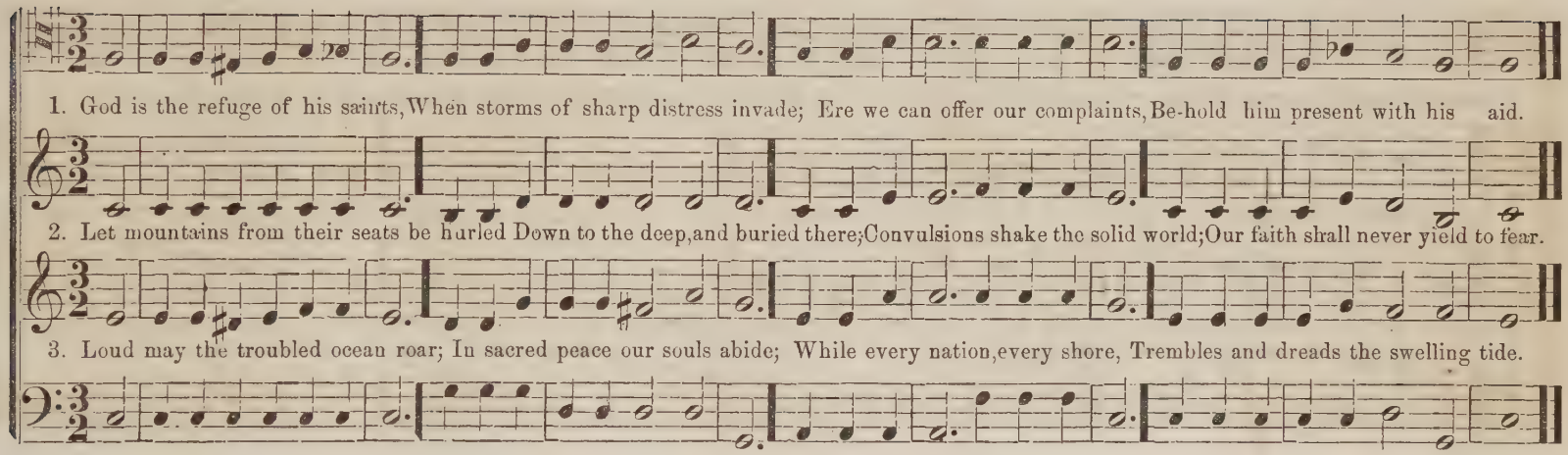


STANTON. L. M.

ANANIAH DODGE.

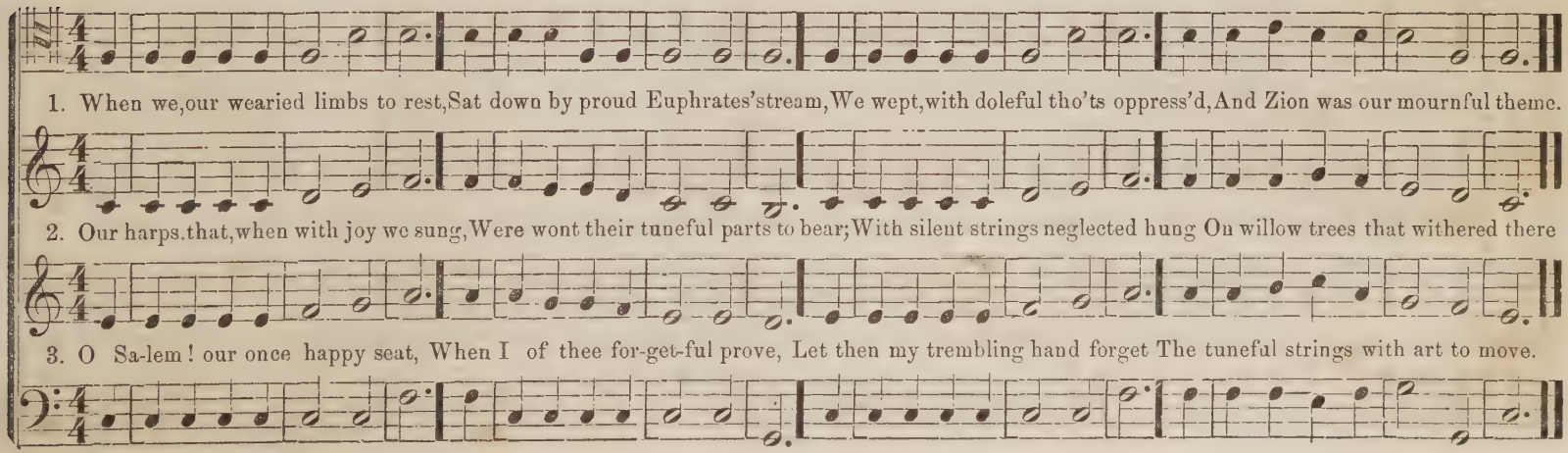


HYDE PARK. L. M.



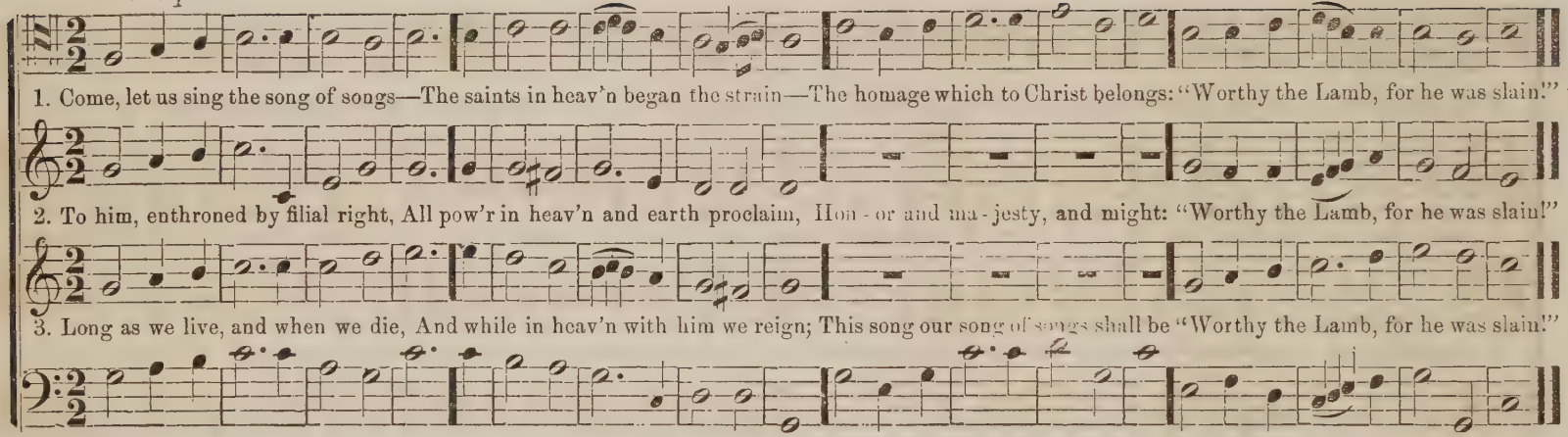
WARREN'S CHANT. L. M.

P. P. Bliss.



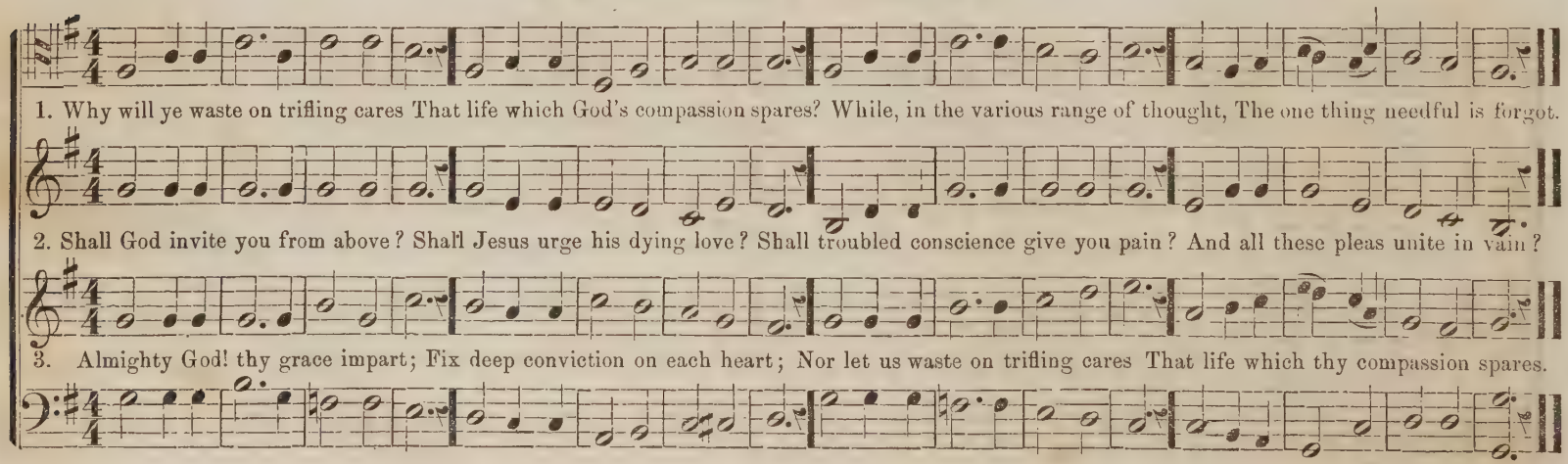
LAUREL. L. M.

With Spirit.



GREENSBORO. L. M.

W. S. B. Mathews.



REVEL. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

With spirit.

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When list'ning thousands gather'd round, And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

How sweetly flow'd
From heav'n he came,

And joy and
Unvailing

2. From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke, To heav'n he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke; Un-vail-ing an im-mor-tal day.

ATLANTA. L. M.

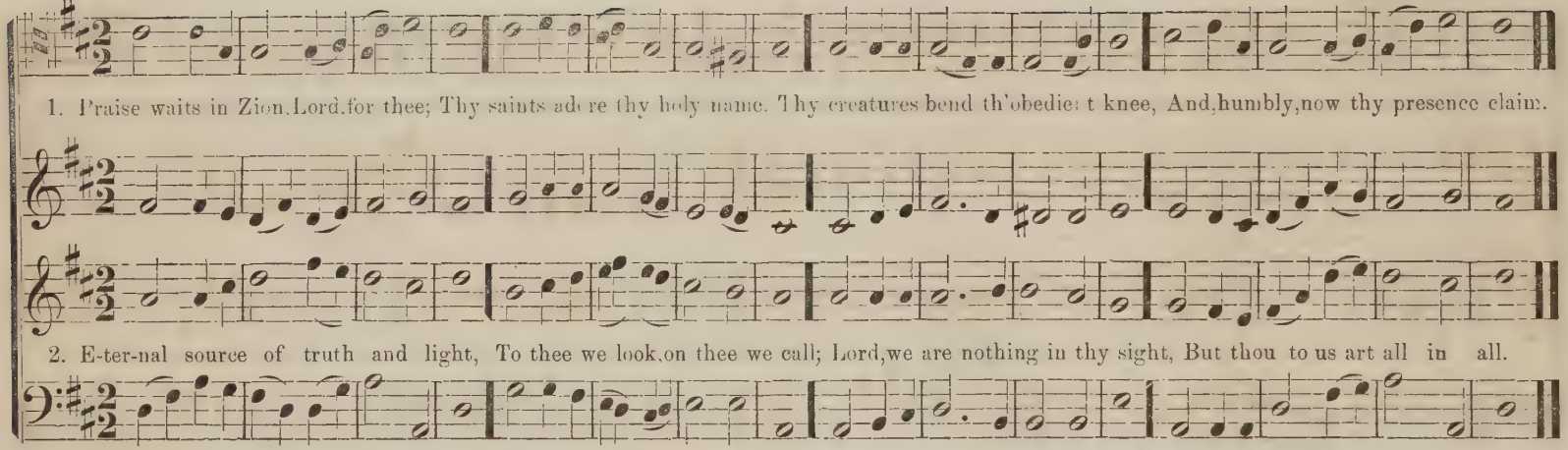
J. H. Tenney.

1. I hear a voice that comes from far, From Calvary it sounds abroad, It soothes my soul and calms my fear, It speaks of pardon bought with blood

2. And is it true that man-y fly The sound that bids my soul rejoice; And rather choose in sin to die, Than turn an ear to mer-cy's voice.

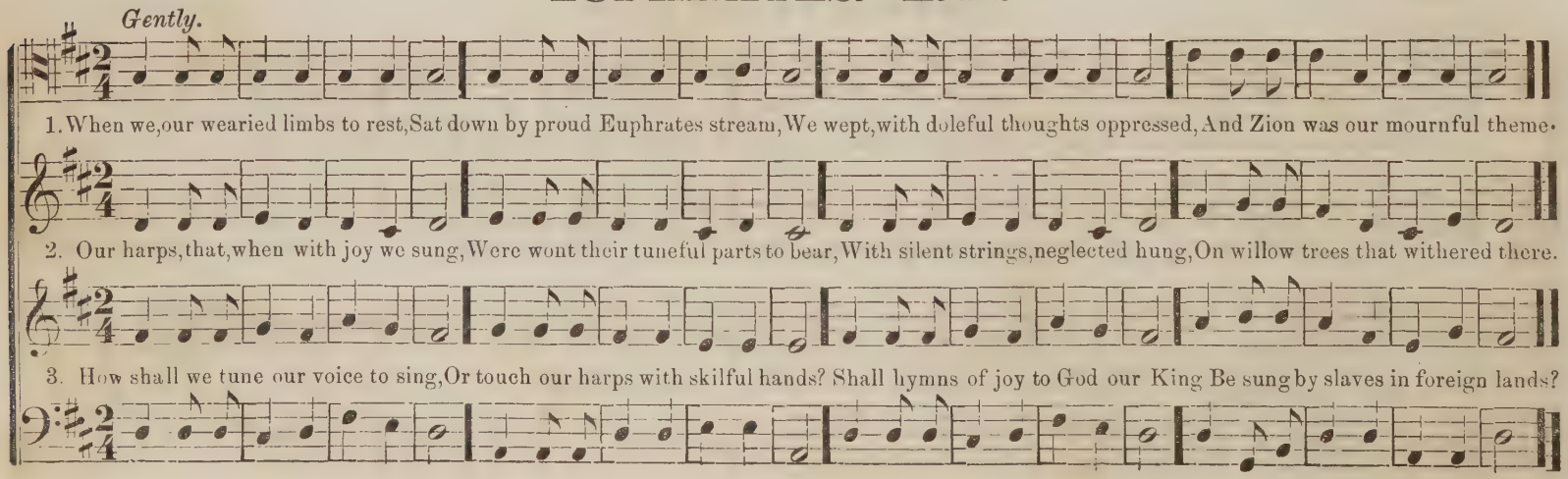
FIELD. L. M.

T. Martin Towne.



EUPHRATES. L. M.

E. Clark.



FAITH. L. M. No. 1.

Slow, with expression.

1. Be-fore thy throne with tearful eyes, My gracious Lord, I humbly fall; To thee my wea-ry spir - it flies, For thy forgiving love I call.

Rit.

2. How free thy mer-cy o - ver-flows, When sinners on thy grace rely! Thy ten-der love no lim - it knows; Oh, save me—justly doom'd to die.

FAITH. L. M. No. 2.

Boldly.

3. Yes! thou wilt save; my soul is free! The gloom of sin is fled away; My tongue breaks forth in praise to thee, And all my pow'rs thy word obey.

3. Yes! thou wilt save; my soul is free! The gloom of sin is fled away; My tongue breaks forth in praise to thee, And all my pow'rs thy word obey.

RAPHAEL. L. M.

GEO. M. CLARK.

Maestoso.

1. O sweetly breathe the lyres above, When angels touch the quivering string, And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as angel-lips can sing.

2. And sweet, on earth, the choral swell, From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays; When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

SUBMISSION. L. M.

N. E. HALL.

Chanting Style.

1. While parching lips and fevered brow Afflict this fainting soul of mine, How sweet, in solemn prayer to bow, And say, O God, now make me thine.

pp *Rit.*

2. While anxious friends around me close, And healing prayers breathe every one, 'Tis sweet to sink in calm repose, And feel, O God, thy will be done.

Maestoso.

1. Ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty! In lowly pomp ride on to die: O Christ! thy triumphs now begin O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3. Ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty! Thy last and fierc-est strife is nigh: The Father, on his sapphire throne, Expects his own a-noint-ed Son.

2. Ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty! The winged squadrons of the sky, Look down with sad and wondering eyes, To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4. Ride on, ride on in maj-es-ty! In lowly pomp ride on to die: Bow thy meek head to mortal pain; Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

ALVARADO. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

With Animation.

1. High in the heav'ns Eternal God ! Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud That vails and darkens thy designs.

2. For-ev-er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. Life, like a fountain rich and free, Springs from the presence of my Lord; And in thy light our souls shall see The glories promised in thy word.

ADNA. L. M.

M. L. Lawrence.

1. Be thou exalted, O my God ! Above the heavens where angels dwell; Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

2. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise Immortal honors to thy name; Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise; My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky; His truth to endless years remains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.

MYRON. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

With Earnestness.

1. O for a sweet, inspiring ray, To animate our feeble strains, From the bright realms of endless day, The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2. Immortal glories crown his head, While tuneful hallelujahs rise, And love, and joy, and triumph spread Through all th'assemblies of the skies.

3. He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs To boundless rapture, while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues Resound his everlasting praise.

EXHORTATION. L. M.

Theo. T. Crane.

Steady Choral Style.

1. Zion, awake! thy strength renew! Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God! arise and shine! Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are; Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall admire and love thee too.

BACON. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

1. How pleas-ant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts. thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My panting heart cries out for God: My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.

3. Cheerful they walk with growing strength.Till all shall meet in heaven at length; Till all before thy face appear,And join in nobler worship there

POTSDAM. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Legato. With Expression.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin distressed,Come,and accept the promised rest; The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

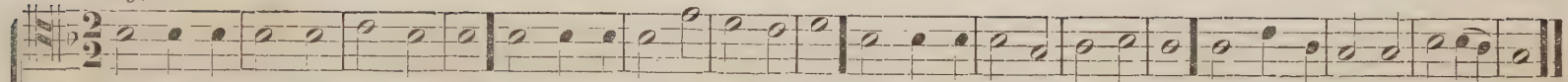
2. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon,and life,and endless peace: How rich the gift,how free the grace.

Rit.

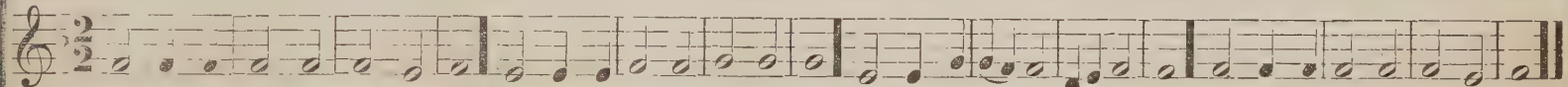
3. Dear Savior! let thy pow'rful love Confirm our faith, our fears re-move; O, sweetly reign in every breast, And guide us to e - ter -nal rest.

KNOX. L. M

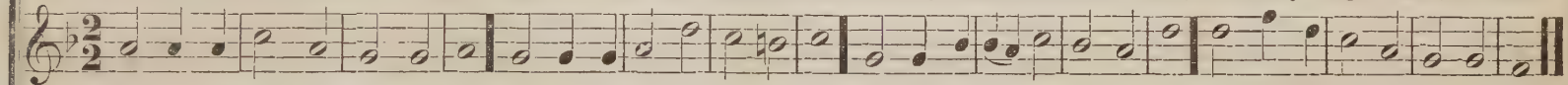
Allegro.



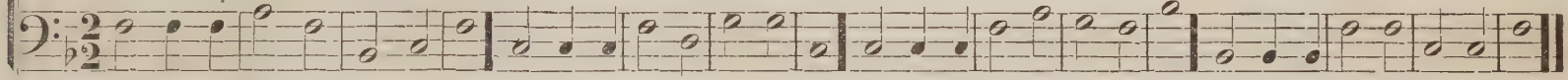
1. Hail to the Prince of life and peace, Who holds the keys of death and hell! The spacious world unseen is his, And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.



2. In shame and anguish once he died; But now he lives forevermore: Bow down, ye saints, around his seat, And, all ye angel-bands, a - dore.



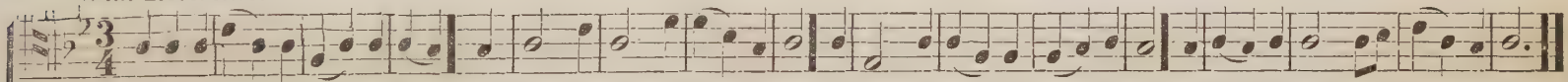
3. Forever reign, victorious King! Wide thro' the earth thy name be known; And call my longing soul to sing Sublimer anthems near thy throne.



RUSSELL. L. M.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

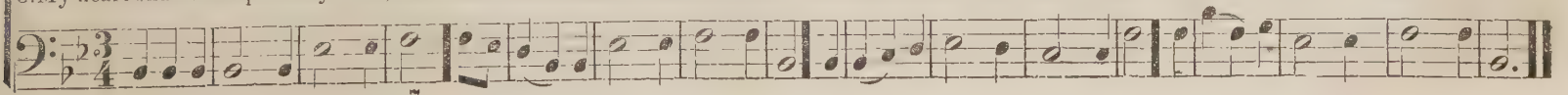
With Reverence.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

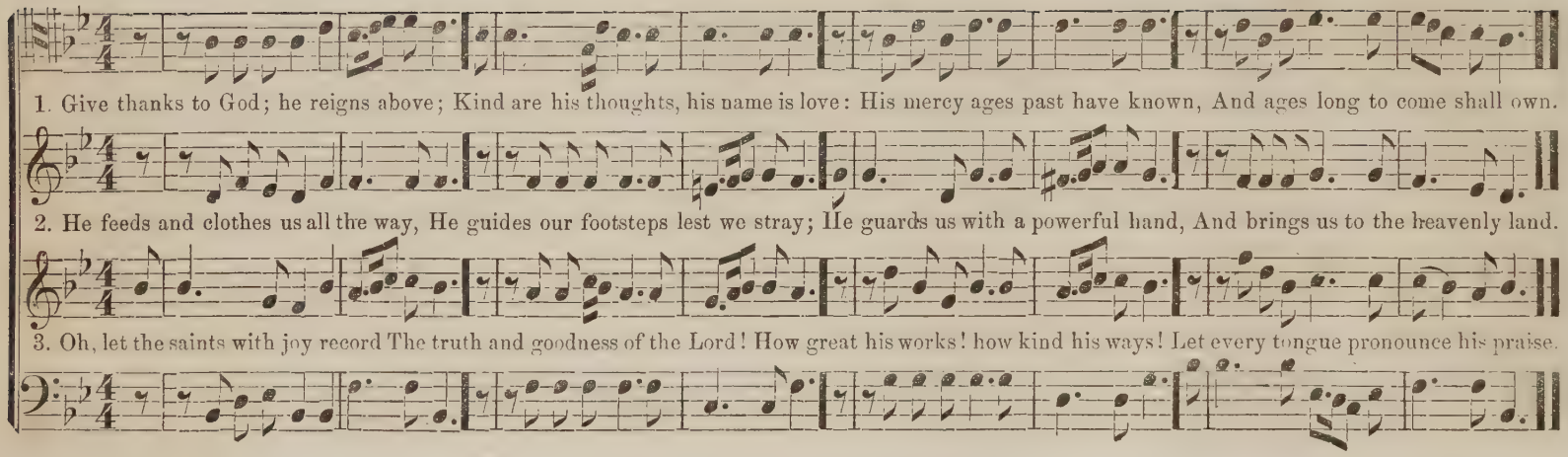
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mor-tal care shall sieze my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels, how divine.



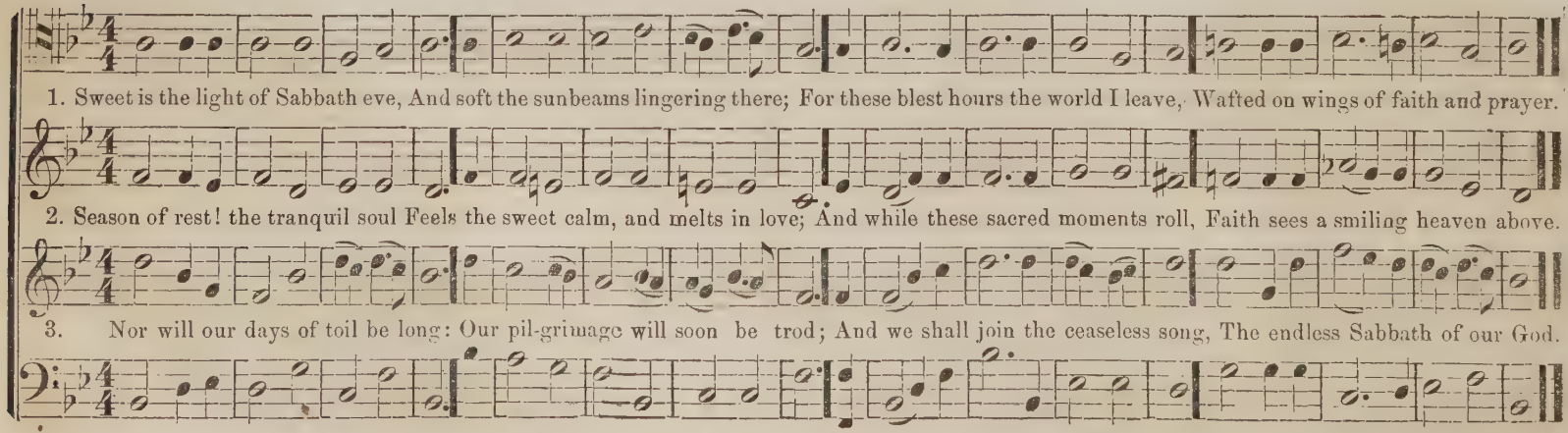
SEWARD. L. M.

H. Harding.



RESTING TIME. L. M.

H. W. J.



TILTON. L. M. No. 1.

Tenderly.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies, Lo! Salem's daughters weep around: A solemn darkness vails the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

1st and 2nd Soprano.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glory dies for men! But, lo! what sudden joys we see,—Je-sus, the dead re-vives a - gain!

TILTON. L. M. No. 2.

Boldly.

3. The rising God forsakes the tomb; Up to his Father's court he flies: Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

4. Say, "Live forever, glorious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save! Where now, O death, where is thy sting? And where thy vict'ry boasting Grave?"

CLEMONS. L. M.

RUSSIAN AIR.

In Exact Time.

ff

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice O earth, and all ye heav'ns rejoice. From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord omnipotent is King."

2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Resist his will, distrust his care. Holy and true are all his ways. Let ev'ry creature speak his praise.

3. The Lord is King! exalt your strains, Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns. From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord omnipotent is King."

KIBLIN. L. M.

W. Goss.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

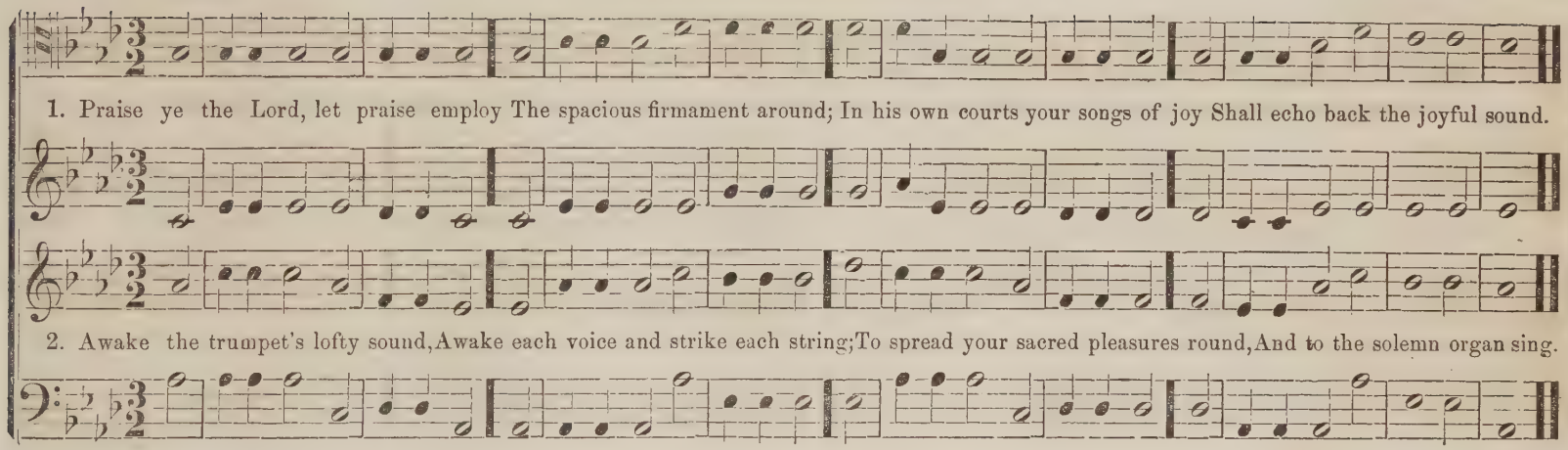
2. The storm that racks the wint'ry sky No more disturbs their deep repose Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose, that shuts the rose.

pp *pp* Rit.

3. The soul, of or - i - gin divine, God's glorious image, freed from clay, In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine, A star of day, A star of day.

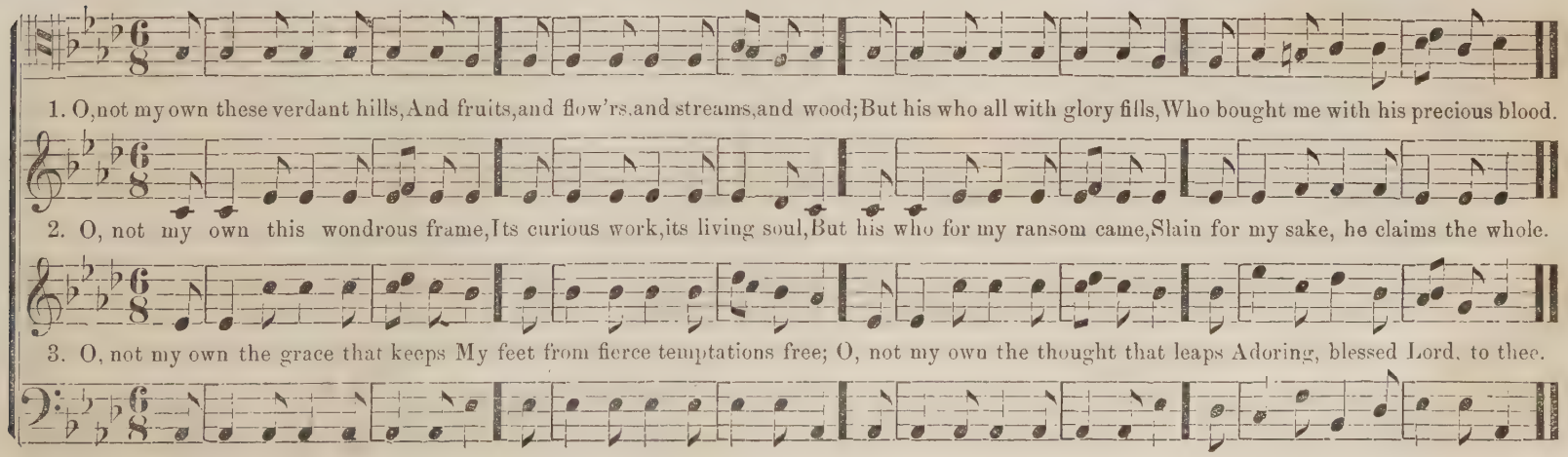
EUGENE. L. M.

A. W. Keen.



MERSEY. L. M.

T. F. Seward.



EUGELIA. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.
From the "Jubilate."

Earnestly.

1. Go worship at Immanuel's feet; See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to express, His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun nor stars, Nor heaven his full resemblance bears: His beauties we can never trace, Till we behold him, face to face.

3. Oh, let me climb those higher skies, Where storms and darkness never rise: There he displays his power abroad, And shines and reigns, th'incarnate God.

MORRISON. L. M.

J. H. Tenney.

Grazioso.

1. Sweet harp of Judah, shall thy sound, No more be heard on earthly ground, No mortal raise the lay again, That rung thro' Judah's mortal reign?

2. No! for to higher worlds belong The wonders of thy sacred song; Thy prophet bards might sweep thy chords, Thy glorious burthen was the Lord's.

3. Tho' faintly swell thy notes sublime, Far distant down the stream of time, Yet, to our ears the sounds are giv'n, And e'en thy echo tells of heav'n.

KILBURN. L. M.

Allegro Moderato.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.

2. The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for thee.

3. But who can speak thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Vast and unsearchable thy ways; Vast and immortal be thy praise.

VINELAND. L. M.

F. S. DAVENPORT.
From "Praise of Zion."

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our almighty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2. In - to his pres-ence let us haste, To thank him for his favors past; To him ad-dress in joyful songs The praise that to his name belongs.

3. O let us to his courts re-pair, And bow with a - do - ra - tion there! Down on our knees, devoutly, all Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

LYRENA. L. M.

J. M. Stillman.

With energy.

The world cre-a - ted, &c.

1. Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light, Arrayed in majesty and might; The world cre - a - ted by his hands, Still on its firm foundation stands.

2. But ere this spacious world was made, Or had its first foundation laid, His throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Himself the ever-living God.

The world cre-a - ted, &c.

3. For-ev-er shall his throne endure; His promise stands forever sure; And ev-er-last - ing ho - li-ness Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

LAMENTATION. L. M.

Jonas Parker.

Doloroso.

1. Behold the path which mortals tread, Down to the regions of the dead, Nor will the fleeting moments stay; Nor can we measure back our way.

2. Our kindred and our friends are gone, Know, O, my soul, this doom thine own, Feeble as their's my mortal frame, The same my way, my house the same.

3. Awake my soul, thy way prepare, And lose in this each mortal care, With steady feet that path be trod, Which through the grave conducts to God.

BELFAST. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Soprano Obligato.

1. Gent -ly, my Savior, let me down, To slumber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee alone, Ev'n till my last, expir-ing breath.

2. Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter endless rest; There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name, for-ev - er blest.

3. There shall my raptured spirit raise Still louder notes than angels sing,—High glories to Immanuel's grace, My God, my Sav-ior, and my King!

ATWOOD. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Moderato.

1. All praise to thee, e-ternal Lord! Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood; Choosing a manger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

2. Thou comest in the darksome night To make us children of the light,—To make us, in the realms divine, Like thine own angels round thee shine.

3. All this for us thy love hath done, By this to thee our love is won; For this we tune our cheerful lays, And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

NEW DAY. L. M.

Geo. F. Root.

Cantabile.

1. In sleep's se-rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe-ly passed the silent night; Again I see the breaking shade, I drink again the morn-ing light.

2. New born, I bless the waking hour, Once more, with awe, rejoice to be; My conscious soul resumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3. O guide me thro' the various maze. My doubtful feet may this day tread; And spread thy shield's protecting blaze, When dangers press around my head.

OBRIAN. L. M.

Theo. T. Crane. 1845.

Chanting Style.

1. Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler speech than angels use, If love be absent, I am found, Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2. If love to God and love to men Be absent, all my hopes are vain; Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal, The work of love can e'er ful - fil.

PETITION. L. M.

1. Father, adored in worlds above, Thy glorious name be hallowed still; Thy kingdom come in truth and love, And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2. Lord, make our daily wants thy care, Forgive the sins that we forsake; O, let us in thy kindness share, As fellow-men of ours par-take.

Rall. *pp* *Cres.* *ff*

3. E - vils be - set us every hour; —Thy kind pro-tec-tion we im-plore: Thine is the kingdom, thine the power, —Be thine the glory evermore.

EPAINOS. L. M.

Rev. WM. WINDSOR.

Firmly.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song: A - wake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to th' eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim!

2. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My tho'ts rejoice at Jesus' name: Ye angels dwell upon the sound, Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

3. O, may I live to reach the place Where he un-vails his love-ly face! Where I his beauties shall be-hold, And sing his name to harps of gold.

BOUNDLESS LOVE. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

With Boldness.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a-wake, my tongue! Ho-san-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all his bound-less love pro-claim.

2. See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The bright-est im-age of his grace; God, in the per-son of his Son, Has all his might-iest works out-done.

ARCOLA. L. M.

S. Wesley Martin.

1. Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate: There peace and joy eternal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

3. There shall I wear a star-ry crown, And tri-umph in al-might-y grace, While all the arm-ies of the sky Join in my glo-rious Lead-er's praise.

BARSTOW. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Maestoso.

1. Ere rolling worlds began to move, Or ere the heav'ns were spread abroad; Thine awful throne was fixed above, From everlasting thou art God.

2. The swelling floods tempestuous rise, Aloud the angry tempests roar; Lift their proud billows to the skies, And foam and lash the trembling shore.

3. Thy sov'reign laws are ev-er sure, E-ter-nal pu - ri - ty is thine; And, Lord, thy people shall be pure, And in thy blest resemblance shine.

THYNER. L. M.

W. H. Doane.

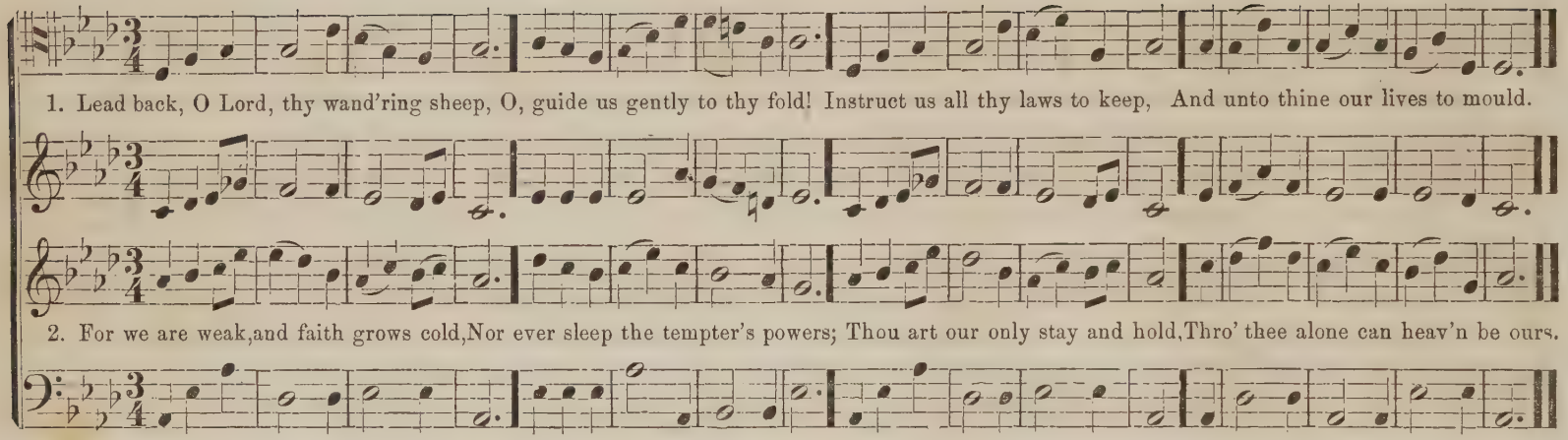
1. Here, at thy cross, my gra - cious Lord, I lay my soul beneath thy love; O cleanse me with atoning blood, Nor let me from thy feet remove.

2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless and firm this heart should lie; Resolved, for that's my last defense, If I must perish, there to die.

3. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim; Hosanna to my Savior God! And loudest praises to his name.

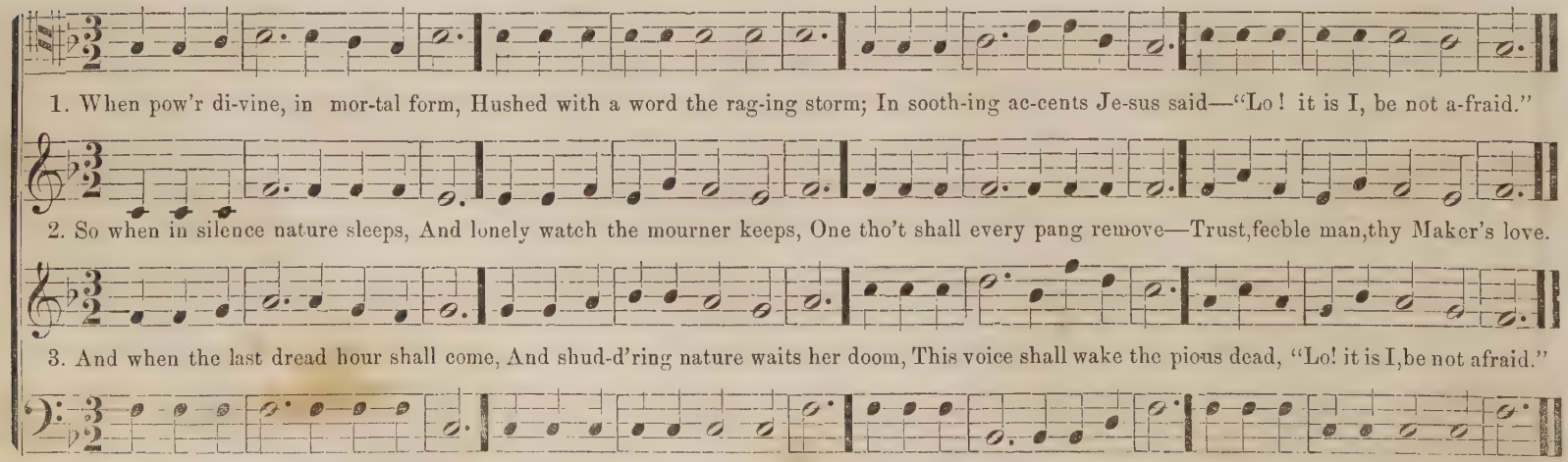
COOKE. L. M.

W. F. Whipple.



CLEVELAND. L. M.

C. H. Carroll.



STELLA. L. M.

A. A. Wyman.

1. O, thou, my soul, forget no more, The Friend who all thy sorrows bore, Let eve - ry i - dol be for - got, But, O, my soul, for-get Him not.

2. Eternal truth and mercy shine In him, and he himself is thine; And canst thou, then, with sin beset Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

3. O, no; till life itself depart, His name shall cheer and warm my heart; And lisping this from earth, I'll rise, And join the chorus of the skies.

MOIRA. L. M.

H. W. Jones.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.

2. Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of thy praise; And unborn ages make my song The joy and triumph of their tongue.

3. But who can speak thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Vast and unsearchable thy ways! Vast and immortal be thy praise!

BROOKLINE STREET. L. M.

B. F. Baker.

Andante.

1. Great God! to thee my evening song With humble grat-i-tude I raise: O, let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise.

2. My days, un-cloud-ed as they pass, And every gently rolling hour, Are mon-uments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

3. Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close; With sleep refresh my feeble frame; Safe in thy care may I repose, And wake with praises to thy name.

CUTLER. L. M.

H. I. Proctor.

1. Arise, my soul, with rapture rise, And, filled with love and fear, adore The awful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mercy lends thee one day more.

Dim. - e - Rit.

2. And may this day, indulgent Power, Not idly pass nor fruitless be, But may each swiftly passing hour Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

STOWELL. L. M.

From "Praise of Zion," by permission.

SOLO. Soprano.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a

CHORUS.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads—A place than all be-

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.

sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.

8

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat!

4

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

5

Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy seat.

COLFAX. L. M. No. 1.

HENRY HARDING.

With reverence.

1. Be-fore Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy: Know that the Lord is God alone; He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.

2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again.

3. We are his peo-ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Ma-ker, to thy name?

COLFAX. L. M. No. 2.

With boldness.

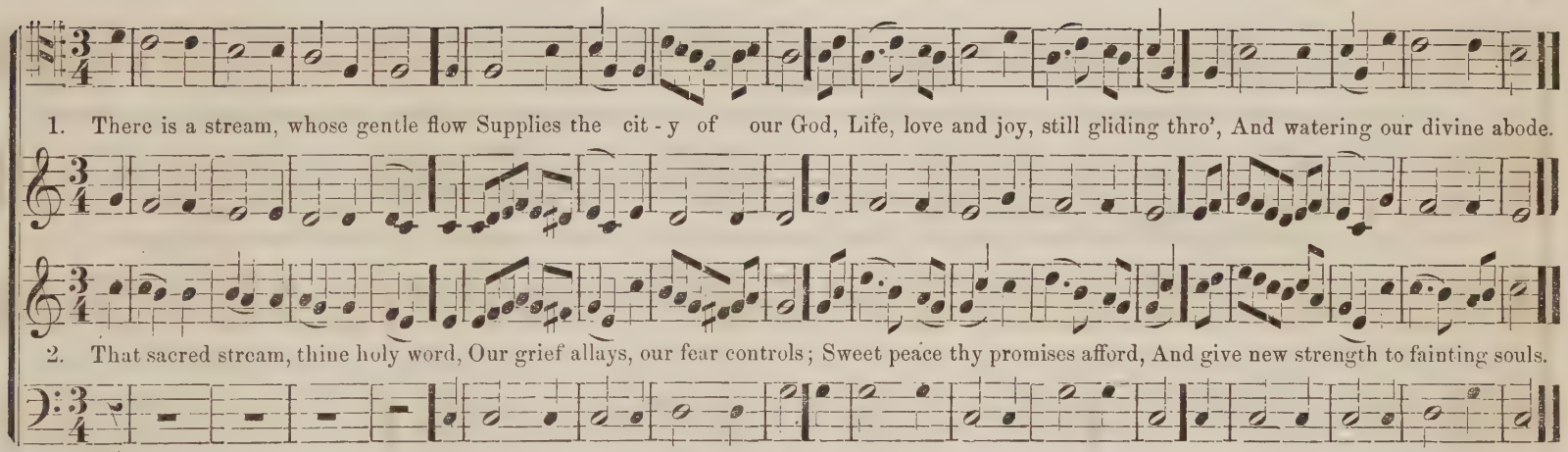
And earth, with her &c. And earth, with her &c.

4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eter - ni-ty, thy love: Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

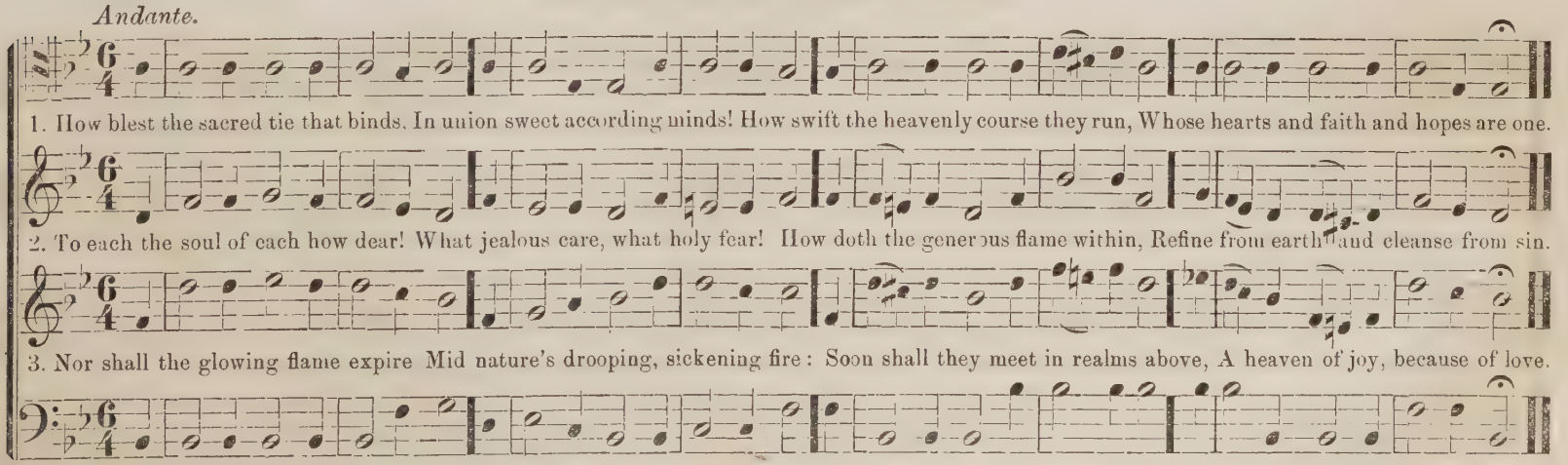
STEWART. L. M.

G. W. Foster.



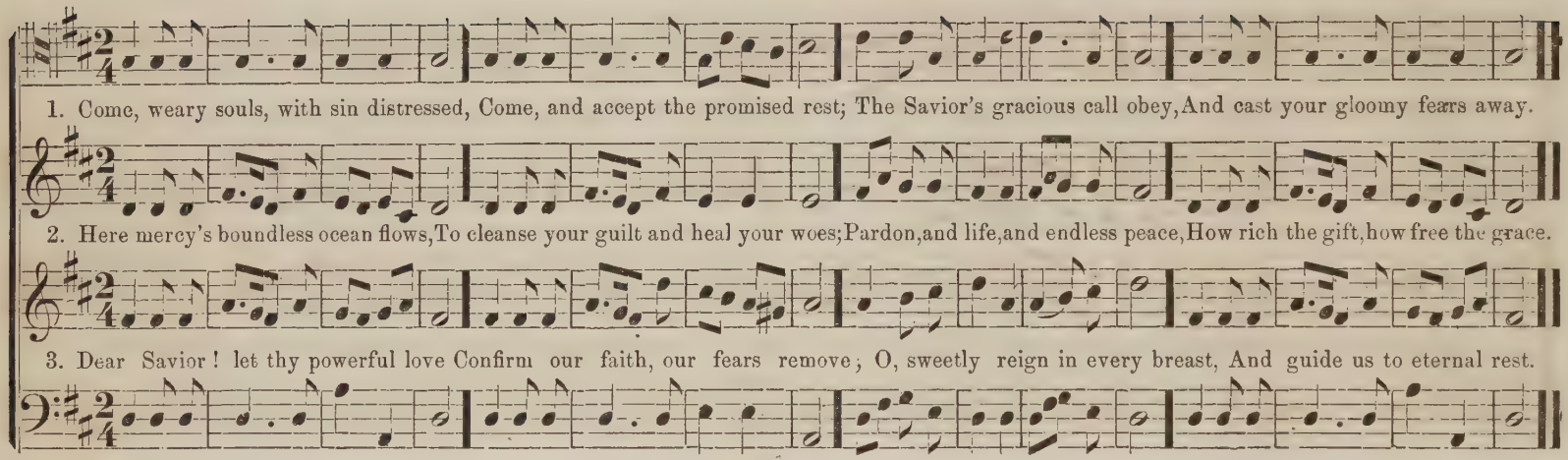
GRAFTON. L. M.

J. A.



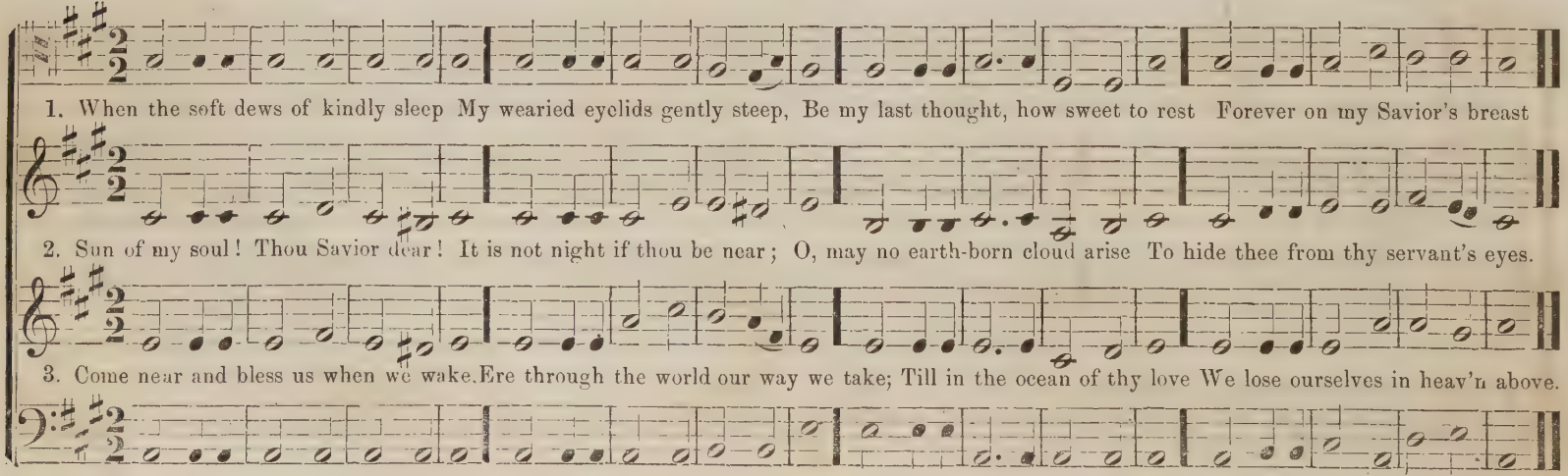
CHATSWORTH. L. M.

S. Wesley Martin.



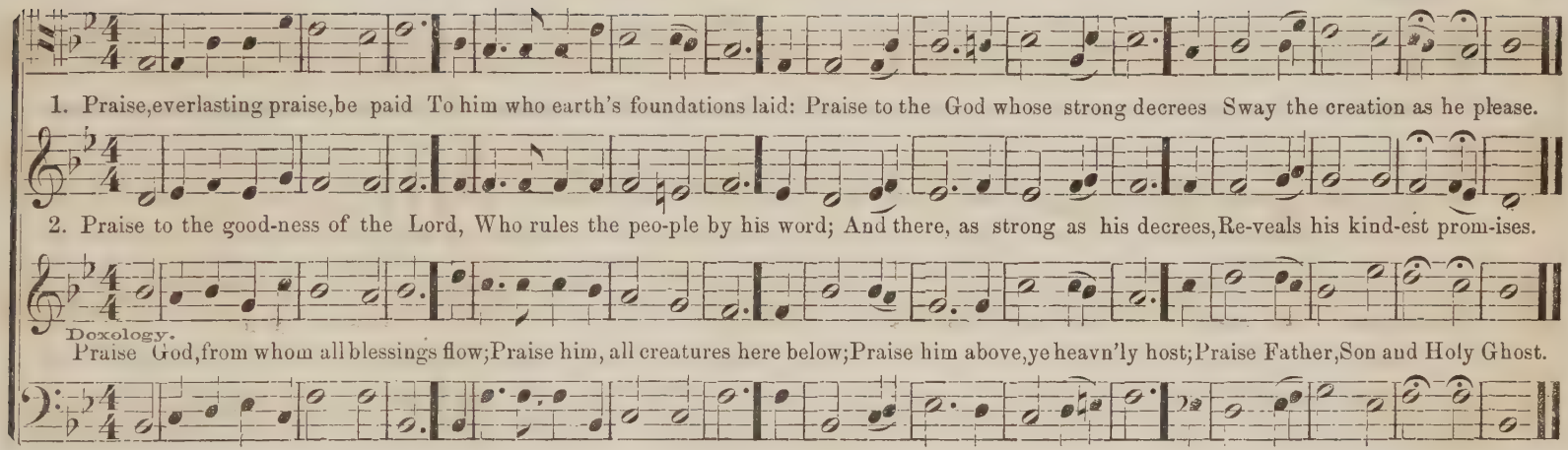
JAMESTOWN. L. M.

Geo. M. Monroe.



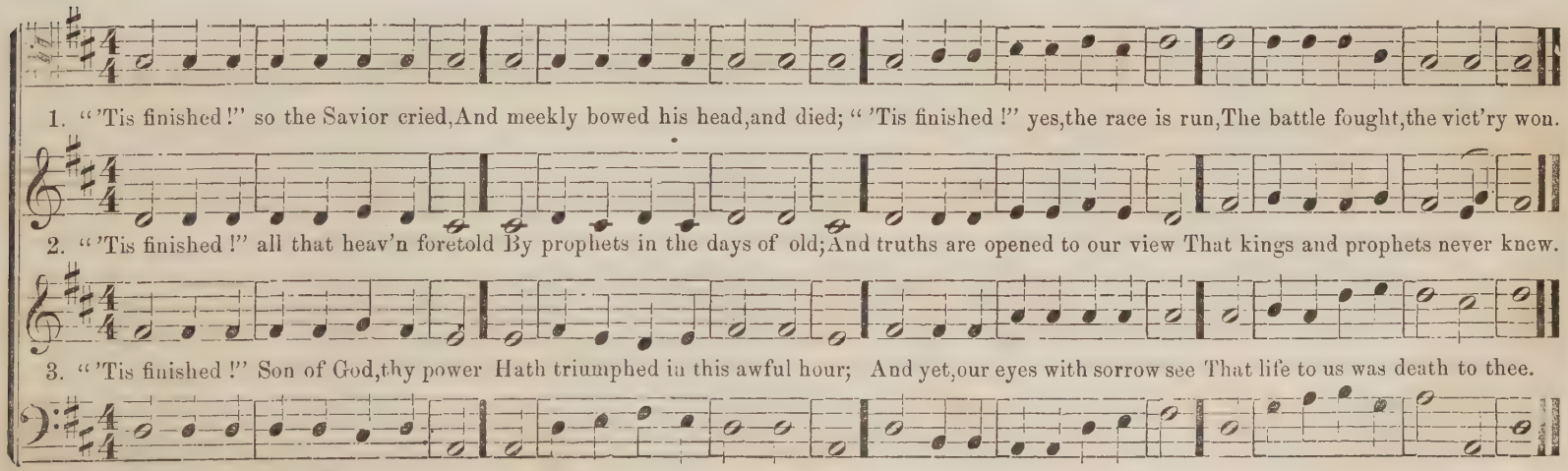
SALVIN. L. M.

CHAS. HATTERSLEY.



LIFE. L. M.

C. M. WYMAN.



BUNYAN. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Earnestly.

1 Come let us sing the song of songs—The saints in heaven began the strain— The homage which to Christ be-longs:

2. To him, enthroned by fil - ial right, All power in heaven and earth proclaim, Honor, and ma - jes - ty and might:

3. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heaven with him we reign; This song our song of songs shall be;

ARONA. L. M.

Theo. F. Seward.

"Wor-thy the Lamb, for he was slain."

"Wor-thy the Lamb, for he was slain."

ff *m*

"Wor-thy the Lamb, for he was slain."

1. When soft the dews..... of kind - ly sleep,..... My

2. A - bide with me..... from morn till eve,..... For

3. Be near to bless..... me when I wake,..... Ere

wearied eyelids gently steep, so gently steep; Be my last thought,..... how sweet to rest..... For-ev - er on my Savior's breast.

with - out thee I cannot live, I cannot live, Abide with me..... when night is nigh,..... For without thee I dare not die.

Rit.

thro' the world my way I take, my way I take; Abide with me..... till in thy love,..... I lose my-self in heaven a-bove.

SERENITY. L. M.

J. S. Black.

Andante Espressivo.

1. In sleep's se-rene ob-liv-ion laid, I safe-ly passed the si-lent night; Again I see the breaking shade, And drink a - gain the morning light.

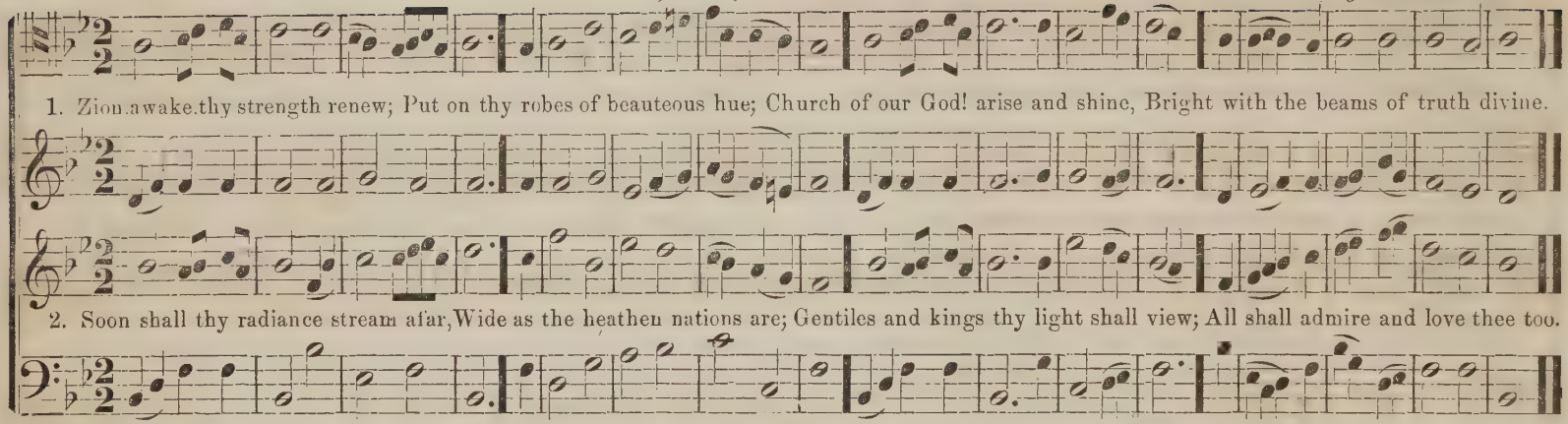
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour, Once more with awe rejoice to be; My conscious soul resumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

TUTTI. *Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.*

3. That deeper shade shall break away, That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes; Thy light shall give eternal day: Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

LACO. L. M.

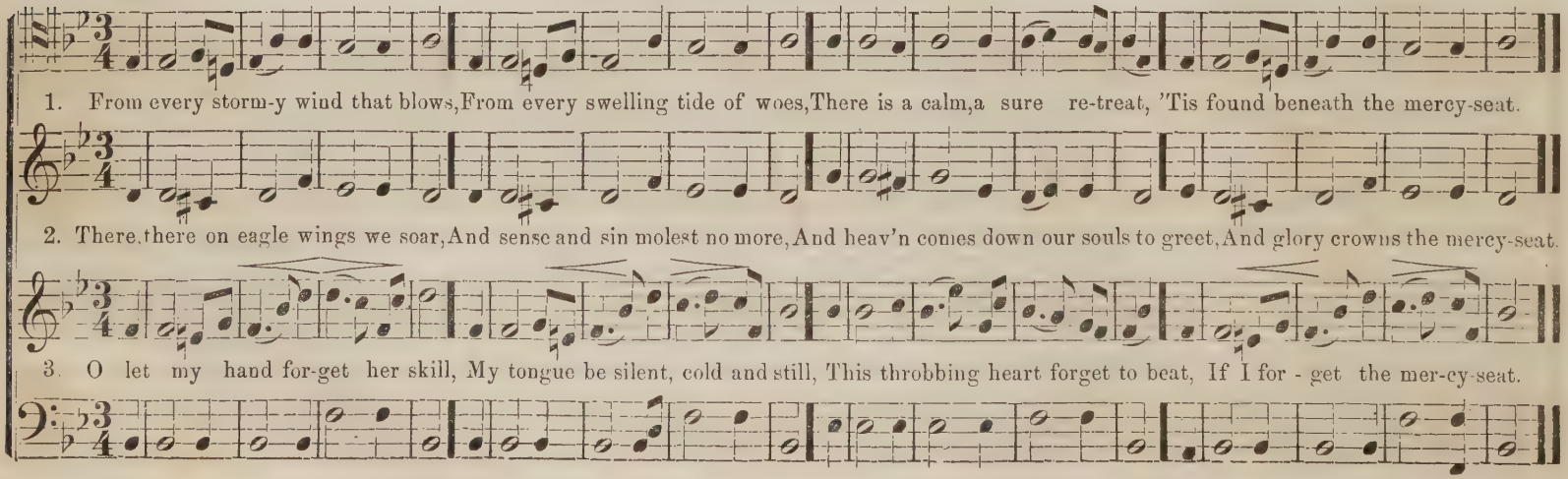
E. Hamilton.
By Permission.



MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Lento.



CROWN. C. M.

1. Oh, speed thee, Christian! on thy way, And to thine ar - mor cling; With girded loins the call o - bey Which grace and mercy bring.

2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An upward race to run, A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vict'ry to be won.

3. Oh, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs Are heard before the throne; The race must come before the prize, The cross before the crown.

SHEPHERD. C. M.

Mrs. E. C.

1. See Is - rael's gentle Shepherd stands, With all-engag - ing charms, Hark! how he calls the tend-er lambs, And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came.

HOUSTON. C. M.

J. A. Maxham.

1. A-rise, my soul! my joy-ful powers, And tri-umph in my God; A-wake, my voice! and loud proclaim His glorious praise abroad.

2. The arms of ev-er-last-ing love Beneath my soul he placed, And on the Rock of A-ges set My slip-p'ry footsteps fast.

3. A-rise, my soul! a-wake, my voice! And tunes of plea-sure sing! Loud hal-le-lu-jahs shall address My Sa-vior and my King.

MEDITATION. C. M.

A. A. Wyman.

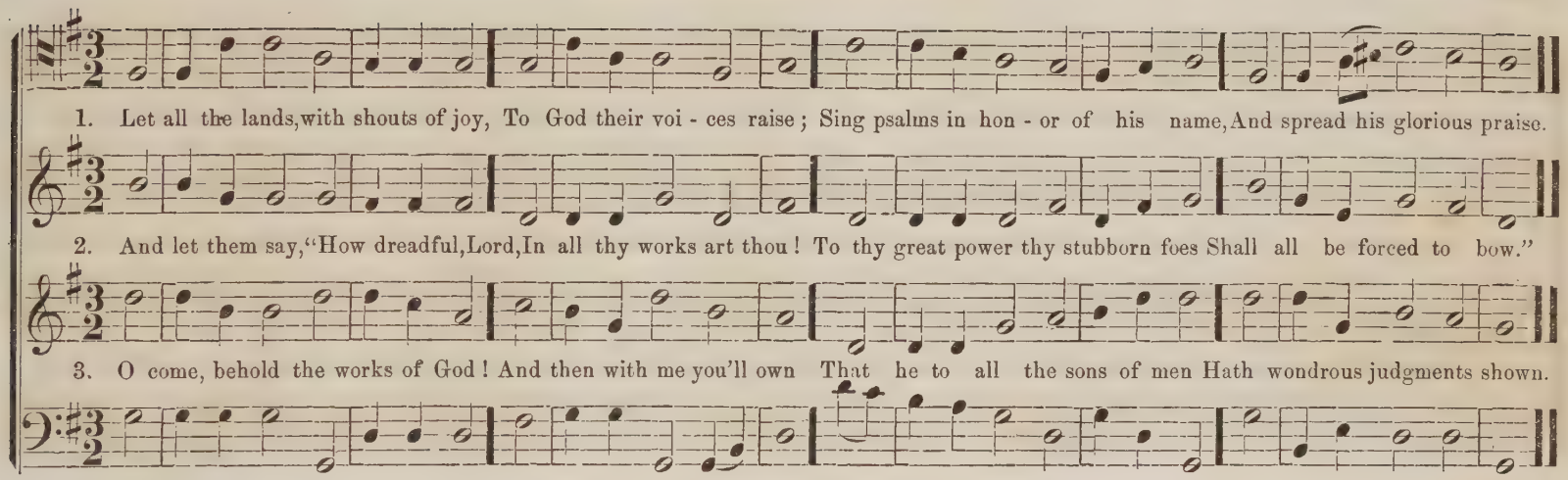
With expression.

1. My soul, come med-i-tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou shalt quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

2. Then should we see the saints a-bove, In their own glorious forms, And wonder why our souls should love To dwell with mor-tal worms.

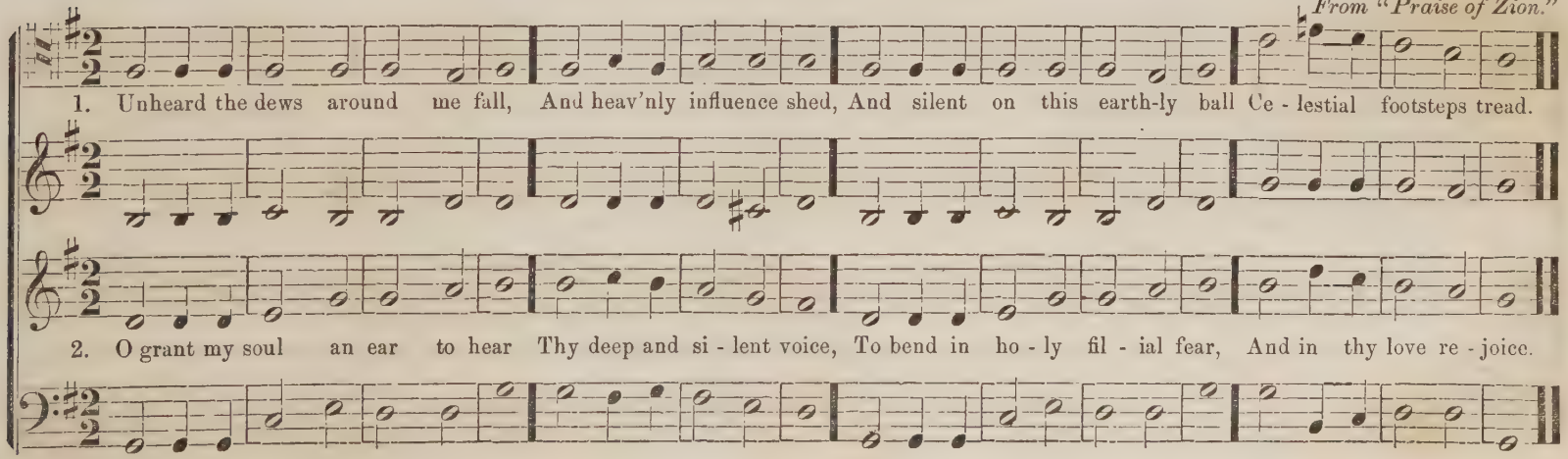
WAUKEGAN. C. M.

DR. R. W. CLARKSON.



ROCKLAND. C. M.

F. S. DAVENPORT.
From "Praise of Zion."



TRIUMPH. C. M.

FRED. R. COBB.

1. Oh, praise the Lord! for he is good; In him we rest ob - tain: His mer - cy has thro' a - ges stood, And ev - er shall re - main.

2. Let all the peo - ple of the Lord His prais-es spread a - round; Let them his grace and love re - cord, Who have sal - va - tion found.

3. Now let the east in him re-joice, The west its trib - ute bring, The north and south lift up their voice In hon - or of their King.

FORGIVENESS. C. M.

C. C. STEARNS.

1. O if thy brow, se - rene and calm, From earthly stain is free, View not with scorn the err - ing one, Who once was pure like thee!

2. O if the smiles of love are thine, Its joy-ous ec - sta - cy, Shun not the poor for - sak - en one, Who once was lov'd like thee!

LITTLETON. C. M.

1. Je sus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of thine! The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine.

2. I see thee not, I hear thee not, Yet art thou oft with me; And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with thee.

3. When death these mortal eyes shall seal, And still this throbbing heart, The rending veil shall thee reveal, All glorious as thou art.

HATTERSLEY. C. M.

Chas. M. Hattersley.

Legato.

1. The whole cre - a - tion groans and waits Till we, who love thee, Lord, Shall stand within thy tem - ple gates, And shine, the sons of God.

2. One with the Lord and all his saints! Thy na-ture in our own! Thy crown our rich in - her - i - tance! Heirs to thy roy - al throne!

3. Thy throne no joy to us would bring, If we from thee were riv'n; For all our joy is in our King, And thou art all our heav'n.

LANCASTER. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

1. Calm on the bo - som of thy God, Young spirit, rest thee now! Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.

2. Dust, to its nar - row house beneath! Soul, to its place on high! They that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die.

3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers, Whence thy meek smile is gone; But, O, a brighter home than ours, In heaven, is now thine own.

HALL. C. M.

Chanting Style.

1. Je - sus! the very thought of thee With gladness fills my breast; But dearer far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Savior of mankind!

3. O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind thou art, How good to those who seek!

CANYON. C. M. No. 1.

With animation.

1. Sal-va-tion! oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round, While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

CANYON. C. M. No. 2.

With expression.

2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At death's dark door we lay; But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heavenly day.

2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At death's dark door we lay; But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heavenly day.

MORNING. C. M.

Arr. by D. S. Swan.

In Exact Time.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it on-ly can bestow, Who reigns in light a-bove.

2. Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

3. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, though thorny, bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.

ANDREW. C. M.

I. L. Andrews.

With Firmness.

1. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grateful song I'll raise; O, let the feeblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise.

2. My life, my hope, my joy, I owe To thine a-maz-ing love; Ten thousand thousand comforts here, And nobler bliss a-bove.

3. Lead on, dear Shepherd,—led by thee, No e-vil shall I fear; Soon shall I reach thy fold above, And praise thee bet-ter there.

LELIA. C. M.

With Expression.

1. Af - fliction is a stormy deep, Where wave resounds to wave; Though o'er my head the bil - lows roll, I know the Lord can save.

2. The hand that now withholds my joys, Can soon re-store my peace; And he who bade the tempest rise, Can bid that tempest cease.

3. Here will I rest, and build my hope, Nor murmur at his rod; He's more than all the world to me—My Health, my Life, my God.

SHINING HILL. C. M.

A. W. Keen.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, There all my hope is laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, From him will come mine aid.

2. Thy foot unmoved he ev - er keeps, And all thy ways will guard, He slumbers not, and nev - er sleeps—Thy keeper is the Lord.

3. The Lord, thy keep-er, shades thy way, Preserves thee in his sight; Nor shall the sun smite thee by day, Nor shall the moon by night.

BRIDGMAN. C. M.

C M. Wyman.

1. O, for that ten - derness of heart Which bows before the Lord! Owning how just and good thou art, And trembling at thy word.

2. Savior, to me in pit - y give, For sin, the deep dis - tress—The pledge thou wilt at last receive; And bid me die in peace.

3. O, fill my soul with faith and love, And strength to do thy will! Raise my desires and hopes above; Thyself to me re-veal.

EDDIE. C. M.

H. L. Story.

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Beneath the wing of night; There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.

2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When human strength gives way; There is a love that never fails, When earthly loves de - cay.

3. That eye is fixed on ser - aph throngs; That arm upholds the sky; That ear is filled with angel songs; That love is throned on high.

RETREAT. C. M.

1. Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat, My soul for ref-uge flies; 'Tis here I find a safe retreat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can nev - er die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish every fear.

Cres. p

3. Oh, nev-er let my soul remove From this di -vine re - treat! Still let me trust thy power and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

TRUST. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Theme. f

1. See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands, And calls his sheep by name; Gathers the fee-ble in his arms, And feeds each tender lamb.

2. When, wand'ring from the peaceful fold, We leave the nar-row way, Our faithful Shepherd still is near, To seek us when we stray.

Theme. f

3. The weakest lamb a - mid the flock Shall be its Shepherd's care; While folded in our Savior's arms, We're safe from every snare.

DAUPHIN. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

1. Soon as I heard my Fa-ther say, Ye chil-dren seek my grace; My heart re-plied with-out de - lay, I'll seek my Father's face.

2. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your cour-age up; He'll raise your spir - it when it faints, And far ex-ceed your hope.

ZINDA. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Reverentially.

1. Fa - ther of mer-cies, God of love, My fa - ther and my God; I'll sing the hon - ors of thy name, And spread thy praise a-broad.

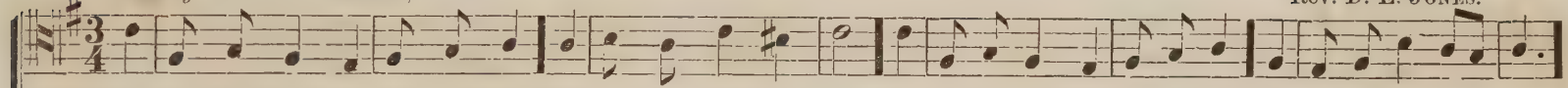
2. Teach me in time of deep dis - tress, To own thy hand, O God; And in sub-mis - sive si-lence learn, The les - sons of thy rod.

3. Then may I close my eyes in death, Redeemed from anxious fear; For death it - self, my God, is life, If thou be with me there.

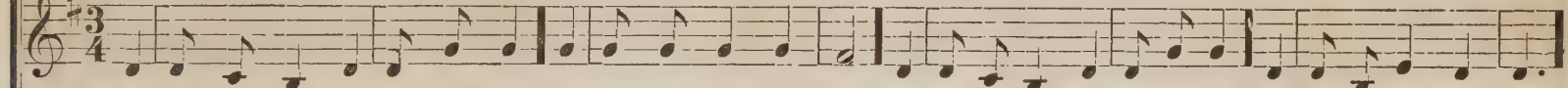
CONSECRATION HYMN. C. M. Double.

Words by Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.

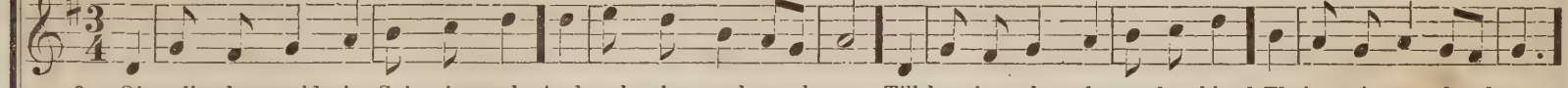
Rev. D. E. Jones.



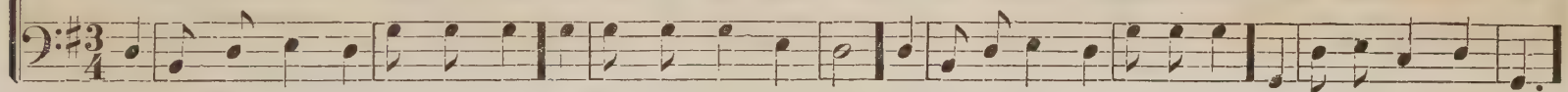
1. Lord, thou hast taught our hearts to glow With love's un - dy - ing flame; But more of thee we long to know, And more would love thy name.



2. Teach thou our lips of thee to speak, Of thy sweet love to tell; Till they who wander far shall seek, And find and serve thee well.

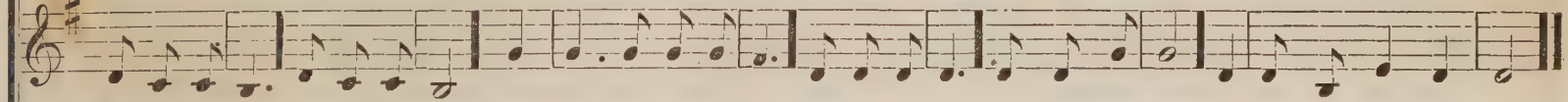


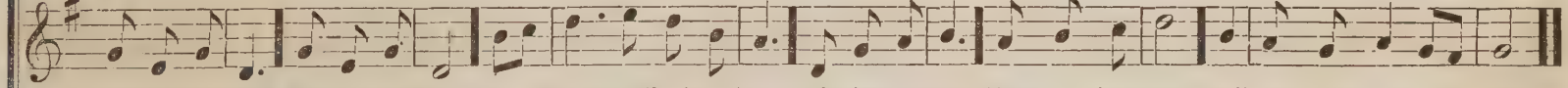
3. O'er all the world thy Spir - it send, And make thy good-ness known, Till heav'n and earth together blend Their praises at thy throne.



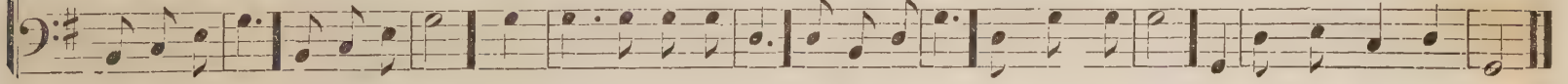
CHORUS.

All thy dear will, Would we fulfil, Till life's last toil is o'er; And when we rise Beyond the skies, We'll serve thee ev - er - more.





All thy dear will, Would we fulfil, Till life's last toil is o'er; And when we rise Beyond the skies, We'll serve thee ev - er - more.



BALLARD VALE. C. M.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.

2. These are the robes, unsoiled and white, Which we shall then put on, When, foremost 'mong the sons of light, We sit on yon-der throne.

3. Then wel - come toil, and care, and pain! And wel-come sor-row, too! All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

4. Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace! Come, holy city of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of righteousness!

PALMER. C. M.

M. SLASON.

1. And can mine eyes, with-out a tear, A weep - ing Sa - vior see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear Who groaned and died for me?

2. Blest Je - sus! let those tears of thine Sub-due each stub-born foe; Come, fill my heart with love divine, And bid my sor-rows flow.

SALEM. C. M.

With animation.

1. Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works or mighty name Of our e - ter - nal King.

2. His ver - y word of grace is strong, As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.

3. Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue But whisper, "Thou art mine!" Those gentle words should raise my song To notes almost di - vine.

AMANDA. C. M.

A. W. KEEN.

With expression.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase; So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth pine; O, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine.

3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, and he'll employ His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.

RICHLAND. C. M. No. 1.

W. O. Perkins.

1. I wait-ed pa-tient for the Lord: He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me rest-ing on his word, And brought salva-tion nigh.

2. He raised me from a hor-rid pit, Where, mourning, long I lay, And from my bonds released my feet—Deep bonds of mi-ry clay.

RICHLAND. C. M. No. 2.

3. Firm on a rock he made me stand, And taught my cheerful tongue To praise the wonders of his hand In new and thank-ful song.

4. I'll spread his works of grace a-broad; The saints with joy shall hear, And sinners learn to make my God Their on-ly hope and fear.

AMBER. C. M.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy-ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee ; No mu - sic's like thy charming name.Nor half so sweet can be.Nor half so sweet can be.

2. My Je-sus shall be still my theme,While on this earth I stay ; I'll sing my Je - sus' lovely name,When all things else decay,When all things else decay.

3. When I appear in yonder cloud,With all his favored throng.Then will I sing more sweet.more loud,And Christ shall be my song,And Christ shall be my song.

BUCKSPORT. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Joyfully.

1. Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ! Let earth re - ceive her King ! Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the world ! the Sav-ior reigns ! Let men their tongues employ,While fields and floods,rocks,hills and plains,Repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,And makes the nations prove The glo - ries of his righteousness, And won - ders of his love.

BRIDGETON. C. M. No. 1.

C. M. Wyman.

Tenderly.

1. When musing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the present pain, 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

2. 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise, And dread a Fa - ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub-mis-sion flies, And would not suf - fer still;

BRIDGETON. C. M. No. 2.

Earnestly.

3. It is that heaven-born faith surveys The path that leads to light, And longs her eagle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight.

4. Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born woe and care, And soar above these clouds of night, My Savior's bliss to share.

VESPER. C. M.

D. F. Hodges.

Andante.

1. Behold the western evening light! It melts in evening gloom: So calm - ly Christians sink a - way, De-scend-ing to the tomb.

2. The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce whispers from the tree: So gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

3. But soon the morning's happier light Its glo - ry shall re - store, And eye - lids that are sealed in death Shall wake to close no more.

TRENTON. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Theme *f*

1. Blest is the man whose softening heart Feels all an - oth-er's pain; To whom the sup-pli - ca - ting eye Was nev - er raised in vain.

2. To gen - tle of - fi - ces of love His feet are nev - er slow; He views, thro' mercy's melting eye, A broth - er in a foe.

Theme *f*

3. He hears the Savior's cheering word, "My peace to him I give;" And when he kneels before the throne, His trembling soul shall live.

SARONI. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Chanting Style.

1. To thee, O God, my prayer ascends, But not for gold - en stores; Nor cov - et I the brightest gems That shine on eastern shores.

2. The faith and hopes of things unseen My best af - fec - tions move—Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles, Thine ev - er - lasting love.

3. These are the blessings I desire; Lord, be these blessings mine; And all the glories of the world I cheerful - ly re - sign.

ANSWER. C. M.

P. P. Bliss.

1. There is a lit - tle, lone - ly fold, Whose flock one Shepherd keeps, Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold, With eye that never sleeps.

2. By e - vil beast, or burning sky, Or damp of midnight air, Not one in all that flock shall die, Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3. O gen - tle Shepherd, still behold Thy helpless charge in me; And take a wand'rer to thy fold, That trembling turns to thee.

HAVENS. C. M.

SOLON WILDER.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God! Then should my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.

2. Blest Je-sus, come and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine, That I may nev - er more depart, Nor grieve thy love di - vine.

3. Thus, till my last, ex - pir - ing breath, Thy goodness I'll a - dore; And when my frame dissolves in death, My soul shall love thee more.

SOLACE. C. M.

Rev. WM. WINDSOR.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear,

2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest, And to the weary, rest.

3. Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend—My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring, Accept the praise I bring.

CHADWELL. C. M.

HENRY HARDING.

1. Am I, a sol - dier of the cross, A follow-er of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage Lord; I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by thy word.

BUCKMINSTER. C. M.

C. M. WYMAN.
From "Praise of Zion."

1. Thou art my por - tion, O, my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t' o-bey thy word, And suffers no de - lay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glory in my choice: Not all the rich-es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

3. The tes - ti - mo - nies of thy grace I set be - fore mine eyes; Thence I derive my dai - ly strength, And there my com - fort lies.

BAYFIELD. C. M.

J. H. Tenney.

Bold and energetic.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va-tion, too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2. When troubles rise, and storms appear, There may his children hide; God has a strong pa - vil - ion, where He makes my soul a - bide.

3. Now shall my head be lift - ed high A - bove my foes a-round; And songs of joy and vic - to - ry Within thy tem - ple sound.

ROCKPORT. C. M.

Rev. P. B. Fisk.

Maestoso.

1. Thy word like sil-ver seven times tried, Through ages shall endure; The men that in Thy truth con-fide, Shall find thy promise sure.

ritard.

2. Thy word the rag-ing winds con-trol, And rule the boisterous deep: Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll-ing bil-lows sleep.

MALONE. C. M.

M. Slason.

Gently.

1. See the kind Shepherd, Jesus stands, And calls his sheep by name; Gathers the fee-ble in his arms, And feeds each tender lamb.
2. He leads them to the gen-tle stream, Where living wa-ter flows; And guides them to the ver-dant fields, Where sweetest herbage grows.
3. When, wandering from the peaceful fold, We leave the narrow way, Our faithful Shepherd still is near, To seek us when we stray.
4. The weakest lamb a-mong the flock Shall be its Shepherd's care; While folded in our Sa-vior's arms, We're safe from every snare.

PAVILION. C. M.

C. M. Wyman.
From "Harp of Judah."

SOLO. Soprano or Baritone.

1. The Lord of glory is my light, And my sal-va-tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.
2. Now shall my head be lift-ed high, A-bove my foes around; And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-in thy tem-ple sound.

Rit.

1. The Lord of glo-ry is my light, And my sal-va-tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.
2. Now shall my head be lift-ed high, Above my foes a-round; And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-in thy tem-ple sound.

Rit.

Use small notes for first stanza.

SINCLAIR. C. M. Peculiar.

1. O Thou, who art enrobed with light, How pure the soul must be, When, placed within thy searching sight, It shrinks not, but with calm delight Can live and look on thee.

2. Is there a way for man to rise To that sublime abode? Thine offering and thy sacrifice, Thy pains, and groans, and tears, and cries; Thy death, O Lamb of God;—

3. These, these pre-pare us for the sight Of Majes - ty a-bove; The sons of ignorance and night Can dwell in the eternal Light, Through the eternal Love.

ARDOR. C. M.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise; Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud the anthems raise, With grateful ardor fired, With grateful ardor fired.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads every moment, as it flies, With benefits unsought, With benefits un-sought.

3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transporting ray, Which lights the darkest shades of death, To realms of endless day, To realms of endless day.

MARENGO. C. M.

Dr. C. C. Miller.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Return, O ho - ly Dove! return, Sweet messen-ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

3. The dearest i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be; Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on - ly thee.

SPRINGFIELD. C. M.

James R. Murray.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ternal home.

2. Before the hills in or - der stood, Or earth received her frame, From ever - last - ing thou art God, To endless years the same.

3. A thousand a - ges in thy sight Are like an even - ing gone—Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

SEMINARY HILL. C. M. No. 1.

C. M. Wyman.

Allegretto.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Savior's pardoning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw His glo - ry shine; And when I read His ho - ly word, I call'd each promise mine.

4. Rise, Savior, help me to prevail, And make my soul Thy care; I know thy mer - cy can - not fail— Let me that mer - cy share.

SEMINARY HILL. C. M. No. 2.

C. M. Wyman.

Moderato.

3. But now, when evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me re - turns.

3. But now, when evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me re - turns.

REST. C. M.

C. C. Stearns.

p Espressivo.

1. When the worn spir - it wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the weary week.

2. Sweet day! thine hours tóo soon will cease, Yet while they gently roll; Breathe, Heav'nly Spir-it, source of peace, A Sabbath o'er my soul.

p

3. When will my pil-grim-age be done, The world's long week be o'er, That Sab - bath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more.

CHATHAM. C. M.

G. B. Loomis.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. Oh, may I ev - er hear thy voice In mercy to me speak; In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice, And thy salvation seek.

3. When I appear in yond - er cloud, With all his fav- ored throng, Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.

ELLIS. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Moderato.

1. "My times are in thy hand;" My God! I wish them there; My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-tire-ly to thy care.

2. "My times are in thy hand;" Why should I doubt or fear? My Father's hand will nev-er cause His child a needless tear.

3. "My times are in thy hand;" I'll al-ways trust in thee; And, af-ter death, at thy right hand I shall for-ev-er be.

CARTER. S. M.

Geo. H. Graves.

Maestoso.

1. O Lord our God! a-rise; The cause of truth maintain; And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her bless-ed reign.

2. Thou Prince of life! a-rise, Nor let thy glo-ry cease; Far spread the conquests of thy grace, And bless the earth with peace.

3. O all ye na-tions! rise,—To God the Sav-ior sing; From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let echoing anthems ring!

EMMA. S. M. No. 1.

C. M. Scovell.

1. And must this bod - y die? This mortal frame decay? And must these act - ive limbs of mine Lie moldering in the clay?

2. And am I born to die? To lay this bod-y down: And must this tremb - ling spir - it fly In - to the world unknown?

EMMA. S. M. No. 2.

C. M. Wyman.

3. God, my Re - deem - er lives And ev-er from the skies Looks down and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

4. These lively hopes we owe To Jesus' dy-ing love; We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.

ZION'S ROCK. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Maestoso.

1. I stand on Zi - on's mount, And view my star - ry crown; No power on earth my hope can shake, Nor hell can thrust me down.

2. The lof - ty hills and towers, That lift their heads on high, Shall all be lev - el'd low in dust—Their ver - y names shall die.

3. The vault-ed heavens shall fall, Built by Je - ho - vah's hands; But firm-er than the heavens, the Rock Of my sal - va - tion stands.

BUSHNELL. S. M.

P. P. Bliss.
Words and Music.

1. "In me ye may have peace; My peace I give to you." Rest, troubled soul, rest in the Lord, His love will bear thee through.

2. "In me ye may have peace;" Tho' wars a-gainst thee rise Hope thou in God, be not dis-mayed, Lift up thy weep - ing eyes.

3. "In me ye may have peace;" Dear Lord, our ref - uge be, In weal or woe, in life or death, We would a - bide in thee.

DUNHAM. S. M.

G. W. Foster.

1. My soul! be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. O, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

FULLERTON. S. M.

H. I. Proctor.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. Be-neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste to your heaven-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re - freshment find.

RIVERSIDE. S. M.

1. If through unruffled seas Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, That drives us near - er home.

TENDERNESS. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON.

By permission.

Slowly. Gently.

1. If on a qui - et sea Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.
2. But should the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at thy con-trol; Thy ten - der mercies shall il - lume The midnight of the soul.
4. Teach us, in ev - ery state, To make thy will our own, And, when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a - lone.

WYMAN. S. M.

Wm. W. Goss.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

2. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul re - claim; And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

3. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my fu - ture days; Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

VICTORY. S. M.

C. M. Scovell.

1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Leader is; The foe before his banner flies, For vic-to - ry is his.

2. Lead on, Al - might - y Lord, Lead on to vic - to - ry! Encouraged by the bright reward, With joy we'll fol - low thee.

NORTHERN LIGHT. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Andantino. pp.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears The wondering an - gels see! Be thou as - tonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep: Each sin de-mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And weep - ing is not there.

SILSBY. S. M.

Solon Wilder.
From "Praise of Zion."

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow, Rest for the wea - ry, wayworn feet, Rest from all la - bor now;—

2. Rest for the fe-vered brain, Rest for the throb-bing eye; Thro' these parch'd lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel - come sound, That shakes thy si - lent chamber-walls, And breaks the turf-sealed ground

MARSHALL. S. M.

H. M. Breed.

Rit.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove, Is like to that a - bove.

2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares, Our comforts and our cares.

3. From sorrow, toil and pain, And sin, we shall be free, And perfect love and friendship reign Thro' all eter - ni - ty, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

COLLEGE CHAPEL. S. M.

Arthur Baker.

Legato.

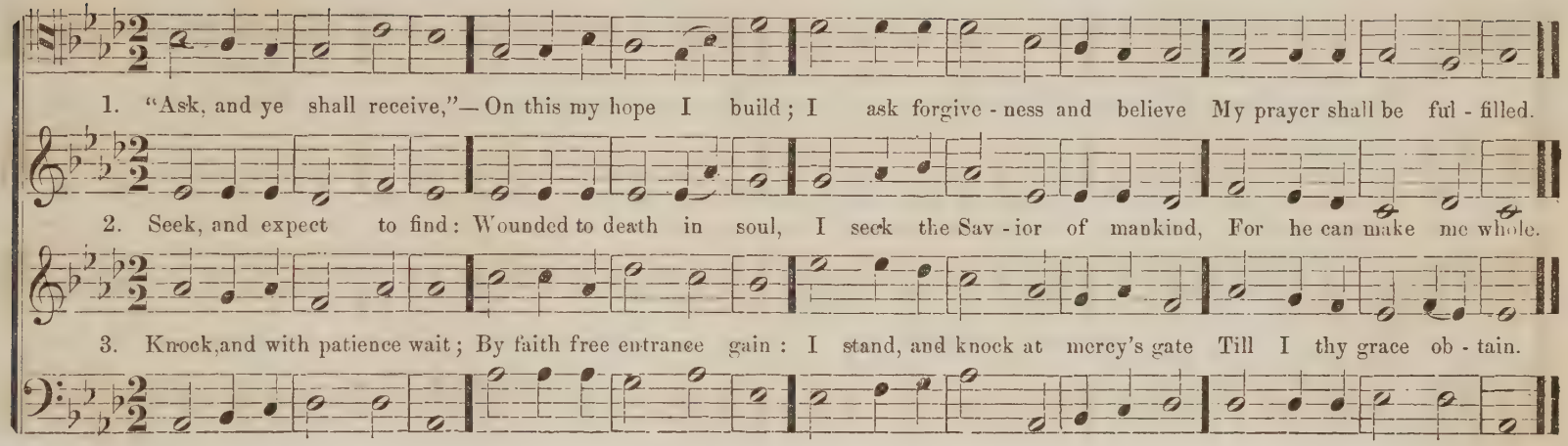
1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God, Unvails the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad.

2. Here on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crown'd, Our joyful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

3. To him our pray'rs and cries Our hum - ble souls pre - sent; He lis - tens to our brok - en sighs, And grants us ev - 'ry want.

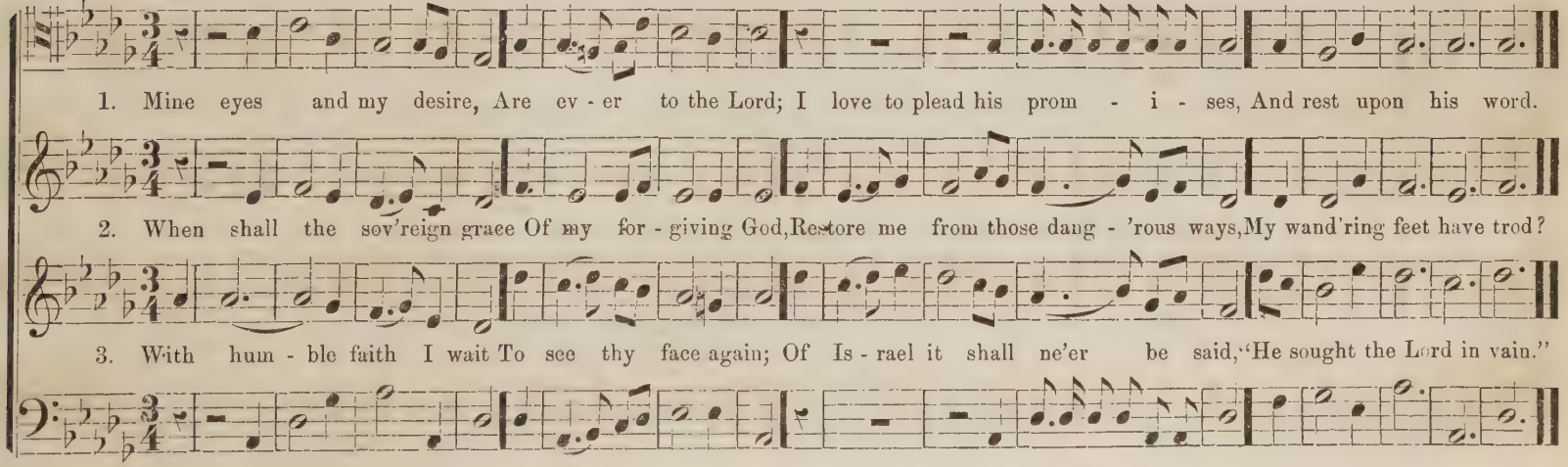
CONFIDENCE. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.



ALBION. S. M.

J. M. Stillman.



LEONARD. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.
From "Harp of Judah."

1. Come to the house of prayer, O ye af-flict - ed, come; The God of peace shall meet you there, He makes that house his home.

2. Come to the house of praise, Ye who are hap - py now; In sweet ac - cord your voices raise, In kindred hom - age bow.

3. Ye a - ged, hith - er come, For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb, Your lips forget to move.

CROSS STREET. S. M.

E. C. Baker.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,—The house of thine abode, The church our blest Redeem - er saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God, Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.

3. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

BOARDMAN. S. M.

Geo. M. Monroe.

1. O, where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea-ry soul; 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

2. The world can never give, The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

GOLDMAN. S. M.

J. H. Tenney.

Con Spirito.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.

3. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.

GOLDBECK. S. M.

W. Irving Hartshorn.

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

2. Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear his ho - ly name, And laud and mag-ni - fy.

3. God is our strength and song, And his sal - vation ours; Then be his love in Christ pro - claimed, With all our ransomed powers.

LYMAN. S. M.

D. E. Jones.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gently pass, And full sal - va-tion flows.

SOUTH BEND. S. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

NIGHT. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON.
By Permission.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap-pear; O, may we ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by, U-pon our beds to rest, So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what is here possessed.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap-pears.

STILSON. S. M.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

Flowing.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love: The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu-tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.

WALKER. S. M.

C. M. WYMAN.

With spirit.

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni-ver - sal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. To - day attend his voice, Nor dare pro-voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.

NEVLEN. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;

2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing; to ful - fill; O, may it all my powers engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

3. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly; As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

MARY. S. M.

P. P. B. 1860.

1. O God, when sor - rows rise, And an - guish fills my soul, To thee I lift my tear - ful eyes, Thou canst the storm con - trol.

2. The bil - lows o'er me roll, Thou canst im - part thy peace; O, speak and calm my troub - led soul, And bid the tem - pest cease.

3. Thy word shall nev - er fail, Though heaven and earth remove, Though all the powers of hell as - sail, I'll tri - umph in thy love.

WILLIAMS. S. M.

C. M. Wyman.

1. While my Redeem - er's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich abun - dance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet restore, To thy fair pastures guide my way, And let me rove no more.

MEYER. S. M.

D. E. Jones.

1. Dear Savior! we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our hearts, our souls, we would re-sign En - tire-ly to thy hands.

2. To thee we still would cleave, With ev - er growing zeal; If millions tempt us Christ to leave, O let them ne'er pre-vail.

CAMP. S. M.

Rev. P. B. Fisk.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise! Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these rejoicing eyes! And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here may we sit, and see him here, And love and praise and pray, And love and praise, &c.

3. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her-self a - way To ev - er - last-ing bliss, To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

DERBY. S. M.

Geo. M. Monroe.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief, Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, The won - d'ring an - gels see! Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de - mands a tear; In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And weep - ing is not there.

HEAVEN. S. M. Double.

C. C. Stearns.

Lento.

1. Come to me, tho'ts of heav'n, My faint-ing spir - it bear On your bright wings, by morning giv'n, Up to ce - les - tial air.

pp *f*

2. Come in my tempt-ed hour Sweet tho'ts, and yet a - gain O'er sin - ful wish and mem'ry shower, Your soft ef - fac - ing rain.

A - way, far, far a-way From tho'ts by pas-sion giv'n, Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day, O bless-ed thoughts of heav'n.

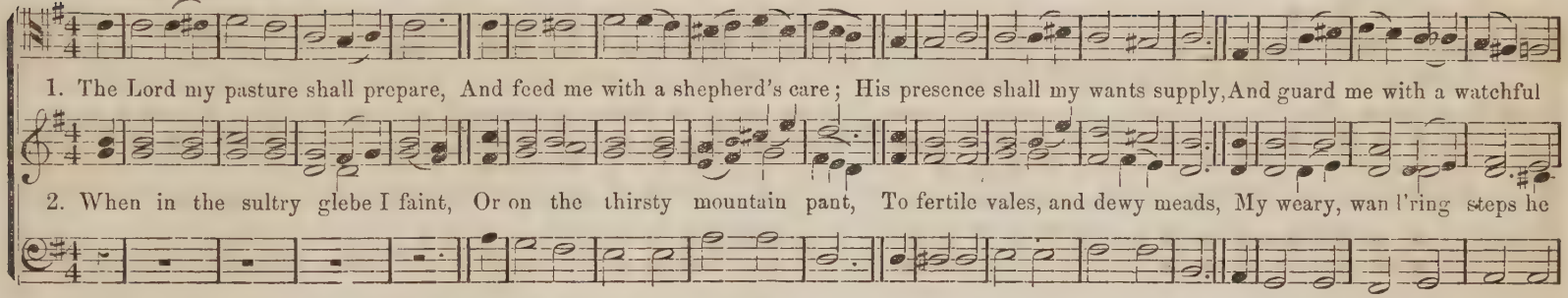
pp *Cres - cen - do.* *f* *p* *Dim.* - - *p* *pp*

Waft me where gales di-vine With dark clouds ne'er have striv'n, Where living founts forev - er shine, O bless-ed thoughts of heav'n.

WILDER. L. M. 6 lines.

J. E. Trowbridge.

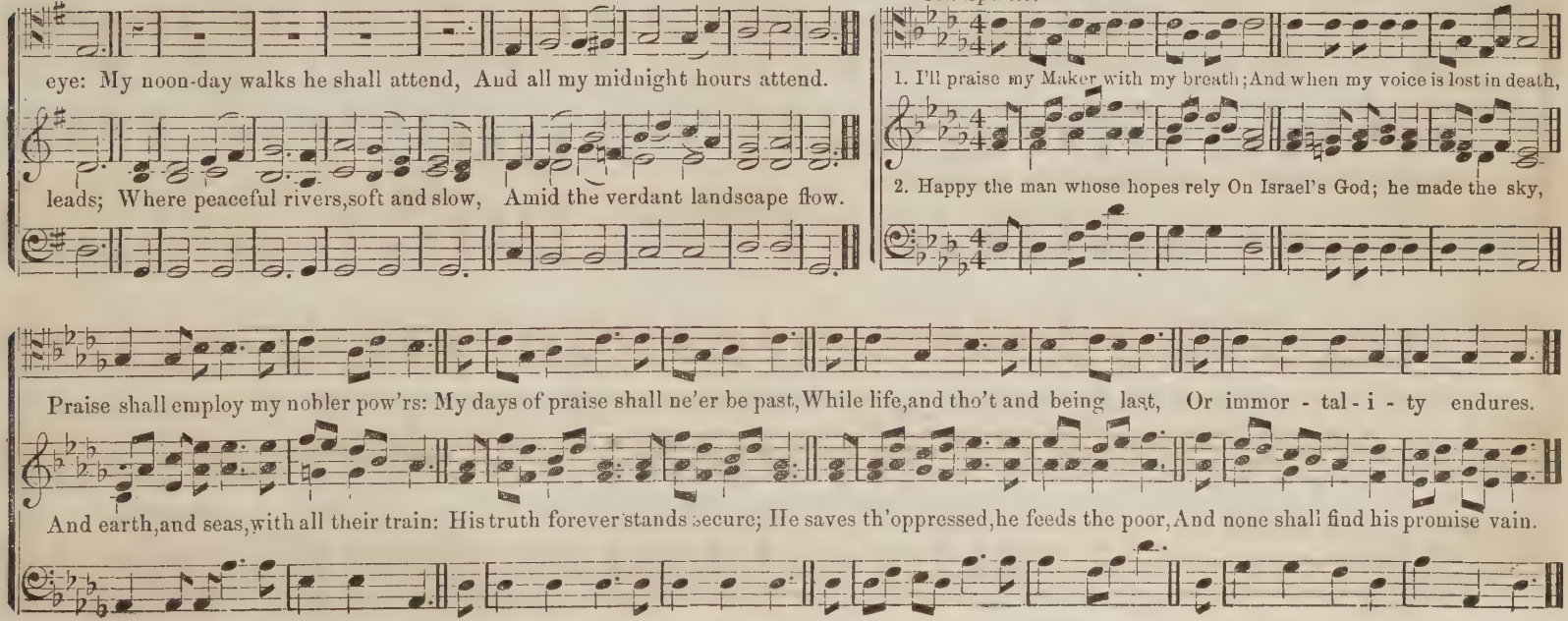
Andante Espressivo.



VALPARAISO. L. P. M.

J. W. R.

Con Spirito.



CADY. L.P.M.

J. R. Murray.

Vigorously. *p*

1. With grateful hearts, with joy-ful tongues, To God we raise u - nit-ed songs; His power and mer - cy we pro-claim; Thro' ev 'ry age, Oh may we own,

2. Long as the moon her course shall run, Or men be - hold the circling sun, Lord, in our land support thy reign; Crown her past counsels with suc-cess,

BLACKMAN. L.P.M.

P. P. Bliss.

ff

Je-ho-vah here has fixed his throne, And triumph in his mighty name.

With truth and peace her borders bless, And all thy sacred rights main-tain.

Earnestly.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,

2. Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly On Is-rael's God; he made the sky,

3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for-ev-er stands se-cure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.

Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

GUNDLACH. L. P. M.

HENRY WILSON
Hartford, Conn.

Con spirito.

The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God, Hath sent his sum-mons all abroad, From dawning light till day declines. The list'ning earth his

f *ff* *pp* *rall.* *a tempo.*

The list'ning earth his

The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God, Hath sent his sum-mons all abroad, From dawning light till day declines. The list'ning earth his

The list'ning earth his

voice hath heard, And he from Si - on hath ap-pear'd, Where beau - ty in perfection shines.

voice hath heard, And he from Si - - on hath appear'd,

SOLO.

ff

voice hath heard, And he from Si - on hath ap-pear'd Where beau-ty in per-fec-tion shines, Where beau - ty in per-fec-tion shines.

voice hath heard, And he from Si - on hath ap-pear'd.

KENSINGTON. C. P. M.

J. H. Tenney.

Earnestly.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with

2. I'd sing the char - ac - ter he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to

LANGDON. C. P. M.

Henry Harding.

Gabriel, while he sings, In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

ev - er - last-ing days, Make all his glories known, Make all his glories known.

1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not

2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spot-less

save a soul from death That casts it - self on thee? I have no ref-uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord has done, And suffered once for me.

right-eous-ness I plead, And his a - ton-ing blood; Thy righteousness my robe shall be, Thy mer-it shall a - vail for me, And bring me near to God.

1. Be-gin, my soul, th'exalt-ed lay ; Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th'Almighty's name; Lo ! heav'n.and earth,and seas,and skies,In

2. Thou heaven of heavens,his vast abode; Ye clouds,proclaim your Maker,God; Ye thunders,speak his pow'r: Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing, In

one me - lodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

triumph rides th'eter-nal King; Th'astonished worlds a - dore.

CROSBY. C. P. M.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

Moderato. In Exact Time.

1. O, could I speak the matchless worth, O, could I sound the glories

2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he

3. Well, the delightful day will come,When my dear Lord will bring me

forth.Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,And vie with Gabriel while he sings,In notes almost divine,In notes almost divine.

wears, Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days, Make all his glories known,Make all his glories known.

home, And I shall see his face; Then with my Savior,Brother,Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

JOYFUL PRAISE. C. P. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Maestoso.

1. Begin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay; Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th'Almighty's name: Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas, and skies,

2. Let every el - e - ment rejoice; Ye thunders burst with awful voice To him who makes you roll; His praise in softer notes declare,

3. Let man, by nobler passions swayed, Let man, in God's own image made, His breath in praise employ; Spread wide his Maker's name around,

WHITTEMORE. C. M. 6 lines.

L. O. Emerson.

In one me - lodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

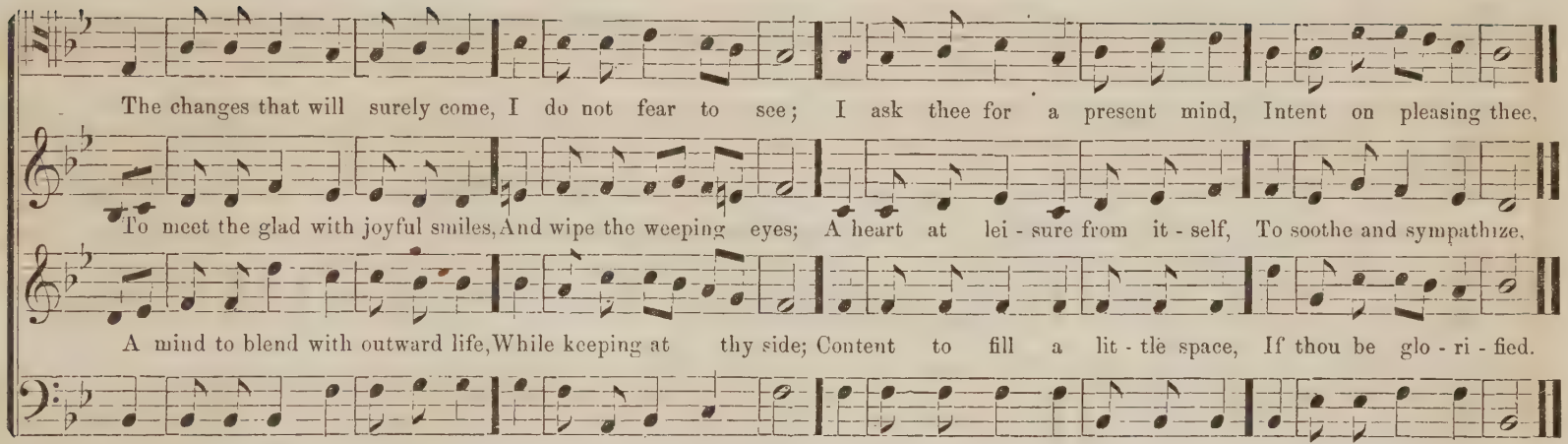
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air, And breathe it to the soul.

While heav'ns broad arch rings back the sound, The song of holy joy.

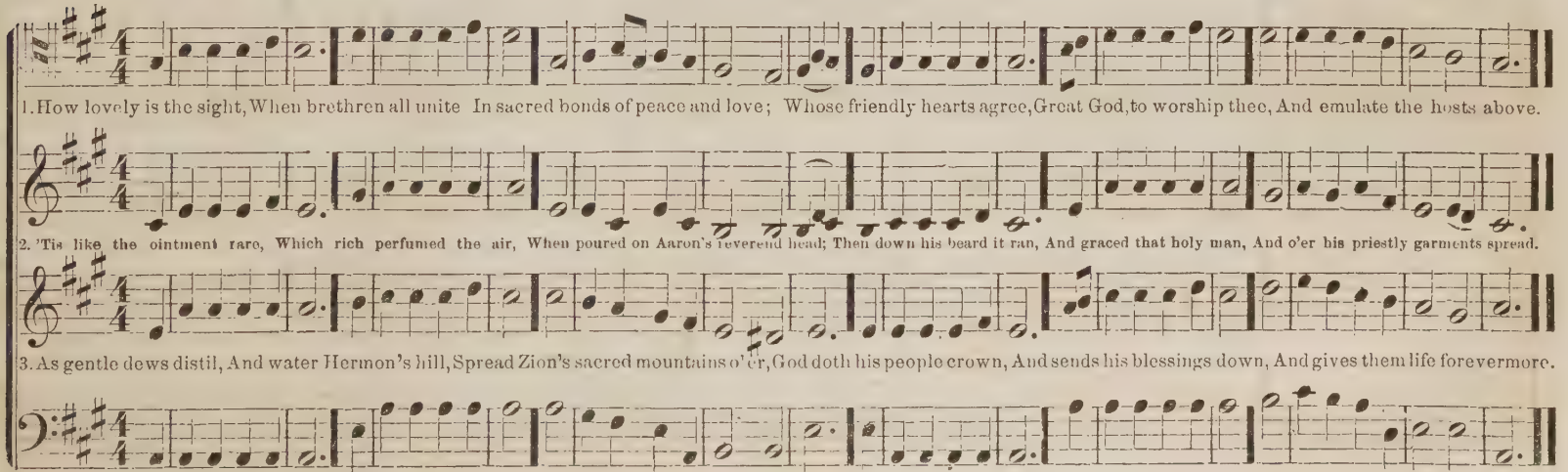
1. Fa - ther I know that all my life Is portioned out to me;

2. I ask thee for a thoughtful love, Thro' constant watching wise;

3. I ask thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied;



Words by Rev. H. Eastman. **PELTON. S. P. M.** C. M. Wyman.



DOANE. H. M. or S. P. M.

G. W. Foster.

H. M. 1. Welcome, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest, I hail thy kind re - turn, Lord, make these

2. De-scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quick-ening powers, Dis - close a Sa - vior's love And bless these

S. P. M. How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the peo - ple cry, (OMIT.)
Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal, We haste to Zi - on's hill, (Go to the last line.)

mo - ments blest; From low de - lights of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

sa - cred hours! Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en - gaged in vain.

Come, let us seek our God to - day, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

D. C. ※ FINE.

※ D. C. for this meter only.

BASSINI. H. M.

C. M. Wyman.

With expression.

p

1. Hark! what ce - les - tial sounds, What music fills the air! Soft warb-ling to the morn, It strikes the rav - ished ear: Now all is still;

2. Th'an - gel-ic hosts de - scend, With har-mo-ny di - vine; See how from heav'n they bend, And in full cho - rus join; "Fear not," say they,

3. "Glo - ry to God on high! Ye mortals, spread the sound, And let your rap-tures fly To earth's re - mot - est bound: For peace on earth,

ROCKDALE. H. M.

Henry Harding.

f

Now wild it floats In tune - ful notes, Loud, sweet, and shrill.

"Great joy we bring: Je - sus, your King, Is born to - day.

From God in heaven, To man is given, At Je - sus' birth."

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King, Your God and King a-dore; Mor-tals, give thanks and

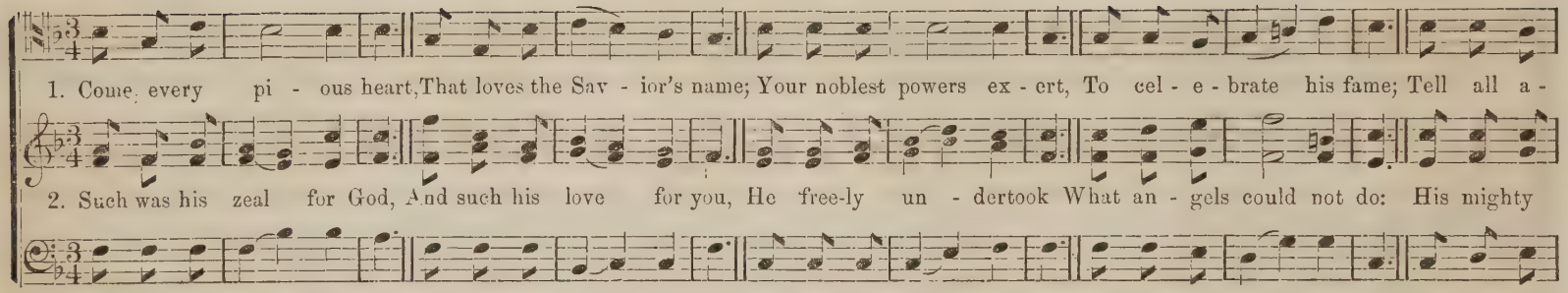
2. Re-joice, the Sav-ior reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purg'd our

sing, And triumph ev - er - more! Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice!

stains He took his seat a - bove. Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice!

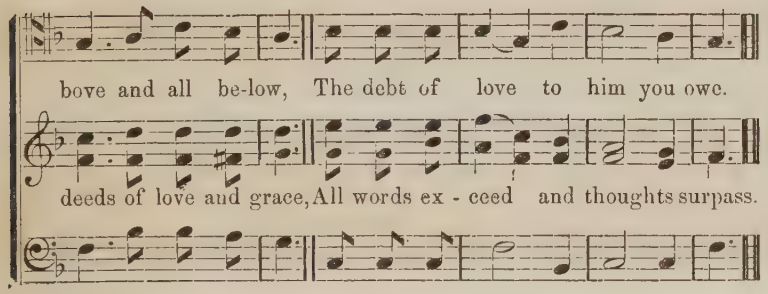
FILLMORE. H. M.

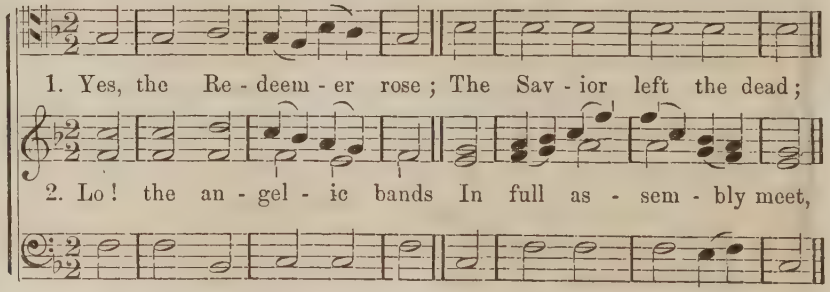
HENRY HARDING.

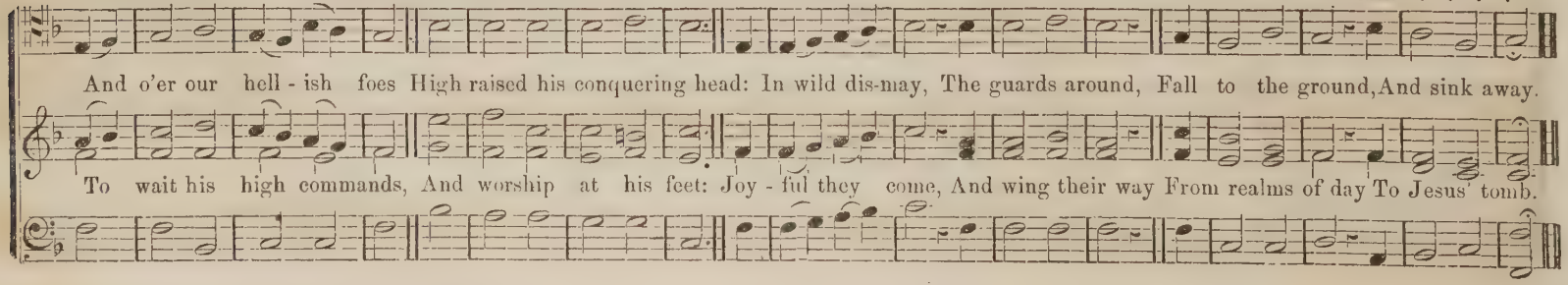


CHAMPLAIN. H. M.

D. A. WINSLOW.







WINTHROP. H. M.

J. R. Murray.

Vigorously.

1. Re-joice! the Lord is King; Your Lord and King adore: Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er-more! Lift up your hearts, lift

2. Re-joice in glorious hope: Je - sus, the Judge, shall come, And take his servants up To their e - ter-nal home: We soon shall hear th'arch-

RETURNING DAY. H. M.

W. Irving Hartshorn.

up your voice; Rejoice!—again I say, re - joice.

angel's voice; The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

1. Welcome, delight - ful morn, Thou day of sacred rest! I hail thy kind return,

2. Now may the King descend And fill his throne of grace; Thy scepter, Lord, extend,

Lord, make these moments blest; From the..... low train of mor - - - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

While saints address thy face: Let sin - - - ners feel the quick - - 'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ A - bove the starry frame;
Your voices raise, ye cher - u - bim And ser - a - phim, to sing his praise.

2. Let them a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name,
By whose almight - y word They all from nothing came:
And all shall last, from changes free; His firm decree stands ev - er fast.

SCRANTOM. S. H. M.

J. R. Murray.

Tenderly.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no un - ion here of hearts
That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond this vale of death, There sure - ly is some bles - sed clime
Where life is not a breath,—Nor life's af - fec - tions tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.

PAYSON. C. H. M.

Slowly and Earnestly.

1. Go, watch and pray! thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be; Thou canst not know how soon the bell

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care, Does thy firm pulse beat high? Do hope's glad vis - ions, bright and fair,

3. Thou a - ged man, life's win - try storm Hath seared thy ver - - nal bloom; With trembling limbs and wast - ed form,

May toll its notes for thee. Death's countless snares be - set thy way, Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

Di - late be - fore thine eye? Soon these must change, must pass a - way, Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

Rit.

Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb; And can vain hope lead thee as - tray? Go, wear-y pil - grim, watch and pray.

KARR. C. H. M.

C. M. Wyman.

Choral.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow all re - sign'd be - neath his rod,

2. O, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Though sor - rows fix me there, Is still a pri - vi - lege, and sweet,

3. Then bless - ed be the hand that gave, Still bless - ed when it takes; Bless - ed be he who smites to save,

And bless his spar - ing pow'r, A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A foun - tain in the wil - der - ness.

The en - er - gy of pray'r, Though sighs and tears its lan - guage be, If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

Who heals the heart he breaks: Per - fect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n a - dores, and earth o - beys.

STURTEVANT. 7s.

Boldly.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day! Sons of men and angels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply.

2. Lives a - gain our glorious King! Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Once he died, our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

f *Rit.*

3. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Following our exalted Head; Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HEAVENLY JOY. 7s.

L. O. EMERSON.

With Spirit.

1. Hark! that sound of rapturous joy, Bursting forth from yonder cloud! Jesus comes, and through the sky Angels tell their joy a - loud.

2. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice Sounds abroad, through sea and land; Let his people now rejoice! Their redemp - tion is at hand.

3. See! the Lord appears in view; Heaven and earth before him fly! Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—Rise to meet him in the sky.

SABBATH. 7s.

C. M. WYMAN.

Cantabile. *Rit.*

1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day; Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'T is the ho - ly peace of God: Sym-bol of the peace within, When the spir-it rests from sin.

3. Savior, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee! Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sab-bath ne'er shall close.

VILAS. 7s.

S. F. MERRILL.

Posato. *p* *Cres.* *f*

1. Sweeter sounds than music knows Charm me in Im-man-uel's name; All her hopes my spir - it owes To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2. When he came the an - gels sung, "Glory be to God on high;" Lord, unloose my stammering tongue; Who should louder sing than I?

3. O my Sav - ior, Shield and Sun, Shepherd, Brother, Lord and Friend—Every precious name in one! I will love thee without end;

SHIELD. 7s. No. 1.

Legato.

1. Sweet-er sounds than music knows Charm me in Immanuel's name; All her hopes my spir - it owes To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2. Did the Lord a man be-come, That he might the law ful-fill, Bleed and suf-fer in my room,—And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

SHIELD. 7s. No. 2.

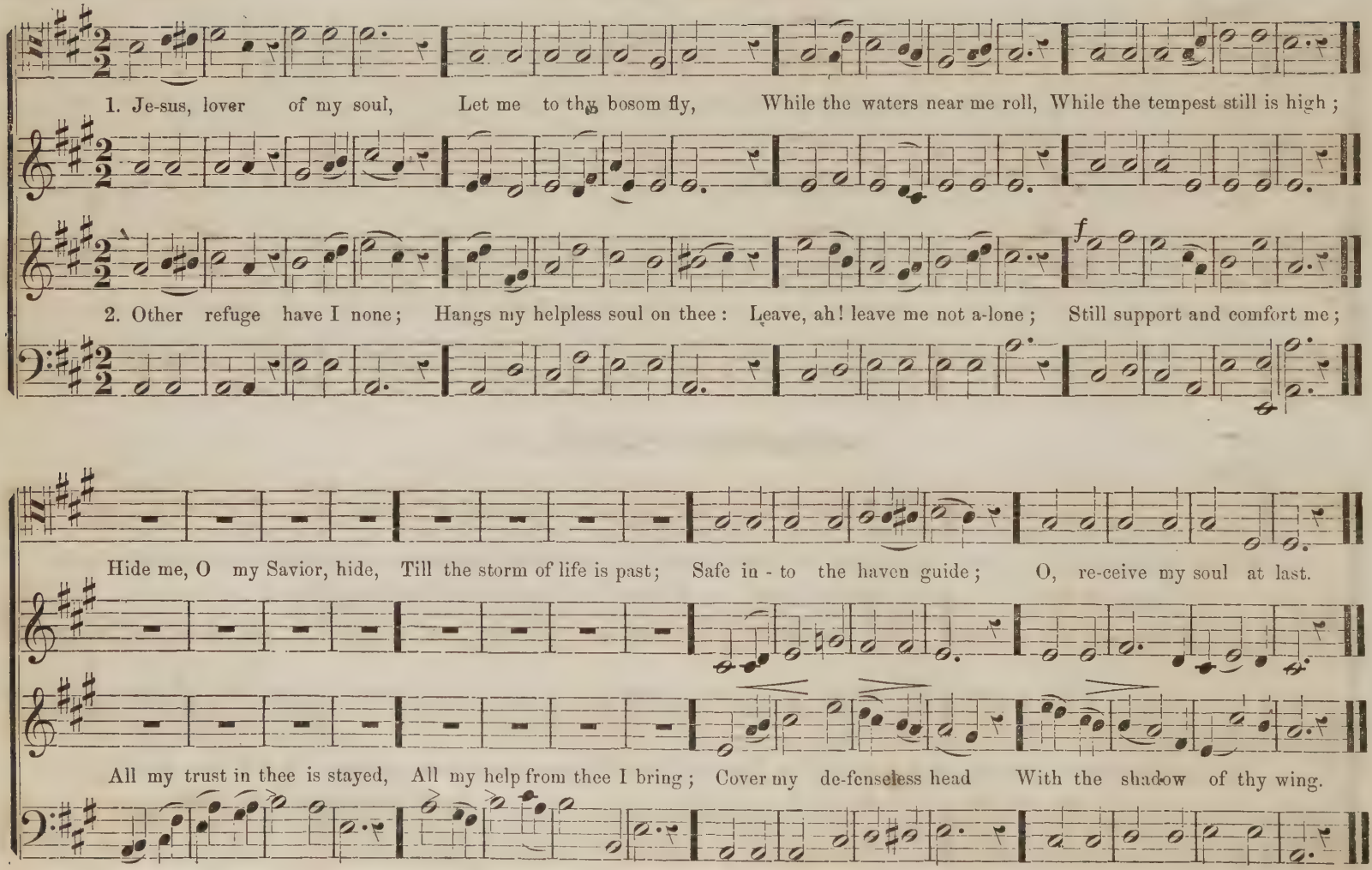
Vigoroso.

3. When he came, the an - gels sung, "Glo - ry be to God on high:" Lord, unloose my stammering tongue; Who should louder sing than I?

4. O my Savior! Shield, and Sun, Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—Every precious name in one! I will love thee without end.

CASPIAN LAKE. 7s. Double.

Wm. W. Goss.



HASKELL. 7s.

F. A. Briggs.

Andante e Legato.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a - way; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

VERMONT. 7s.

A. H. Carpenter.

Allegro.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born: Songs of praise arose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty.

3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice; Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a-bove.

Inst.

Inst.

MANDELIN. 7s.

L. O. Emerson.

With emotion.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face, Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Now in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, believe and sin no more.

WOODWARD. 7s.

G. W. Foster.

TRIO.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang; Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Jehovah's work began, When he spake and it was done.

2. Heaven and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

EMBLEM. 7s. 6 lines.

DON. A. WINSLOW.

1. Safe-ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2. May the Gos-pel's joy-ful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring relief for all complaints: Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we rest in thee a - bove.

YOUNG. 7s.

C. M. WYMAN.

1. Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain?

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In com-pas-sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own ap-point-ed way Now we seek thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a blessing thou be - stow.

MURRAY. 7s.

J. W. Ruggles.

Moderato.

1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God be - long; Saints and angels! join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.

2. Blessings from his liberal hand Flow around this happy land: Kept by him, no foes an - noy; Peace and freedom we en - joy.

3. Hark! the voice of nature sings Praises to the King of kings; Let us join the choral song, And the grateful notes prolong.

PATTERSON. 7s.

J. L.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, 'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.

3. Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread, With thy rod and staff supplied— This my guard, and that my guide.

JOYLAND. 7s.

C. M. Wyman.

Maestoso.

1. Hark! that shout of rapturous joy, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes! and thro' the sky An-gels tell their joy a-loud.

2. See, the Lord ap-pears in view; Heav'n and earth before him fly; Rise, ye saints; he comes for you; Rise to meet him in the sky.

POMEROY. 7s.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Come, said Je-sus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary wanderer, hither come.

2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sacred, sure.

MOORE. 7s.

S. F. Merrill.

Pathetic.

1. Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on his word: Ev - er will he be thy stay, Tho' the heav'ns shall melt away.

2. Ev - er in the raging storm, Thou shalt see his cheering form, Hear his pledge of coming aid: "It is I, be not a - fraid."

3. He will gird thee by his power, In thy weary, fainting hour; Lean, then, lov - ing, on his word; Cast thy burden on the Lord.

WAVERLY. 7s.

Geo. B. Loomis.

1. Soft - ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day; Gent-ly as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,— Sym - bol of the peace within, When the spir - it rests from sin.

3. Sav - ior, may our Sabbath's be Days of peace and joy in thee! Till in heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

MENDELSSOHN. 7s. Double.

Arr. by C. M. Wyman.
From "Elijah."

SOLO OBLIGATO.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary wanderer, hither come!

CHORUS.

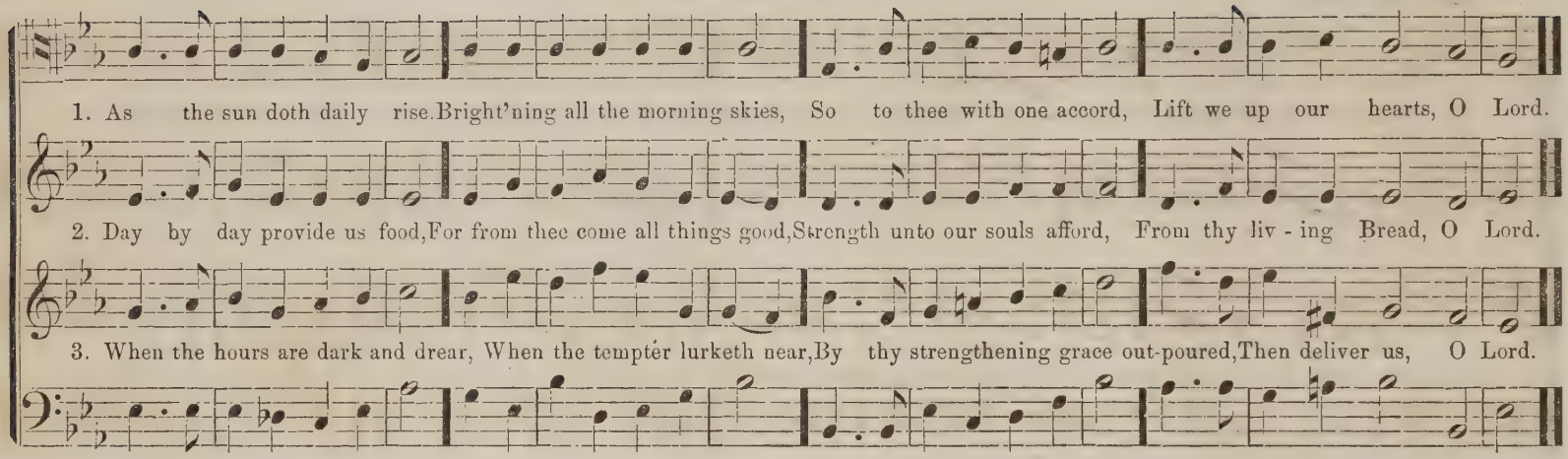
1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary wanderer, hither come!

2. Hith - er come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall en - dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa - cred, sure.

2. Hith - er come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall en - dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa - cred, sure.

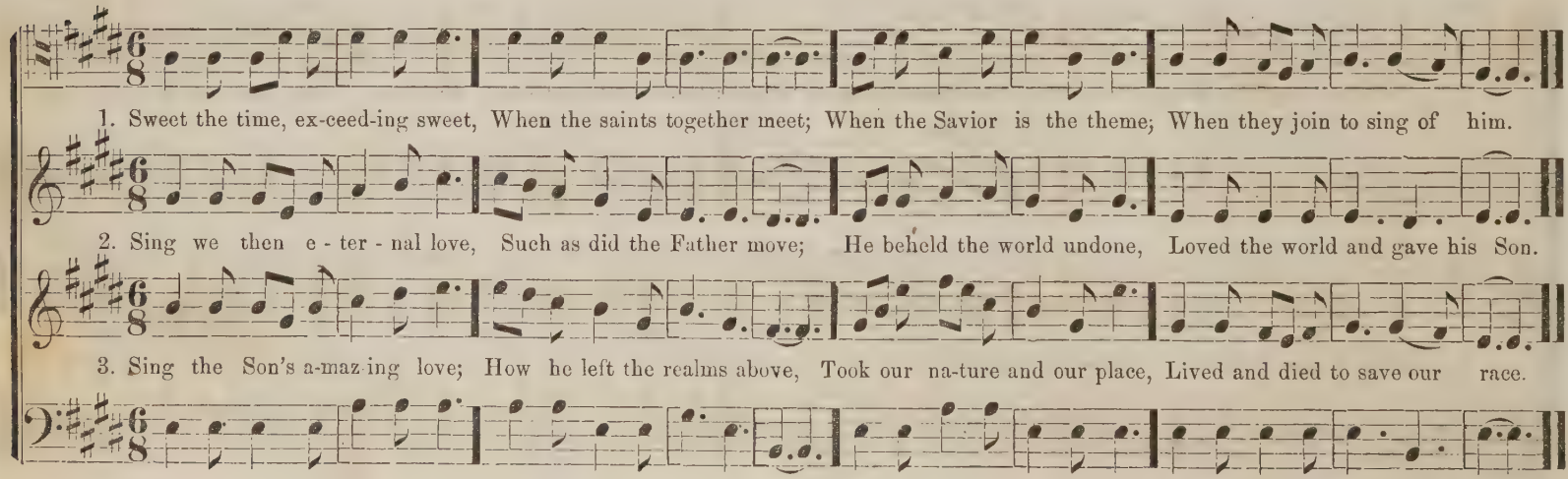
ORANGE. 7s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



CLOVER DALE. 7s.

A. W. KEEN.



Joyfully.

1. Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heaven with halle - lu - jah's rang, When Je-ho-vah's work be-gun, When he spake and it was done.

2. Saints be - low with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice, Learning here by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose when he, Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty,

Borne up - on their lat - est breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then amid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

GRANT. 7s. No. 1.

C. M. WYMAN.

Maestoso.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah! raise, O raise! To our God the song of praise; All his servants join to sing, God, our Savior and our King.

4. Blessed be for - ev - er - more That dread name which we adore; O'er all nations, God a - lone; Higher than the heav'ns his throne.

GRANT. 7s. No. 2.

Affetuoso.

2. Yet to view the heav'ns he bends, Yea, to earth he con - descends; Passing by the rich and great, For the low and des - o - late.

3. He the bro-ken spir - it cheers; Turns to joy the mourner's tears; Such the wonders of his ways; Praise his name, forev - er praise.

BEACON LIGHT. 7s. 6 lines. C. M. Wyman.

Cres. . . . . . *Cres.* . . . . . .

1. Glo- ry, glo - ry to our King! Crowns un - fad - ing wreathe his head; Je - sus is the name we sing,— Je- sus ris - en from the dead;

2. Now be-hold him high en-throned, Glo - ry beam-ing from his face! By a - dor-ing an - gels owned, God of ho - li - ness and grace!

3. Je - sus, on thy peo- ple shine; Warm our hearts and tune our tongues, That with angels we may join, Share their bliss, and swell their songs;

SUPPLICATION. 7s. 6 lines. C. M. Wyman.

ff

Je- sus, Conqu'ror o'er the grave; Je-sus, mighty now to save.

Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing "Glo - ry, glo- ry to our King!"

Glo- ry, hon - or, praise and pow'r, Lord be thine for ev-er- more!

Con Express.

1. Pit - y, Lord this child of clay, Who can on - ly weep and pray,

2. From thy flock a straying lamb, Ten-der Shepherd, though I am

3. O where stillest streams are pour'd, In green pastures, lead me, Lord,

On - ly on thy love de - pend, Thou who art the sin-ner's friend, Thou the sin-ner's on - ly plea, Je-sus, Sa-vior, pit - y me.

Now up - on the mountain cold, Lost, I long to gain the fold, And with - in thine arms to be, Je-sus, Sa-vior, pit - y me.

Bring me back where an-gel's sound Joy to the poor wand'rer found, Ev - er - more my Shepherd be, Je-sus, Sa-vior, pit - y me.

TITIAN. 8s & 7s.

M. Slason.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it! Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy spir-it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone

2. Father, make it pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife, Turning from the paths un-ho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life.

3. Ev-er let thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with pow'r divine, Till thy cords of love have bound it, Make it to be whol-ly thine.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. Jones.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of even-ing Gath-er round my low-ly door: Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa-ces I shall see no more.

3. Oh! the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got; Oh! the shroud-ed and the lone-ly! In our hearts they per-ish not.

FLORA. 8s & 7s.

N. E. Skinner.

1. Sa-vior, breathe an ev'ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Tho' de - struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly, An-gel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb, May the morn in heav'n a-wake us; Clad in light and deathless bloom!

OLIVE. 8s & 7s.

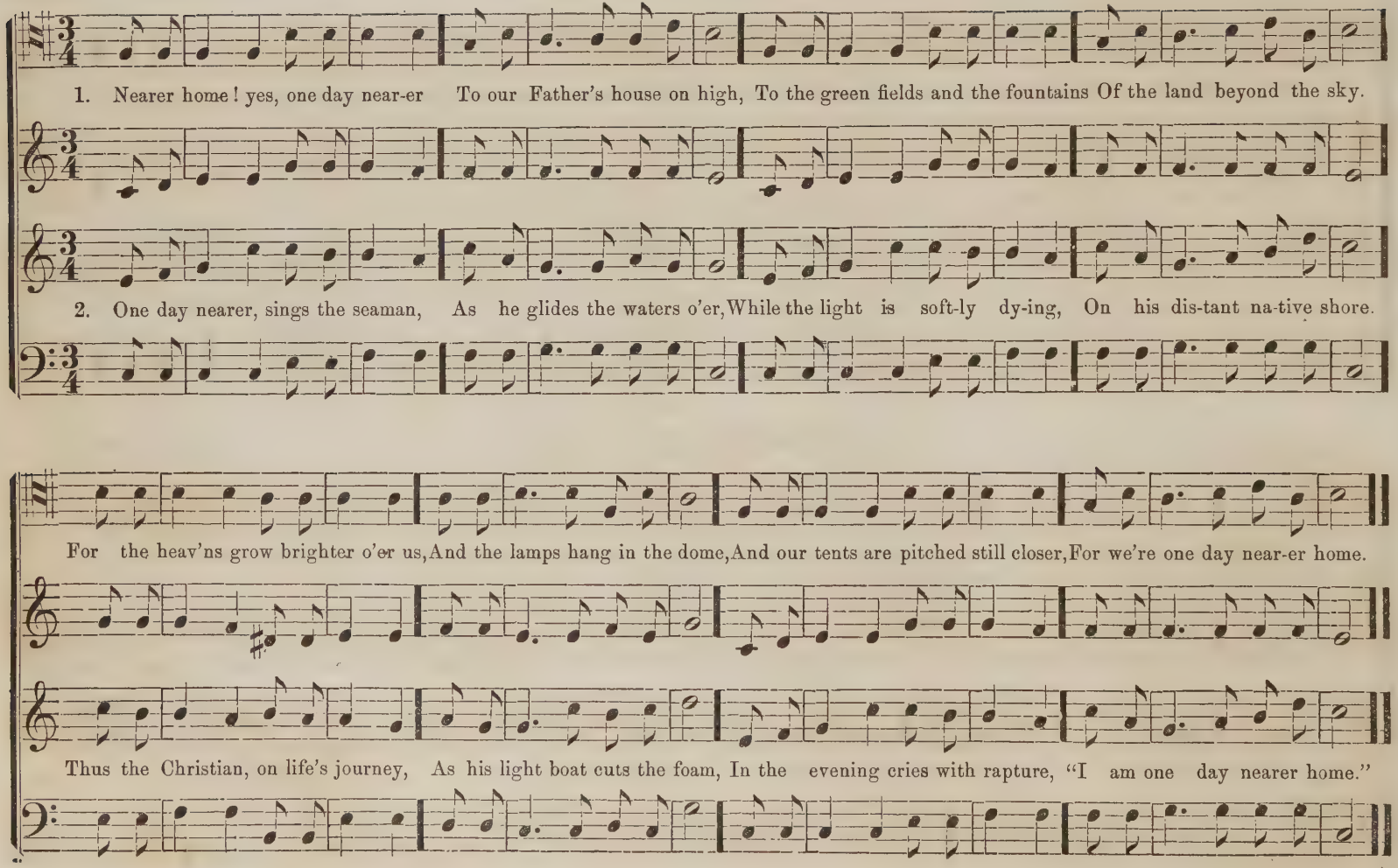
H. W. Jones.

Affetuoso.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen - tle as the summer breeze, Pleas - ant as the air of ev'ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.

2. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel: But 'tis God that hath be - reft us: He can all our sor-rows heal.

3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.


1. Nearer home! yes, one day near-er To our Father's house on high, To the green fields and the fountains Of the land beyond the sky.
2. One day nearer, sings the seaman, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy-ing, On his dis-tant na-tive shore.
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day near-er home.
Thus the Christian, on life's journey, As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home."

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal: Sin and want we come con-fessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly, An-gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can-not hide from thee: Thou art he who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where thy peo-ple be.

JANESVILLE. 8s & 7s.

M. SLASON.

Tenderly.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.

2. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie; While I see di-vine compas-sion Beaming in his gracious eye.

3. Here in ten-der, grateful sor row With my Sa-vior will I stay; Here new hope and strength will borrow; Here will love my fears a-way.

JENNIE. 8s & 7s.

H. A. French.

Rit. . . . . .

1. One sweet flow'r has drooped and faded, One sweet infant voice has fled; One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2. She has gone to heav'n before us, But she turns and waves her hand, Pointing to the glories o'er us, In that hap-py spir-it land.

3. But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is hap-py now; She has knelt in heart-felt gladness, Where the happy angels bow.

ALDEN. 8s & 7s.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Sav-ior, breathe an evening bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Though destruc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar-row near us fly, An-gel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

EVENING TIME. 8s & 7s.

C. M. Wyman.
From "Jubilate."

Legato.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Savior, For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

2. Deep-er, deeper grow the shadows, Pal - er now the glowing west, Swift the night of death advances, Shall it be the night of rest?

3. Tar - ry with me, O my Savior, Lay my head up-on thy breast, Till the morning, then awake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest.

GOODWELL. 8s & 7s.

C. M. Wyman.

1. Like the eagle, upward, onward, Let my soul in faith be borne, Calm-ly gaz - ing, skyward, sunward, Let my eye unshrink-ing turn.

2. Where the cross, God's love revealing, Sets the fettered spirit free, Where it sheds its wondrous healing, There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3. O may I, no long-er dreaming, Id-ly waste my golden day, But each precious hour re - deeming, Upward, onward, press my way.

ADORATION. 8s & 7s. Double.

C. C. Stearns.

Con Spirito.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore him, Praise him angels in the height; Sun and moon rejoice before him, Praise him all ye stars of light.

f

2. Praise the Lord! for he is glorious, Nev - er shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken, Worlds his mighty voice o - beyed; Laws which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made.

ff

Praise the God of our sal-vation, Hosts on high his power proclaim, Heaven and earth and all creation, Praise and mag-ni-fy his name.

KEENE. 8s & 7s.

Joyfully.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; On - ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.

2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ever-y trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse hath passed away.

3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us, By the streams of life a - long; On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing in - to song.

TRUTH. 8s & 7s.

EDWARD HAMILTON.
By permission.

1. Tho' as yet no loss - es grieve you, Gay with health and many a grace, Let no cloudless skies deceive you; Summer gives to autumn place.

2. On the tree of life e - ter - nal, O let all our hopes be laid; This, a - lone, for - ev - er ver - nal, Bears a leaf that can-not fade.

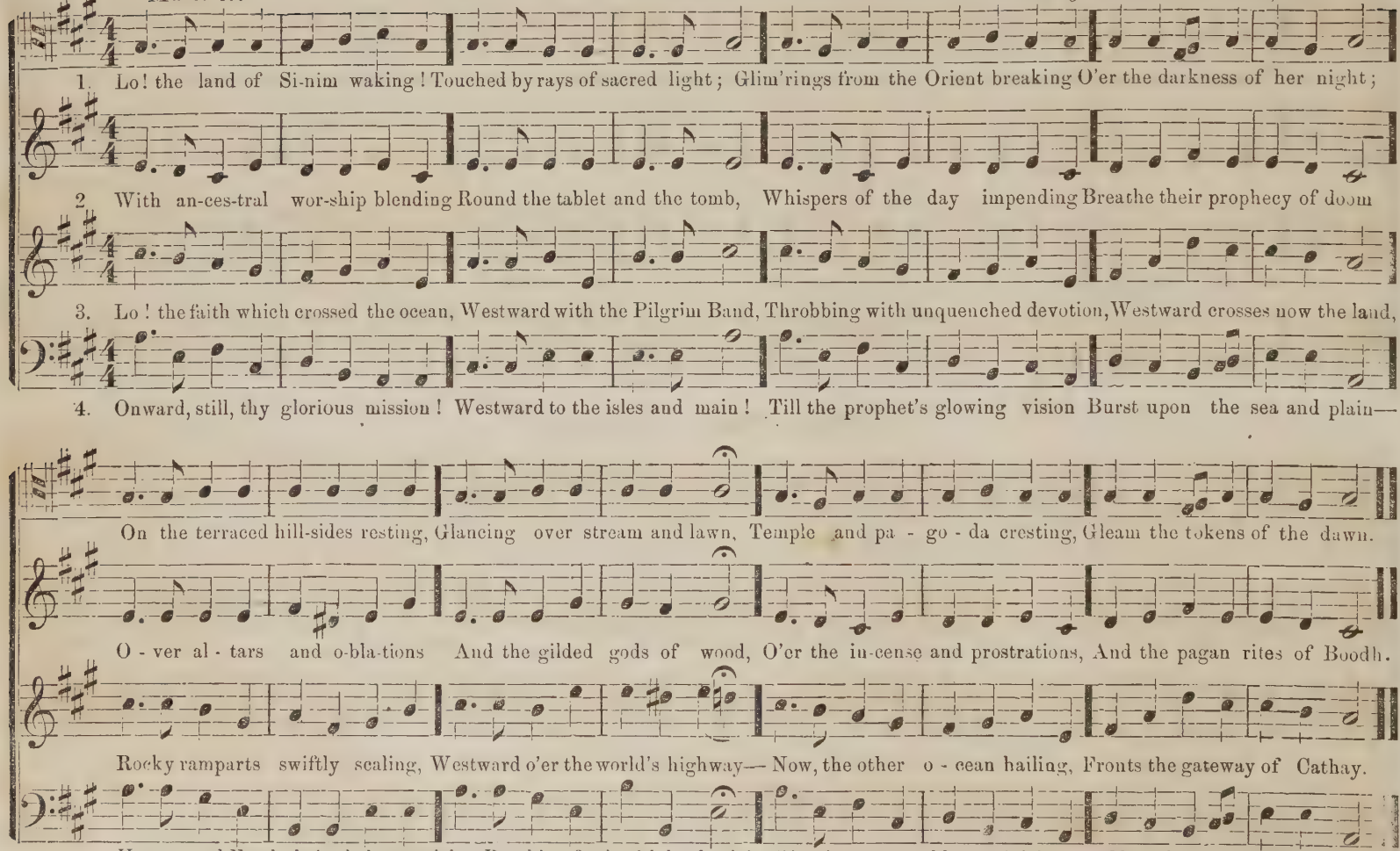
CATHAY. 8s & 7s. Double.

Isaiah xlix : 12. "And these from the land of Sinim."

Geo. F. Root.

Words by Samuel Wolcott, D.D.

Maestoso.



EVENING. 8s & 7s.

Cantabile e Sostenuto. *rit.*

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spirits seal: Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee: Thou art he who, never weary, Watcheth where thy peo - ple be.

3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom!

ERMON. 8s & 7s.

W. A. BRIGGS.

1. Savior, who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care All the fee - ble gent-ly lead-ing, While the lambs thy bo-som share.

2. Now the lit - tle ones re - ceiv-ing, Fold them in thy gra-cious arms, There we know, thy word believing, On - ly there se-cure from harm.

3. Then within thy fold e - ter-nal, Let them find a rest - ing place; Feed in pas-tures, ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of thy grace.

RESIGNATION. 8s & 7s.

C. M. Wyman.

Legato, with expression.

1. Take my heart, O Father, take it! Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spir-it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.

2. Ev-er let thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with power divine, Till thy cords of love have bound it: Make it to be whol-ly thine.

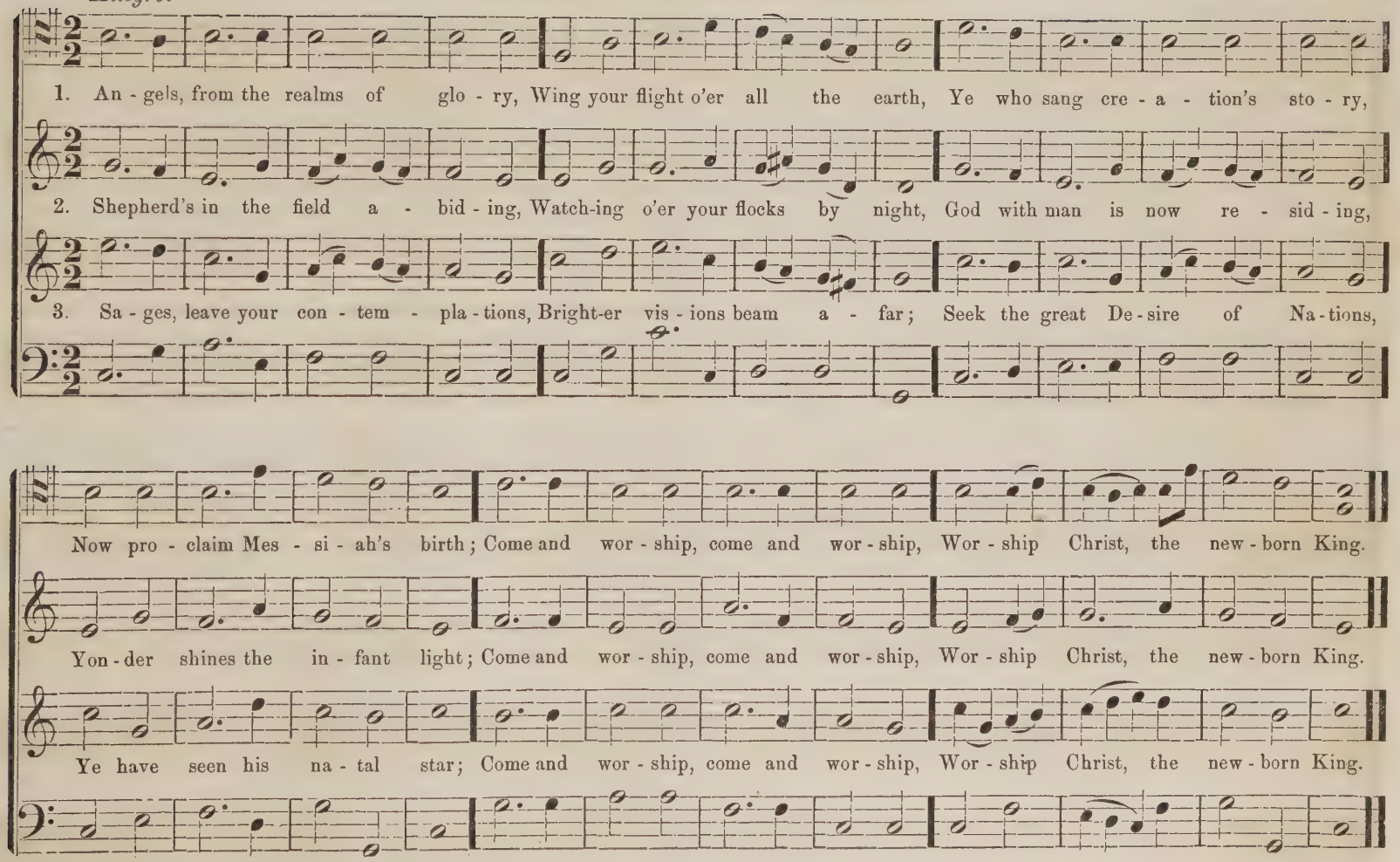
3. May the blood of Je-sus heal it, And its sins be all forgiven; Ho-ly Spir-it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

MOUNTAIN-TOP. 8s 7s & 4s.

Dr. M. J. Munger.

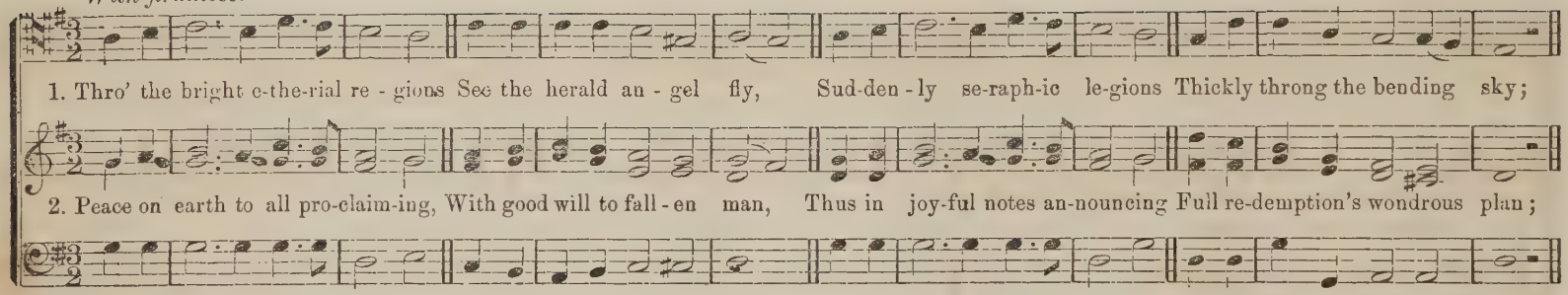
1. On the moun-tain top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred herald stands; } Zi-on, long in hostile lands; Mourning captive, mourning captive, God him-self shall loose thy bands.
   Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing— [omit.]

2. Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee, All thy war-fare now is past; } Vic-to-ry is thine at last; All thy con-flicts, all thy con-flicts, End in ev-er-last-ing rest.
   God, thy Sa-vior will de-fend thee— [omit.]

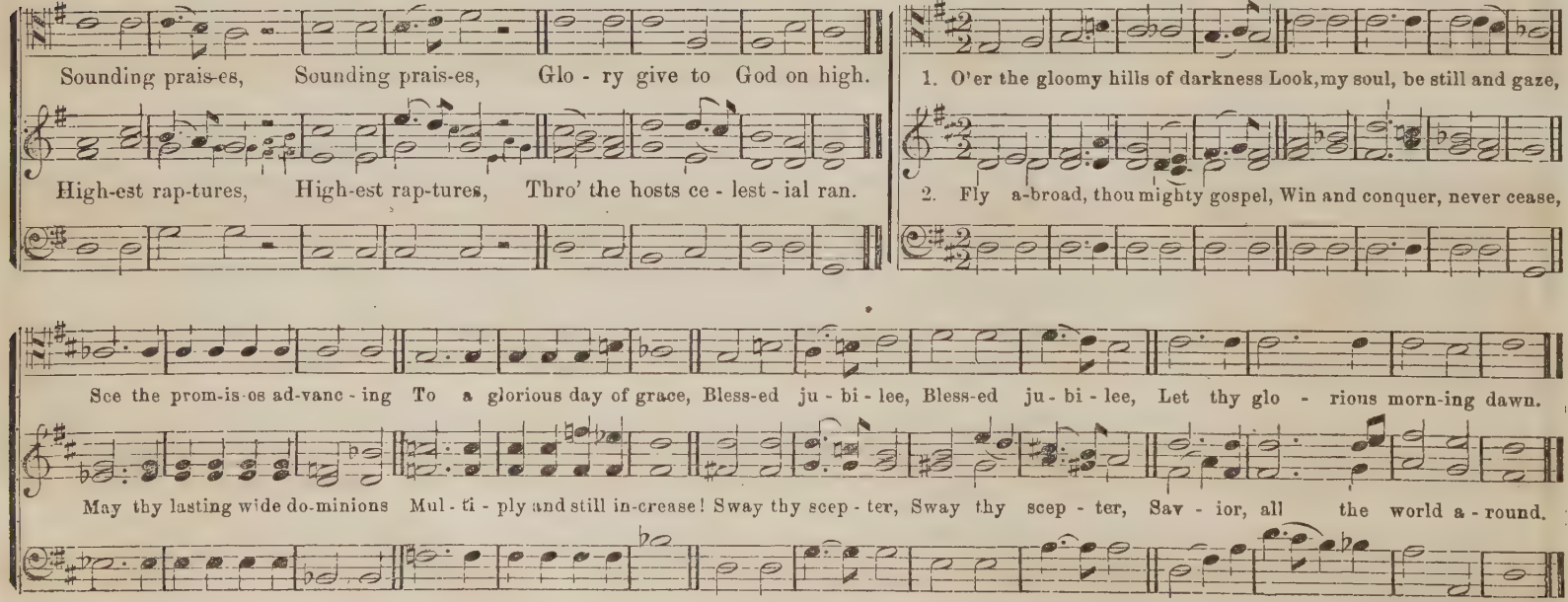

Allegrò.
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
2. Shepherd's in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing,
3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright-er vis - ions beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of Na - tions,
Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.
Yon - der shines the in - fant light; Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.
Ye have seen his na - tal star; Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

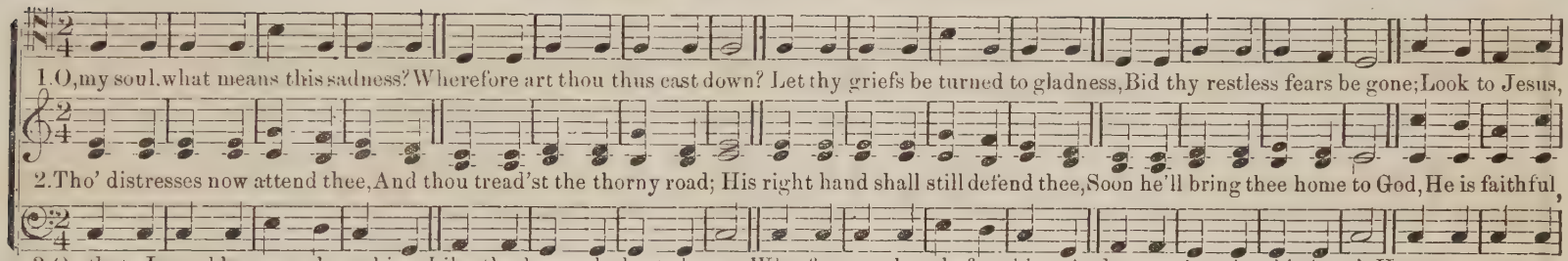
208 Words by Rev. H. Eastman. **HODGE. 8s, 7s & 4s.** C. M. Wyman.

With firmness.



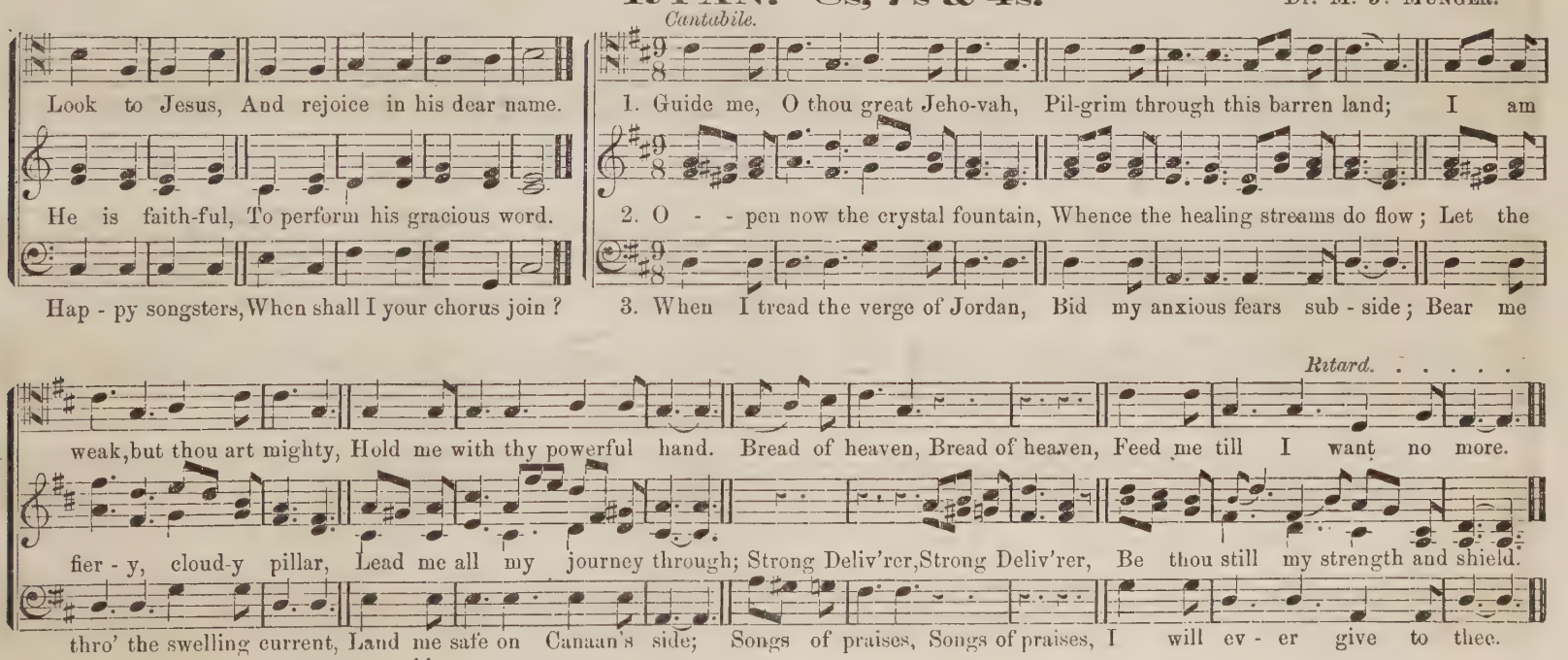
GOOD NEWS. 8s, 7s & 4s. C. M. Wyman.





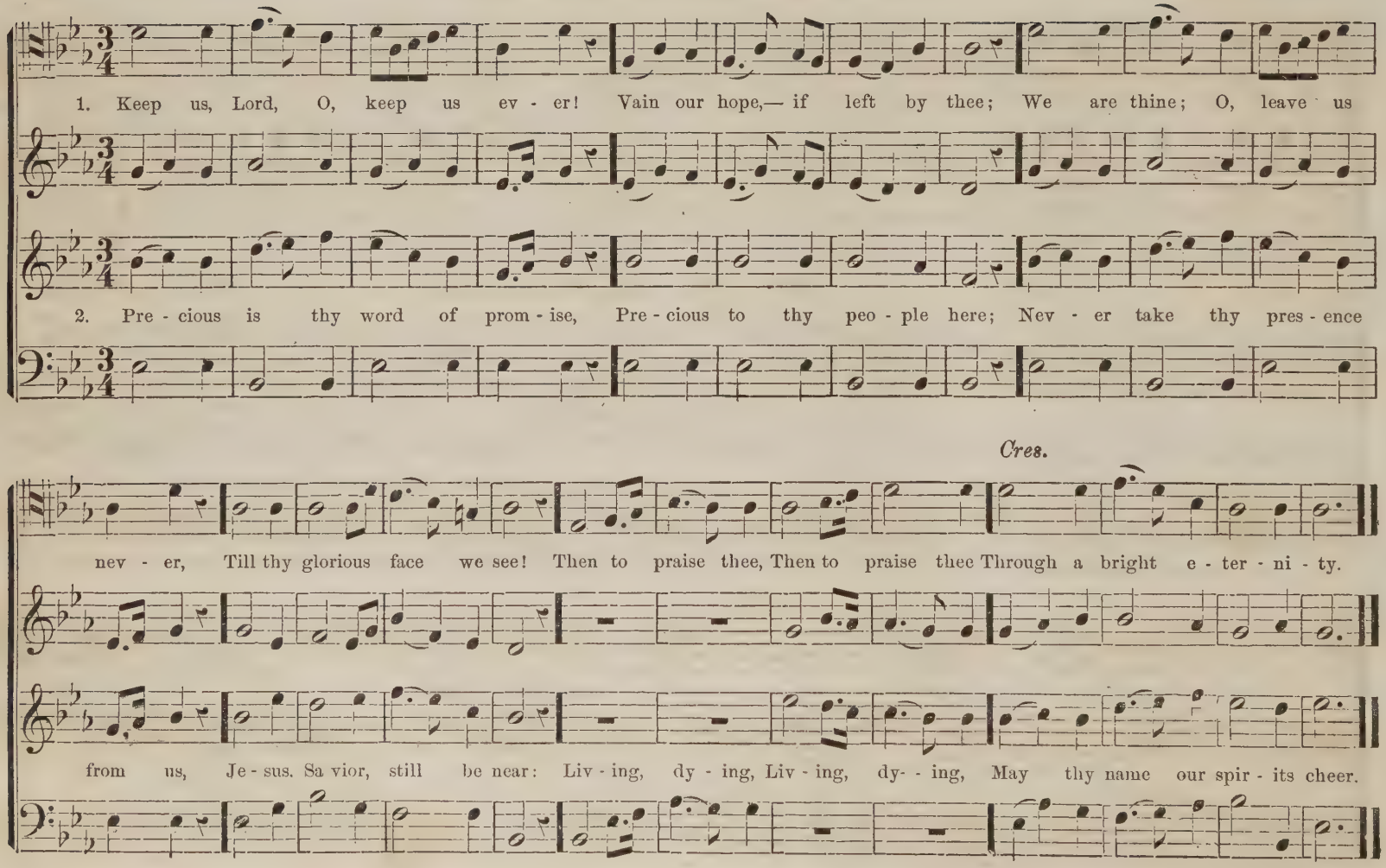
RYAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. M. J. Munger.



BRACKETT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

C. M. WYMAN.



Words by Rev. H. Eastman. **BALATKA.** **8s, 7s & 4s** C. M. Wyman.

Con anima.

1. Lord, thy saints, loud an-thems rais-ing, Cel-e-brate re-deem-ing love; O, how vast, and how a-maz-ing—

2. An-gel throngs thy prais-es sound-ing, Raise a no-ble song to thee, Hal-le-lu-jah loud re-sound-ing,

3. Join'd in con-cert, let all crea-tures Lof-ty strains in-ces-sant pour, Like the sound of might-y wa-ters,

All its won-ders, who can prove? We will praise Thee, we will praise Thee, Praise Thee with the hosts a-bove.

Like the swell-ing of the sea; Hal-le-lu-jahs, hal-le-lu-jahs, Ech-o round e-ter-ni-ty.

In their deep and end-less roar, Sound-ing prais-es, sound-ing prais-es, Prais-es ev-er, ev-er more.

IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7s & 6s.—Double.

C. M. WYMAN.

Earnestly.

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

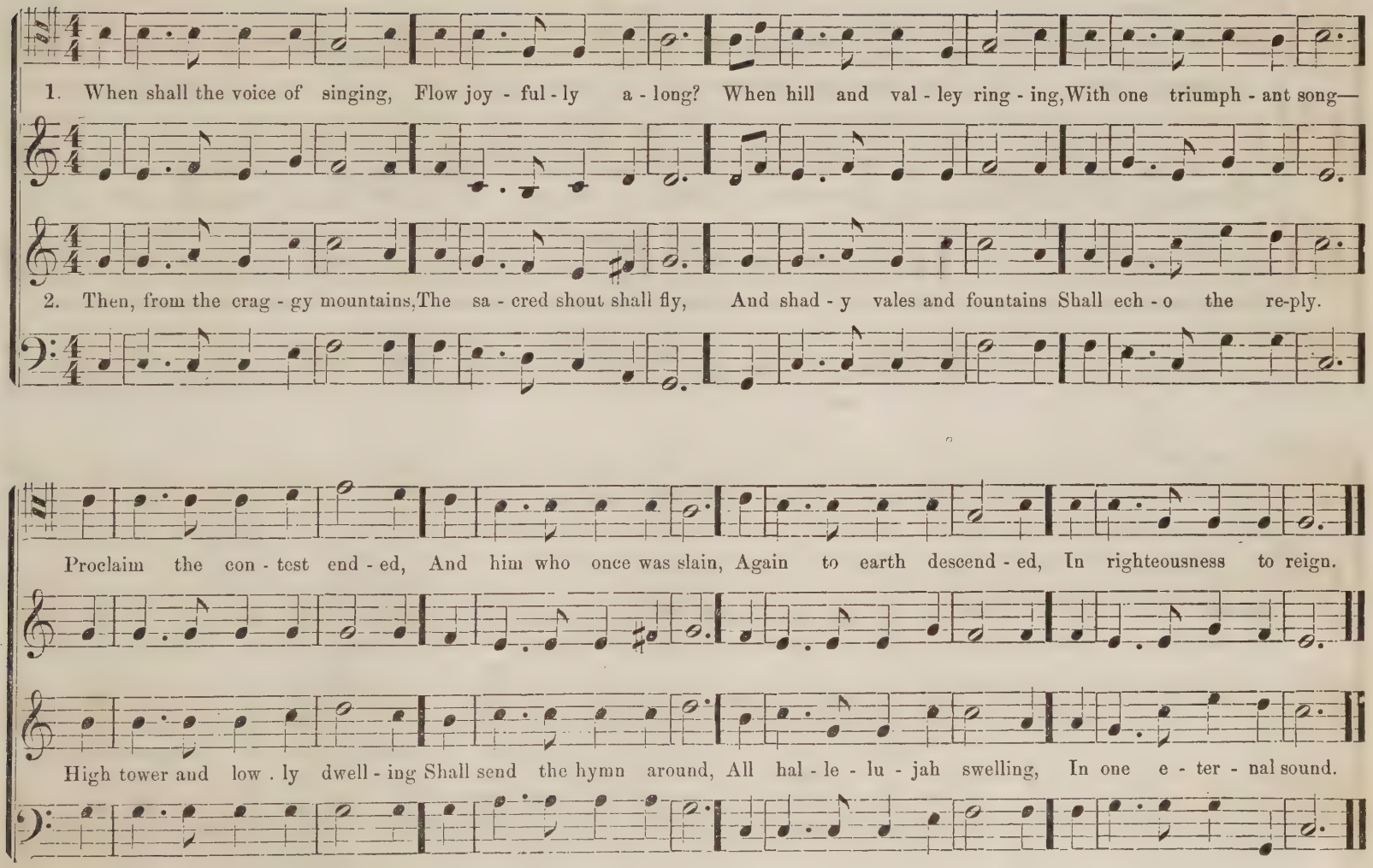
2. I've wrestled on toward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now, like a weary trav'ler That leaneth on his guide,

3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp, Now these lie all be - hind me— Oh! for a well-tuned harp

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand, And glo - ry—glo - ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.

A - mid the shades of evening, While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.

O, to join hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - umph-ant band! Who sing where glo - ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.


1. When shall the voice of singing, Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley ring - ing, With one triumph - ant song—
2. Then, from the crag - gy mountains, The sa - cred shout shall fly, And shad - y vales and fountains Shall ech - o the re-ply.
Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And him who once was slain, Again to earth descend - ed, In righteousness to reign.
High tower and low . ly dwell - ing Shall send the hymn around, All hal - le - lu - jah swelling, In one e - ter - nal sound.

TREASURE. 7s & 6s.

C. M. WYMAN.

Earnestly.

For 7s & 6s single, may end here.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:

2. Wherev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be - side me, An noth - ing can I lack:

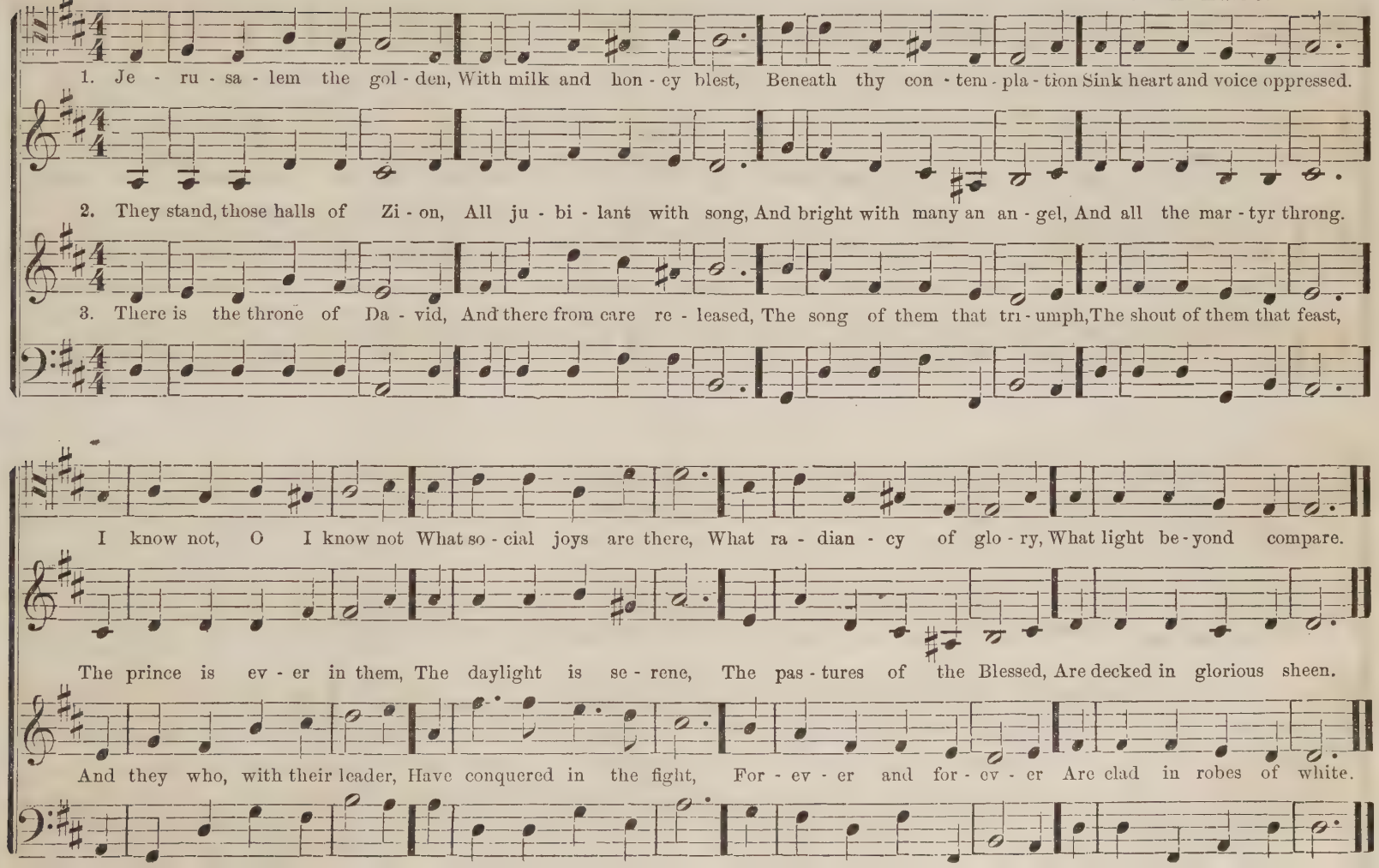
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been;

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?

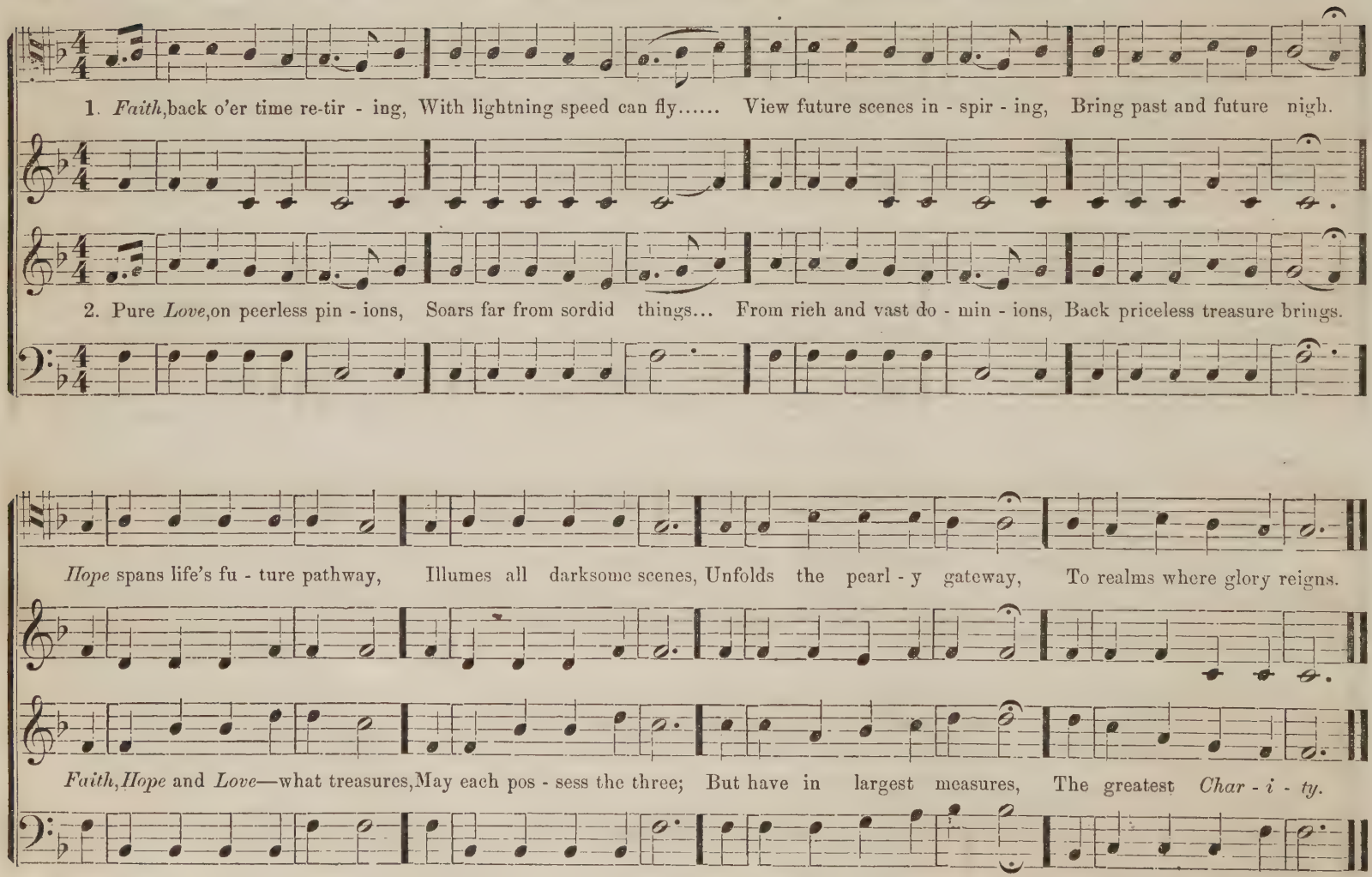
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim: He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

My hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free; My Sa - vior has my treas-ure, And he will walk with me.

ALEX. EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gol - den, With milk and hon - ey blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed.
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased, The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast,
I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond compare.
The prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is se - rene, The pas - tures of the Blessed, Are decked in glorious sheen.
And they who, with their leader, Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

 Words by Rev. H. Eastman. **CHARITY. 7s & 6s. Double.** C. M. Wyman.



MOODY. 8s & 6s.

C. M. Wyman.

Earnestly.

1. O thou, the con-trite sin-ner's friend! Who, loving, lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone my hopes depend, That thou wilt plead for me.
2. When weary in the christian race, Far off ap-pears my rest-ing place, And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace, Then, Savior, plead for me.
3. And when my dying hour draws near, Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear, Then to my fainting soul appear, Plead-ing in heaven for me.
4. When the full light of heavenly day Reveals my sins in dread ar-ray, Say thou hast washed them all away; O, say thou plead'st for me.

REPOSE. 8s & 6s.

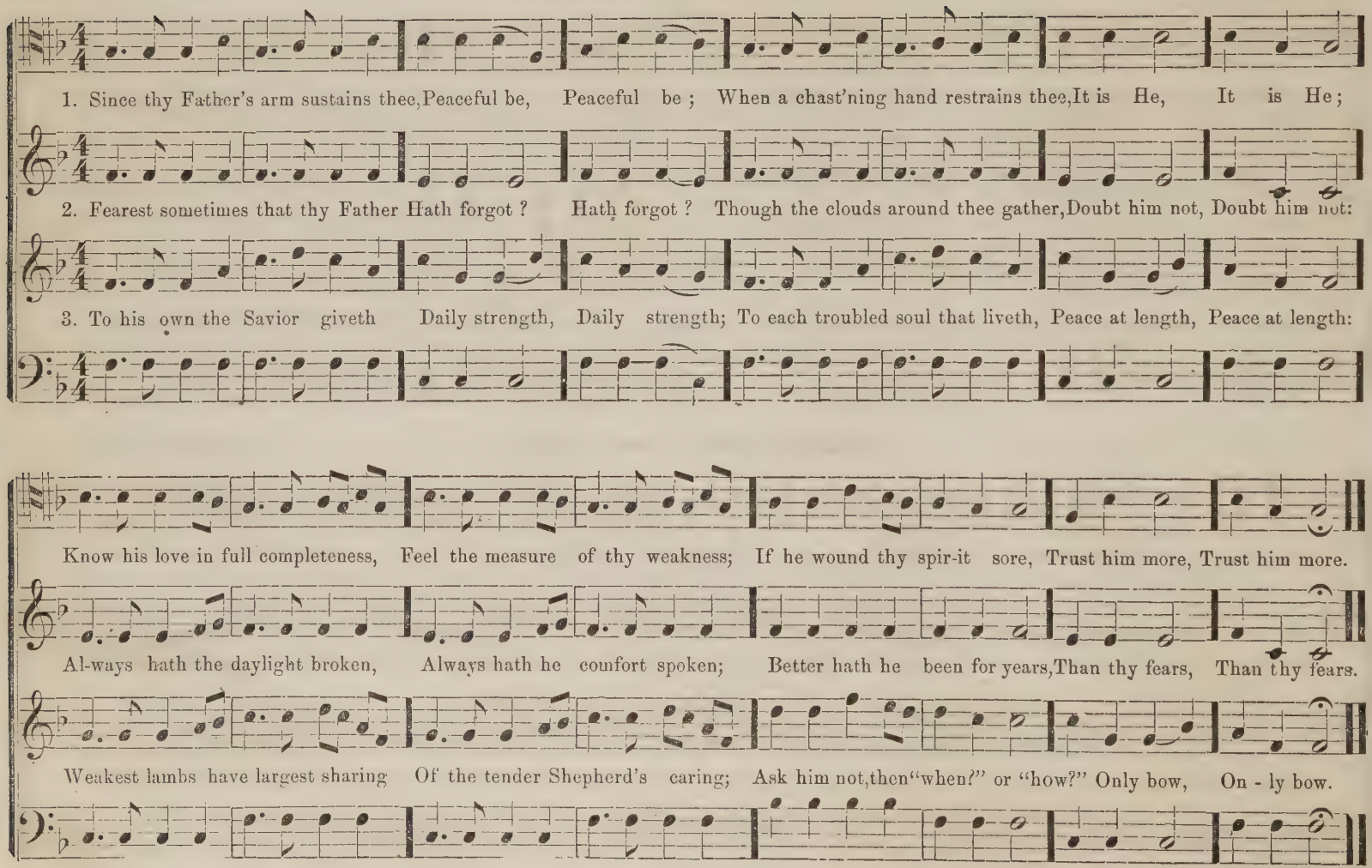
W. Irving Hartshorn.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driv'n: When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

DUET OR QUARTET. *Ad lib.*

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart no longer riven, And views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

 Words by S. D. Carter. **PEACE. 8s, 3s & 7s.** H. R. Palmer.



ANCIENT HYMN. 6s. & 4s.

C. M. Wyman.

The most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church.

1. Shep-herd of ten - der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth, Through de- vious ways, Christ our tri - um-phant King, We come thy

2. Ev - er be Thou our guide, Our Shepherd and our pride, Our staff and song; Je - sus, thou Christ of God, By the per -

WOLCOTT. 6s. & 4s.

Words by Rev. S. Wolcott, D.D. J. H. Tenney.

name to sing, And here our children bring To shout thy praise.

en- nial Word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.

1. Be with me thro' life's day, Be my re- sourse and stay,
2. The want which craves re - lief, The woe of friend-less grief,

3. Un - to God's coven-ant love, Un - to the Heaven-ly Dove,

My shield and ward; To wis-dom's search-ing right, To du - ty's lead- ing light, To cons-tant course of right, Hold me, O Lord.
Bid me as - suage; The fight with pas - sions strong, The war with tumult's throng, The bat- tle with the wrong, Help me to wage.

My soul com - mend; To vir - tue's match-less prize, To life be - yond the skies, To bliss in Par - a- dise, Bid me as - cend.

CHESHIRE. 6s & 4s.

W. H. Doane.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva - ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.

HOPE. 6s & 4s.

Victoria Hayden.

Moderato.

1. Father! I go to thee! Father! O show to me, Mercy and love. Earthly my thoughts have been: O make me pure within! Lead me above.

2. Deeply be-liev - ing in Thy love re - liev - ing sin, Father, I come! O take thy er-ring child, Driven by passion wild, O take me home.

3. Father! I kneel in guilt! Father! I feel thou wilt Ne'er let me fall! Father, I'll e'er be thine! O let thy mercies shine, Bless-ing us all!

WOODBURY. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

Affetuoso.

1. Will it be always night? God knows how drear Is earth's poor trembling light; Will he not hear Each whisper'd prayer, And note each falling tear?
2. Will it be always night? Cold sorrow's wave, I've felt with chilling blight; Now by this grave I bend to thee, All-merci - ful to save.
3. No! heaven hath no night, No waning day; But pure and radiant light Shineth for aye; And grief and pain, And tears are passed away.

COMFORT. 7s & 5s.

Rev. WM. WINDSOR.

Rit.

1. In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee away, And the last hope will not stay, Savior, comfort me, Savior, comfort me.
2. When the secret idol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,—Desolate, bereft, alone, Savior, comfort me, Savior, comfort me.
3. So it shall be good for me Much afflicted now to be, If thou wilt but tender - ly, Savior, comfort me, Savior, comfort me.

ROOT. 8s & 5s.

Moderato.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er; Who or what from him can sev - er Those he makes his own.
2. With his blood the Lord hath bought them, When they knew him not, he sought them, And from all their wand'rings brought them: His the praise alone.

HELMER. 8s.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed; But what must it be to be there!
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare, Its wonders and pleasures untold; But what must it be to be there!
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care, From trials without and with-in; But what must it be to be there!
4. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear, The church of the first-born above; But what must it be to be there!

LARKIN. 6s, 8s & 4s.

J. M. STILLMAN.

Bold.

1. Proclaim the lof - ty praise Of him who once was slain, But now is risen, through endless days To live and reign;
2. The Son of God a-dore; Ye ransomed, spread his fame; With joy and gladness, ev - er-more, Laud his great name:

He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, Enthroned a - bove the farthest sky, Our Sav - - ior, God.

Let ev - 'ry tongue con-fess That Je - sus Christ is Lord, And ev - 'ry crea - ture join to bless Th'in - car - nate God.

VICTOR. 8s & 6s.

C. M. WYMAN.

Earnestly. *Ad lib.*

1. I heard the voice of love divine, Ad-dress-ing man to trou-ble born; What ac - cents, Savior, then were thine—"Blessed are they that mourn."
2. I heard an angel-voice proclaim, "Yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn, Thro' tribu - lation great they came: Blessed are they that mourn."

KEYES. 7s & 4s.

H. E. KIMBALL.

With Vigor.

1. Head of the church tri - umphant, We joy - ful - ly a-dore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here Shall sing like those in glo - ry.
2. Thou dost conduct thy peo - ple Thro' torrents of tempta - tion; Nor will we fear, While thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la-tion.

We lift our hearts and voi - ces, In blest an - ti - ci - pa-tion, And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - pos - es; By thee we will Break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.

BLISS. 5s & 6.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Quietly.

1. In - to the presence Of the Most Ho - ly; Come let us en - ter now, Meek-ly and low - ly.
2. Self all for-get-ting, Pride all forsak - ing; Knowing that all we are Is of his making.

3.
Earnestly, humbly,
Kneeling before him,
Putting the world away,
Let us adore him.

LAWRENCE. 4s & 7s.

O. Blackman.

Moderato.

1. Teach me, O Lord, To prize thy word, This gift of matchless favor; Be it my wealth, Be it my health, My strength and life forev - er.

2. By faith to live, Its fruits to give, This is the path to heaven; No strength and skill To do thy will, But thro' thy word are given.

WORCESTER. 5s & 7s.

Tenderly.

1. Forgive my folly, O Lord most holy: Cleanse me from every stain; For thee I languish, Pity my anguish, Nor let my sighing be vain.
2. Deeply repenting, Sorely la - menting, All my departures from thee, And now returning, Thine absence mourning, Lord, show thy mercy to me.

CRAWFORD. 8, 3s & 6.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev - 'ry favor This day showed By my God, I do bless my Sav - ior.

2. Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3. And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

HEAVENLY WAY. 6s & 8s.

I. L. Andrews.

1. Father, I come to-night, Bowing before thy throne; And, though in ut - ter feeble-ness, Thy lov - ing kindness own: Back to my

2. O Fa - ther, lead me on To walk the heavenly way, Which brighter and still brighter shines Unto the per-fect day: Till I at

BAPTISMAL HYMN. 6s & 5s.

J. R. Murray.

Fa - ther's house, to thee, O God, thy goodness leadeth me.

last in heaven appear, And sing, "Thy goodness leads me here."

1. Angels are smiling now On the be - liev-er; Christ hears her

2. Soon shall a brighter wave Flow o'er her spir - it, Crossing the

bo - som vow, Stands to re - ceive her. Hear ye the ho - ly song; "Sins are for - giv-en; Join the immortal throng, Daughter of heaven."

joy - ful grave, Life to in - her - it. Clothed then in shining grace, Past the dark river, Christ shall his child embrace, Own her forever.

SPHERE. 8s & 4s.

C. M. WYMAN.

Cantabile. *Rit.....*

There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground.

MINNESOTA. 6s, 7s & 8s.

W. E. CHUTE.

Maestoso.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is calling; In east and west, in north and south, See Sa-tan's king-dom fall-ing.
2. Wake! wake! the church of God, And dis-si-pate thy slumbers; Shake off thy deadly ap-a-thy, And mar-shall all thy numbers.
3. Soon, soon, your wait-ing eyes Shall see the hea-vens rending, And rich and richer blessings still From God's bright throne de-scending.

DUST TO DUST. 4s & 6s.

J. R. MURRAY.

Slowly.

1. Now dust to dust, In ten-der trust, Dear mother earth, a-lone, Take life's dis-guise; The spi-rit flies To joys by an-gels known.
2. In mu-sic bow, Sweet angels now; Sing while the Lord in-spires: An-oth-er hand In Morning Land, Has touched those shining lyres.

STEEN. 5s & 9.

MRS. E. CLARK.

Moderato.

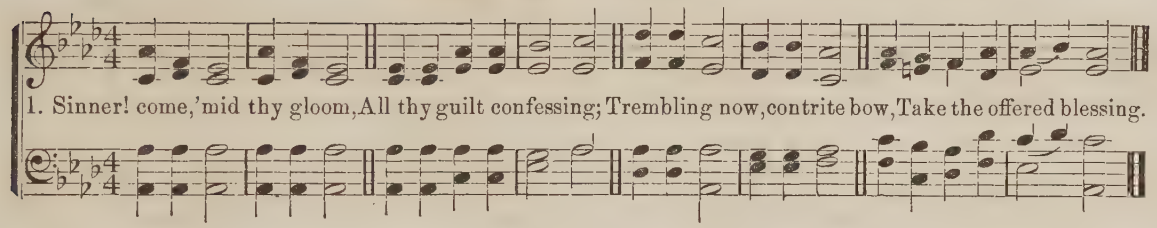
1. Midst sor-row and care There's one that is near, And ev-er de-lights to re-lieve us.

2. 'Tis Jesus, our friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and for all its rich blessings.

3. When trouble assail
His love never fails,
He meets us with rich consolation.

GILBERT. 3s & 6s, or 6s.

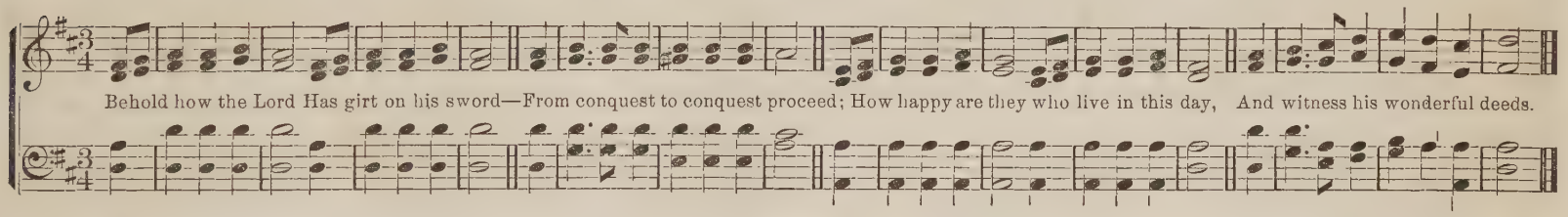
C. M. Wyman.



2. Sinner! come, while there's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

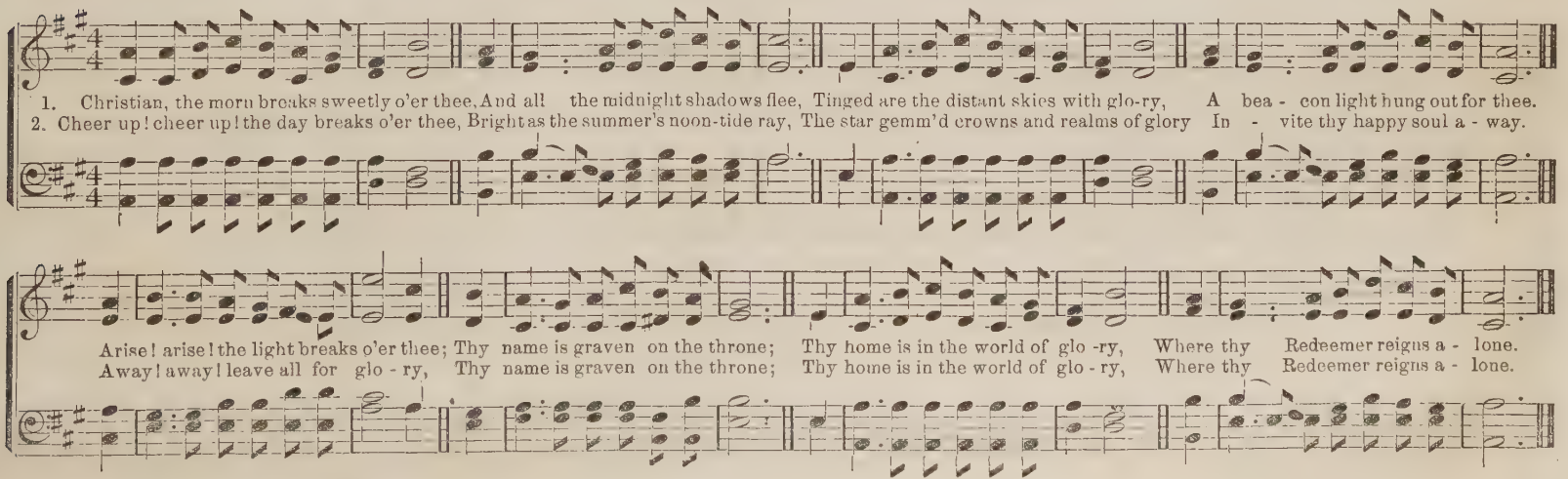
3. Sinner! come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Savior.

DUBOIS. 5s & 8s.



GOLDEN SKY. 9s & 8s.

Geo. F. Root.



TOKEN. 9s & 8s.

WM. S. TILDEN.

Slow and Soft.

From "Voice of Praise," by permission.

1. Bread of the world, in mercy broken, Wine of the soul, in mercy shed! By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

m *m* *m* *p* *m* *pp*

2. Look on the heart by sorrow broken, Look on the tears by sinners shed; And be thy feast to us the token, That by thy grace our souls are fed.

TREMONT STREET. 8s & 6.

SOLON WILDER.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

Allegro.

1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, when it is strong - est; Watch for day, Chris - tian, when night is long - est;

2. Fight the fight, Chris - tian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Chris - tian, heaven is be - fore thee;

3 Lift the eye, Chris - tian, just as it clos - eth; Raise the heart, Chris - tian, ere it re - pos - eth:

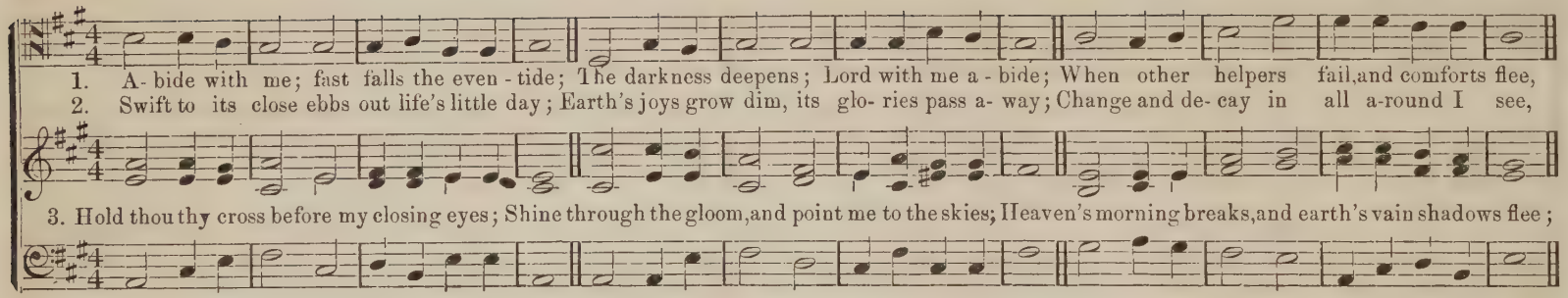
On - ward and on - ward still be thine en - deav - or, The rest that re - main - eth— en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

He who hath prom - is - ed fal - ter - eth nev - er; O, trust in the love that en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

Noth - ing thy soul from the Sa - vior shall sev - er; Soon shalt thou mount up - ward to praise him for - ev - er.

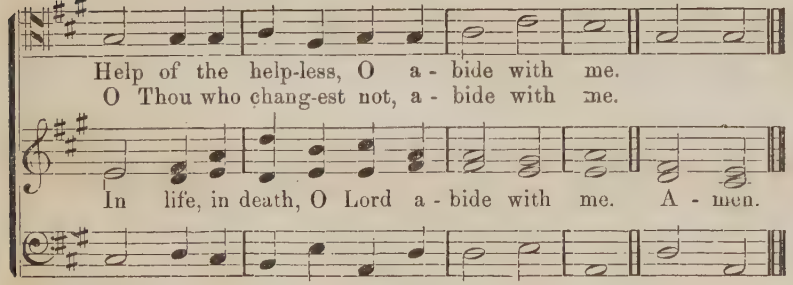
WESTON. 10s.

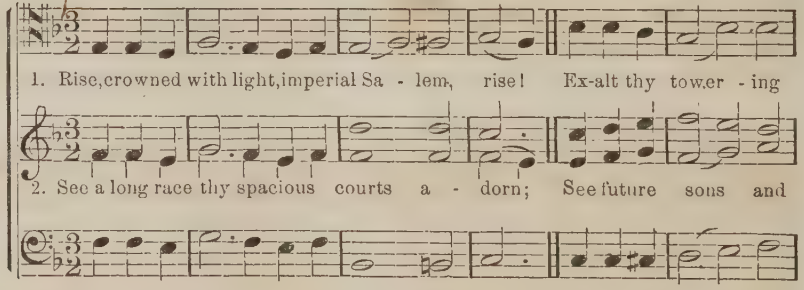
FREDERICK DEAN,
Lancaster, England.



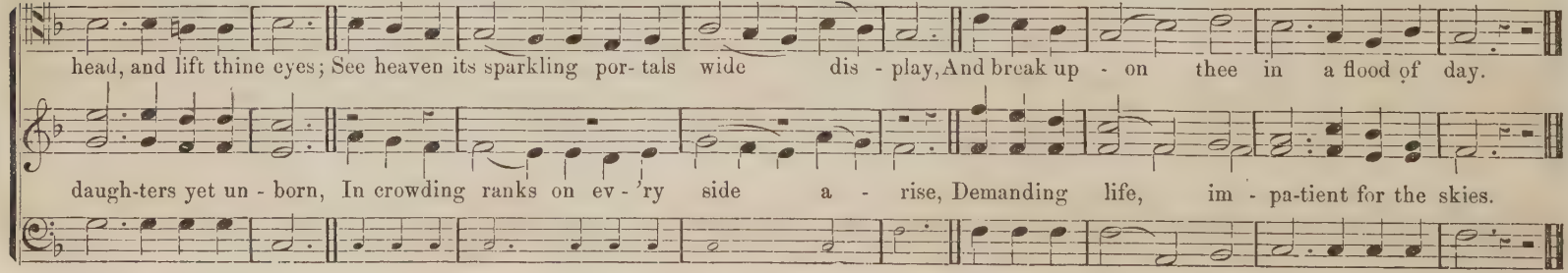
BALMER. 10s.

JAS. M. NORTH.





ALTO AND TENOR DUET.



Con Anima.

1. Oh, we are the reap- ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin; With sick - les of truth must the
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high- way, and
3. The fields are all rip'-ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har- vest tide: But reap - ers are few, and the
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - en grain: Toil on till the sheaves of the

CHORUS.

work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home." We are the reap - ers! oh, who will come, And
pass none by, But gath - er from all for the home on high. We are the reap-ers, &c.
work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait. We are the reap-ers, oh, who will come. And
Lord are bound, And joy - ful - ly borne from the har - vest ground. We are the reap-ers, &c.

share in the glo- ry of the "har - vest home?" Oh, who will help us to gar- ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
share in the glo- ry of the "har - vest home?" Oh, who will help us to gar- ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

With Spirit.

1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; Jehovah hath triumphed his people are free; Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

2. Praise for the vict'ry, all praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword; Who shall return to tell Egypt the sto - ry

His chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave, How vain was their boast-ing, the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and

How vain &c.
For the Lord &c.

And char-iots and horse - - - -
And all her brave thou - - - - -

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride, For the Lord hath looked out from his pil-lar of glo ry, And all her brave

horsemen are sunk in the wave. Sound the loud timbrel o'er E - gypt's dark sea; Je - ho - vah hath triumphed, his peo - ple are free

ff

Rit.

thou-sands are dashed in the tide. Sound the loud timbrel o'er E - gypt's dark sea; Je - ho - vah hath triumphed, his peo - ple are free.

SCHLÖEDER. 8s & 6s.

C. M. Wyman.

1. Lo! the storms of life are breaking; Faithless fears our hearts are shaking: For our succor under - tak - ing, Lord and Savior, help us.

2. On thine own command rely - ing, We our onward task are ply-ing; Un - to thee for safety sighing, Lord and Savior, help us.

3. By thy birth, and cross, and passion, By thy tears of deep compassion, By thy mighty in - ter - cession, Lord and Savior, help us.

BEECHER. 10s. & 7s.

A. W. Keen.

1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a- bove; Oh, grate-ful- ly sing his power and his love! Our shield and de-fend- er, the
2. Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py, space! His char-iots of wrath the deep

ancient of days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

thunderbolts form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

MILLER. 11s. & 10s.

James R. Murray.

Slow. *p*

1. Oh! for the peace which floweth as a riv- er, Making life's desert
2 "A lit-tle while" for patient vi-gil keeping, To face the storm, to
3. "A lit- tle while to wear the robe of sad-ness, To toil with wea-ry
4. "A lit- tle while" to keep the oil from fail-ing; "A lit-tle while Faith's

Faster. *f*

pla- ces bloom and smile. Oh! for a faith to grasp heaven's bright "for-ev - er" A - mid the shad - ows of earth's "lit - tle while."
wres-tle with the strong "A lit - tle while" to sow the seed with weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har - vest song.

steps through erring ways Then to pour forth the fra - grant oil of glad- ness, And clasp the gir - dle of the robe of praise.
flick'-ring lamp to trim, And then the Bridegroom's com - ing foot-step hail - ing, To haste to meet Him with the bri - dal hymn.

Earnestly.

1. O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore, Look off un-to Je-sus; now sor-row no more; The light of his coun-tenance shineth so

2. While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear; I tremble no more when I see Je - sus near; I know that his presence my safeguard will

3. Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace Of Je-sus, my Lord, when I stand face to face, Shall know how his love went be fore me each

NILSSEN. 11s.

H. NORTON.

Andante con Espressivo.

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter

2. I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb! Since Je-sus hath

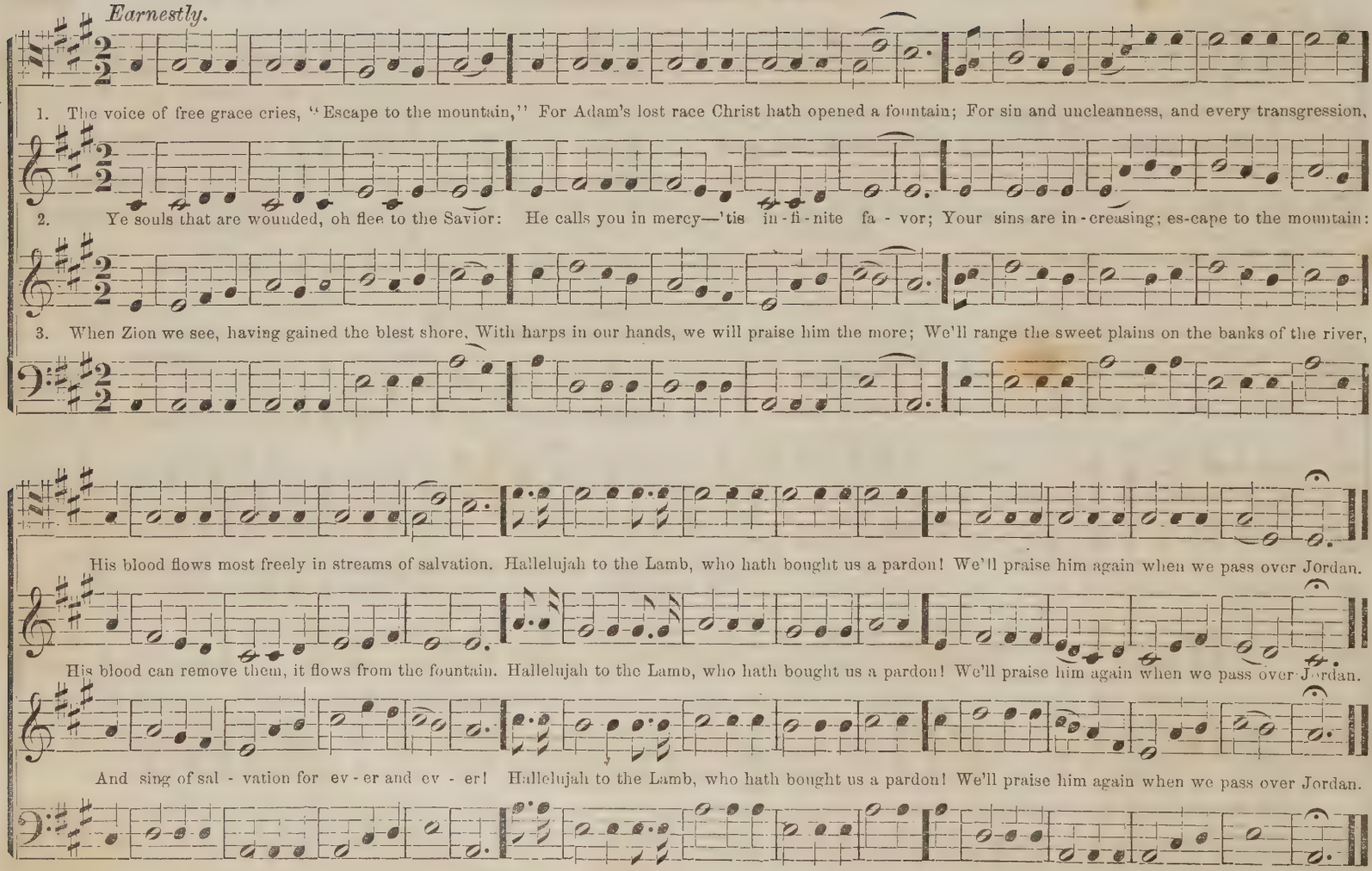
bright, That here, as in hea-ven there need be no night.

be, For "why are ye troubled?" he saith un-to me.

day, And won-der that ev - er my eyes turned away.

storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise To hail him in triumph descending the skies.


Earnestly.
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain," For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
2. Ye souls that are wounded, oh flee to the Savior: He calls you in mercy—'tis in-fi-nite fa-vor; Your sins are in-creasing; es-cape to the mountain:
3. When Zion we see, having gained the blest shore, With harps in our hands, we will praise him the more; We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon! We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon! We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
And sing of sal-vation for ev-er and ev-er! Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon! We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

NEARER HOME.

C. M. WYMAN.

Slow and with expression.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er my home to - day Than I've ev - er been be - fore.

2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma - ny man-sions be; Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the jas - per sea.

3. Near-er the bound of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down; Near - er leaving my cross, Near - er wearing the crown.

4. Fa-ther, per-fect my trust, Strengthen my fee - ble faith; Let me feel as if I trod The stream of the riv - er death.

CHORUS.

Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go; Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go; Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go; Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

HE FOLDS THEM IN HIS BOSOM.

Knowing He loves them.

JAMES R. MURRAY.
Words and Music.

Tenderly.

1. He folds them in his bos - om Thro' all the hap-py hours; He gath - ers to his own dear home The well - be-loved of ours.

2. His voice so sweet and ten - der, So heav'n-ly in its tone, That when he calls they fol - low him, And leave us here a - lone.

For, O, he loves them dear-ly, His choic-est gems are they; He guides them with a gen - tle hand A-long the heav'nly way.

Yet, not a-lone, for - ev - er And ev - er by his side, In gen - tle of - fi - ces of love The lit - tle an - gels glide.

OPE THE DOOR.

GEO. F. ROOT.
Words and Music.

Tenderly.

1. Who is there, who is there, Gent-ly knocking ev - er - more? Who is there, who is there, Sweetly call-ing ope the door?

2. Dost thou hear, dost thou hear, How His ten-der ac - cents plead? Dost thou hear, dost thou hear, Try to feel how great thy need.

3. O - pen wide, o - pen wide, Let the King of Glo - ry in; O - pen wide, o - pen wide, He will free thy heart from sin.

CHORUS.

Soul, it is thy lov-ing Savior, Standing at thy bosom's door, Say-ing, ope to me, ope to me, And be blest for - ev - er-more.

Soul, it is thy lov-ing Savior, Standing at thy bosom's door, Say-ing, ope to me, ope to me, And be blest for - ev - er-more.

240 *Words by* Mrs. M. A. Kidder **CROWNED WITH LIGHT.** S. Wesley Martin.

1. Crowned with light in a home of glo - ry, We shall sing with the an - gel band, If on earth we are

2. If we work in the world's great vine-yard, If we la - bor and ne'er give o'er, Sow - ing seed for the

3. Let us pray for the Sav - ior's bless - ing, Let us practice the gold - en rule, Pleas - ant words and the

If on earth.

4. Crowned with light in the saint's sweet ha - ven, Robed in white in the bet - ter land, If on earth we are

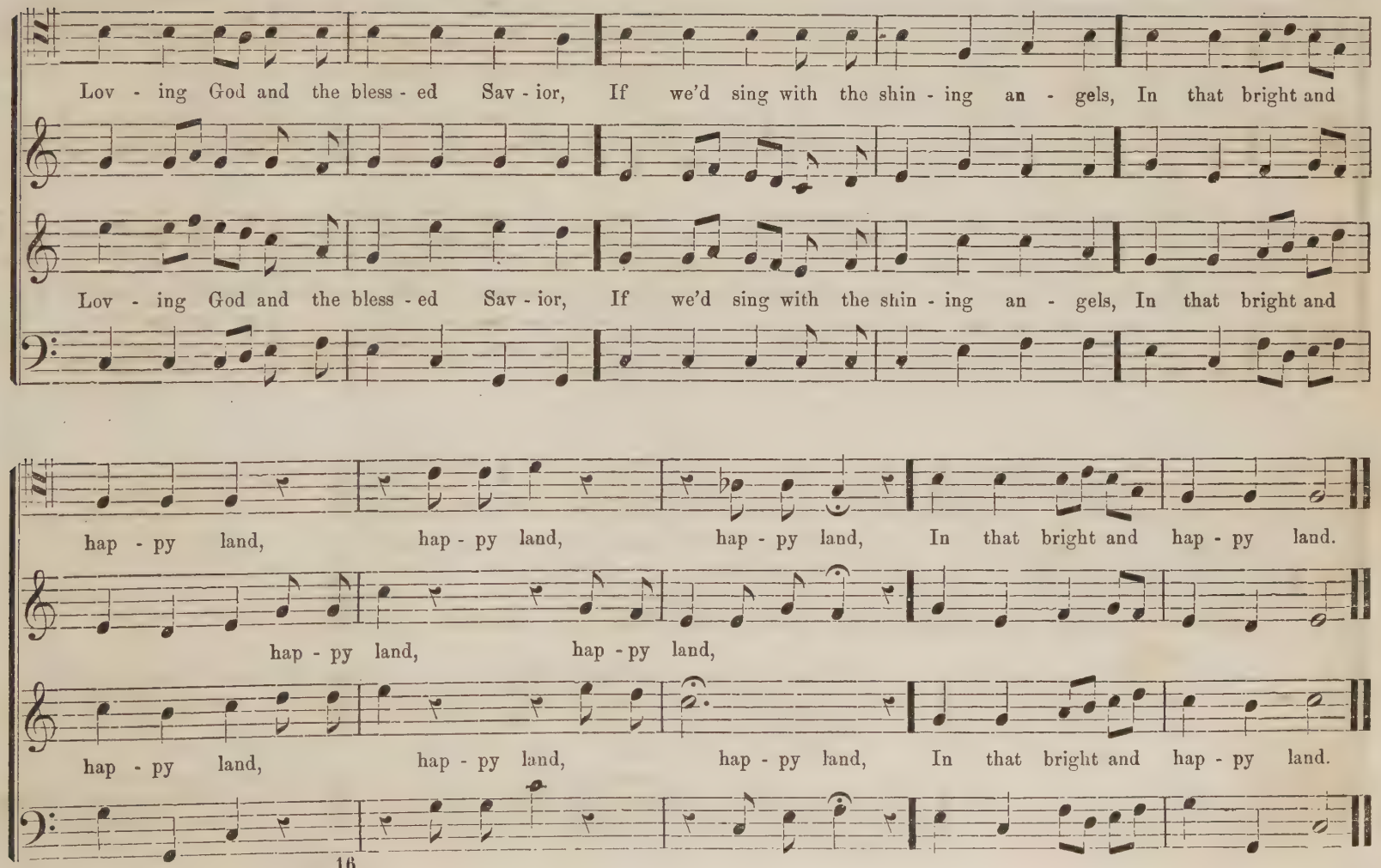
CHORUS.

on - ly faith - ful, As we march to the heav'n-ly land. Then, O then let us all be faith - ful,

gold - en har - vest, We shall reap on the oth - er shore.

deeds of mer - cy, We have learned in the Sab - bath School. Then, O then, let us all be faith-ful,

on - ly faith - ful, We shall sing with the an - gel band.


Lov - ing God and the bless - ed Sav - ior, If we'd sing with the shin - ing an - gels, In that bright and
Lov - ing God and the bless - ed Sav - ior, If we'd sing with the shin - ing an - gels, In that bright and
hap - py land, hap - py land, hap - py land, In that bright and hap - py land.
hap - py land, hap - py land,
hap - py land, hap - py land, hap - py land, In that bright and hap - py land.

JESUS OUR FRIEND.

GEO. F. ROOT.
Words and Music.

1. Sweet 't is to sing of thee, Je - sus, our friend; Of thy great love so free, Je - sus, our friend; Oh, for a heart to praise,

2. When thou wert here be - low, Je - sus, our friend; Thou didst our sor - rows know, Je - sus, our friend; Grant to each heart to feel,

Through all our earth - ly days, Thy won-drous works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.

That thou hast power to heal, And oh, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus our friend.

3. Tender and patient thou,
Jesus, our friend;
To thy dear love we bow,
Jesus, our friend;
Oh, in thy spirit pure,
May we our ills endure,
Trusting thy promise sure,
Jesus, our friend.

4. By thy redeeming grace,
Jesus, our friend;
We hope to see thy face,
Jesus, our friend;
Then will we joyful praise,
Throughout eternal days,
Thy wondrous works and ways,
Jesus, our friend.

SOLO.

Arr. by Dr. C. C. Miller.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is o'er-whelm-ed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the earth unto thee will I
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God, I will pray to my Sa-vior who kind-ly did
3. And when I have end-ed my pilgrimage here, Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear, In the dwellings of Jor-dan, on thee I'll re-
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, With millions I'll join far above yonder

CHORUS.

cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

ly, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I, high-er than I, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.

sky, To praise the dear Rock that is high-er than I. High-er than I, high-er than I, To praise the dear Rock that is high-er than I.

REST, WEARY HEART.

Suitable for Funeral Occasions.

J. W. Ruggles.

1. Rest, wea-ry heart, From all thy silent griefs and se - cret pain, Thy profitless regrets and long - ings vain; Wis - dom and love have ordered all the past, All shall be blessed-ness and light at last; Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed; Rest, sweet - ly rest!

2. Rest, wea-ry head, Lie down to slumber in the peace - ful tomb; Light from above has broken thro' its gloom. Here, in the place where once the Savior lay, Where he shall wake thee on a fu - ture day, Like a tired child up-on its mother's breast, Rest, sweet - ly rest!

3. Rest, spir-it free! In the green pastures of the heav'n-ly shore, Where sin and sorrow can approach no more; With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed, Be-side the streams of life e - ter - nal led, For - ev - er with thy God and Savior blest, Rest, sweet - ly rest!

Slow and with expression.

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry of-ten-whiles For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Fa-ther's wel-come smiles;
2. The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs, mon-y-tint-ed, fresh an' gay; The bird-ies war-ble blithely, for my Fa-ther made them sae;

3. I've his guid word of prom-ise, that some gladsome day the King To his ain roy-al pal-ace his ban-ish'd hame will bring;
4. My sins hae been mon-y, and my sor-rows hae been sair, But there they'll nev-er vex me, nor be re-mem-bered mair;

5. He's faithfu' that hath prom-ised, he'll sure-ly come a-gain; He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I din-na ken;
6. So I'm watch-ing aye, an' sing-ing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' his foot-fa' this side the gow-den gate;

I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent un-til my een do see The gow-den gates o' heaven, and my ain coun-tree.
But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me, When I hear the an-gels sing-ing in my ain coun-tree.

Wi' een an' wi' hearts run-ning oure we shall see "The King in his beau-ty," an' our ain coun-tree.
His bluid hath made me white, his hand shall dry mine ee, When he brings me hame at last to my ain coun-tree.

But he bids me still to watch, an' rea-dy aye to be To gang at on-y mo-ment to my ain coun-tree.
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha lis-ten noo to me, That we a' may gang in glad-ness to our ain coun-tree.

IN HEAVEN.

Words and Music by MARY A. BAKER.

QUARTET. *Slow.* CHORUS. *Faster.*

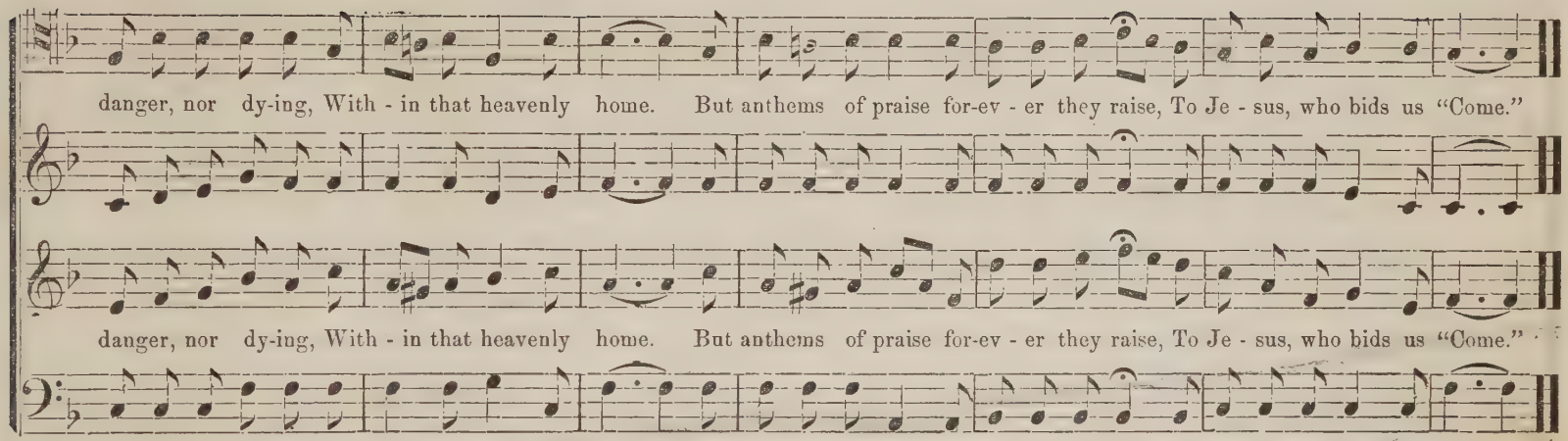
1. No more the empty name, No more the weary frame, No more the conscious smart, No more the aching heart, In heaven, beau-ti-ful

2. Joys, there, can never die; Songs leave no stifled sigh; Light hath no dimning shade; Dreams, there, can never fade.

3. Never the sad farewell, But, bliss no tongue can tell; Never death's silent bed, But, endless life instead, In heaven, beau-ti-ful

heaven. With its glory and gold and gems; With its living light and robes of white, Palms, harps and diadems; No sorrow, nor sighing, nor

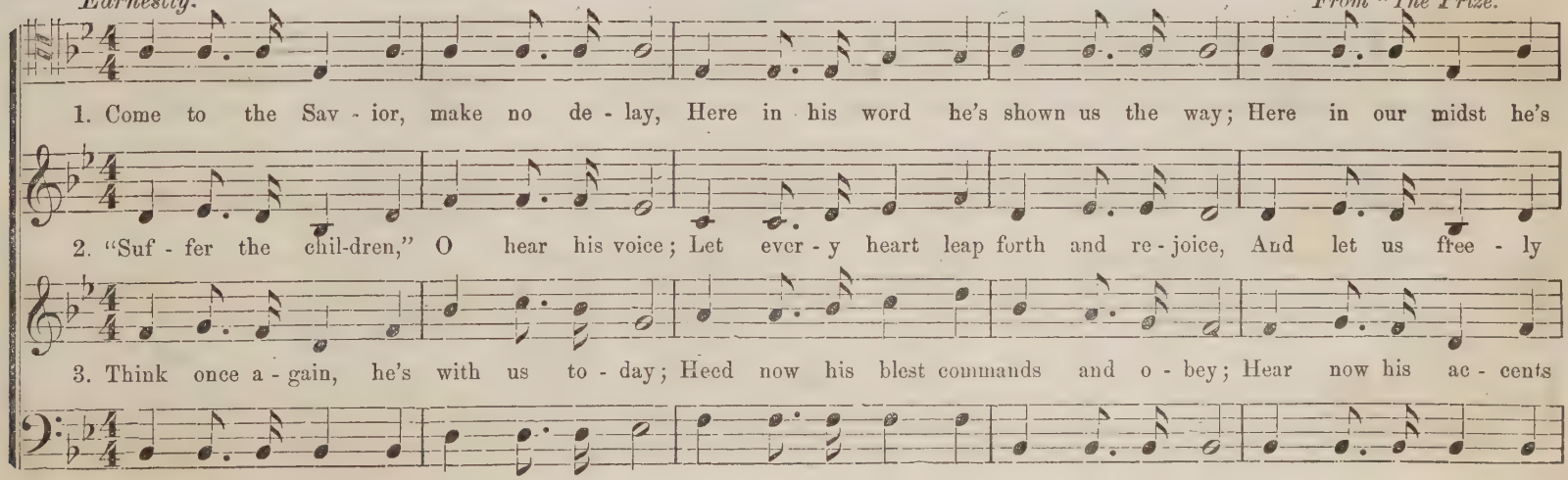
heaven. With its glory and gold and gems; With its living light and robes of white, Palms, harps and diadems; No sorrow, nor sighing, nor



COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Geo. F. Root.
From "The Prize."

Earnestly.



COME TO THE SAVIOR.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

stand - ing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come." Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our

make him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.

ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my children, Come?" Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our

hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath - er, Sav - ior, with thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath - er, Sav - ior, with thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

HOME, BLESSED HOME.

Words by E. E. Rexford. J. R. Murray.

Joyfully.

1. Oh, friends, as jour- n'ing on - ward, To gain the bet - ter land; We go with many a long- ing, Dear lov'd ones, hand in hand;
2. There at the pearl - y por - tals, Those who have gone be - fore, Shall come to bid us wel- come To heav'n's de- light-ful shore;
3. Oh, hearts of those who sor- row, Be strong and brave to do; Joy com - eth on the mor- row, Peace waits at last for you;

Oh! think of all the rap- ture, That thro' heav'n's sun-lit dome, Shall ring in songs of wel- come, When we, when we get home.
And we shall en - ter with them, No more 'mid doubts to roam; For they'll be true who love us, When we, when we get home.

Not long shall cares be - set us, The hap - py time will come; So friends be brave and pa - tient, We'll soon, we'll soon be home.

CHORUS.

Home, blessed home so fair, so fair, Sweet is the rest that waits us there; Home, home, Beau-ti-ful, blessed home.
Home, home, home, home, Beau-ti - ful home so fair, so fair.
Home, blessed home so fair, so fair Sweet is the rest that waits us there; Home, home, Beau-ti-ful, blessed home.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

P. P. Bliss.
Words and Music.

With expression.

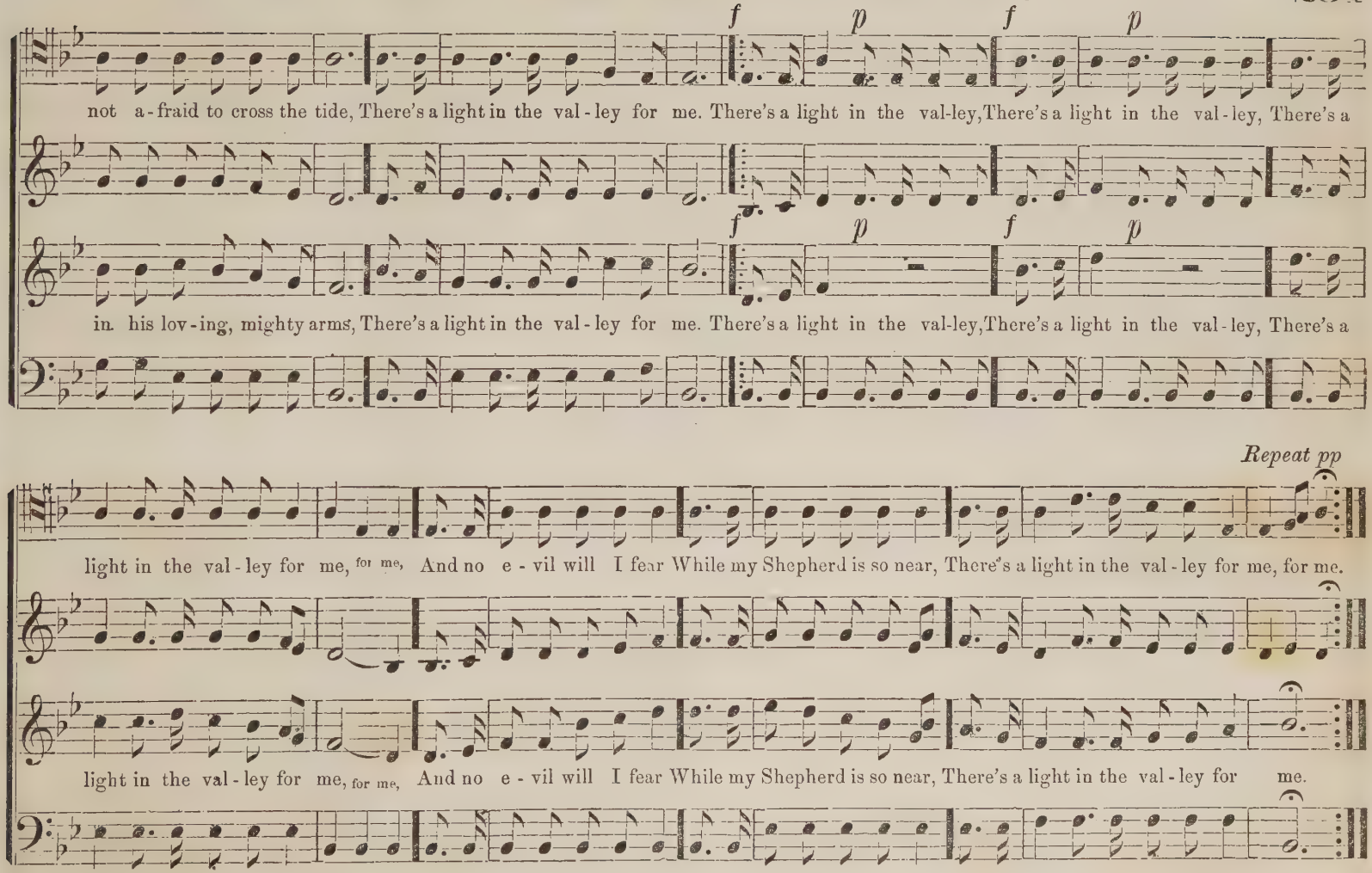
1. Thro' the val - ley of the shad-ow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jordan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the

2. Now the roll-ing of the bil-lows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore; But the beacon light of love so bright and clear, Guides my

Slower. *A tempo*

rod and the staff to my soul. Ev - en now, down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my Sa-vior say, "Fol-low me!" And with him I'm

bark, frail and lone, safely o'er. I shall find down the val-ley no a - larms, For my Savior's bless-ed smile I can see; He will bear me


f p f p
not a-fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val-ley for me. There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a
f p f p
in his lov-ing, mighty arms, There's a light in the val-ley for me. There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a
Repeat pp
light in the val-ley for me, for me, And no e-vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.
light in the val-ley for me, for me, And no e-vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

W. Irving Hartshorn.

1. The way is dark, my Father; Cloud on cloud is gath'ring o'er my head, And loud the thunders - - - - | roar a - | bove me;

2. The day goes fast, my Father; And the night is drawing darkly down; My faithless sight sees - - - - | ghost - ly | visions;

3. The cross is heav - y, Father; I have born it long, And - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - | still do | bear it;

See! I stand like one bewildered; O - - Fa - ther, take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead safe - ly home, thy child.

Fears—a spectral band—encompass me; O Fa - ther, take my hand, And from the night Lead up to light, thy child.

Let my worn and fainting spirit rise to that blest land where crowns are given; O } Fa - ther, take my hand, And reaching down, Lead to the crown, thy child.

1. Our home a - bove, O how bright and blest, Where the poor wea-ry soul shall for - ev - er rest; In the mansions fair with

2. A home in heaven, what a joy - ful thought! As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot; Where the cares and toils of

CHORUS.

an - gels sing Joy- ful praises to our heaven-ly King. Traveling on so glad and free,

life shall cease, And where all is hap - pi - ness and peace. Traveling on, so glad and free, To a

Traveling on, so glad and free,

to a home for you and me, Come and join Our happy band, Traveling to the promised heavenly land.

home for you and me, Come and join our happy band, Traveling to the promised heavenly land.

to a home for you and me, Come and join our happy band, Traveling to the promised heavenly land.

REMEMBERED.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.
From the "Prize."

Con espressione.

1. Fading a - way like the stars of the morning Los-ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun; So let me steal a- way, gent- ly and lov-ing-ly,
2. So, in the harvest, if others may gather Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown; Who plowed or sowed mat-ters not to the reaper—I'm
3. Fading a - way like the stars of the morning So let my name be un - honored, un-known; Here or up yon-der, I must be re - mem-bered—

Slow. CHORUS. *Soprano.*

On - ly re-membered by what I have done, On- ly re-membered by what I have done. Ev - er re-membered, for ev - er re-membered,
On - ly re-membered by what I have done, On- ly re-membered by what I have done.
On - ly re-membered by what I have done, On- ly re-membered by what I have done.

Alto.

Slow. Evermore re-membered, evermore remembered,

Ritard.

Ev-er re-membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er re-membered, for ev - er re-membered, On-ly re-membered by what I have done.

Ev -er re-membered while the years are rolling on; Evermore re-membered, Evermore re-membered. On-ly re-membered by what I have done.

ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, CHANTS

AND

CHORUSES.

GOD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

Suitable for Opening Service.

Moderato.

God is in his ho - ly tem - ple, All the earth keep si - lence here;
Wor - ship him in truth and spir - it, Rev'rence him with god - ly fear.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord of Hosts, our Lord, appear.

p *f* *p*

God is in his ho - ly tem - ple, All the earth keep si - lence here;
Wor - ship him in truth and spir - it, Rev'rence him with god - ly fear.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord of Hosts, our Lord, appear.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

C. M. Wyman.

Spirited.

1. Let ev-'ry heart re - joice and sing, Let chor-al anthems rise, Ye reverend men, and children, bring, To God your sac - ri - fice.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set, In heav'n his pow'r is known; And earth, sub-dued to him, shall yet Bow low be- fore his throne.

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and hon- ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho-vah praise.

For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and hon- ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho-vah praise.

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious anthem raise, Let each prolong the grateful song And the God of our fathers praise.

While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious anthem raise, Let each prolong the grateful song And the God of our fathers praise.

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart; Ye shall seek me, and

And find me when ye search, when ye shall search for me

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart; Ye shall seek me, and

Largo.

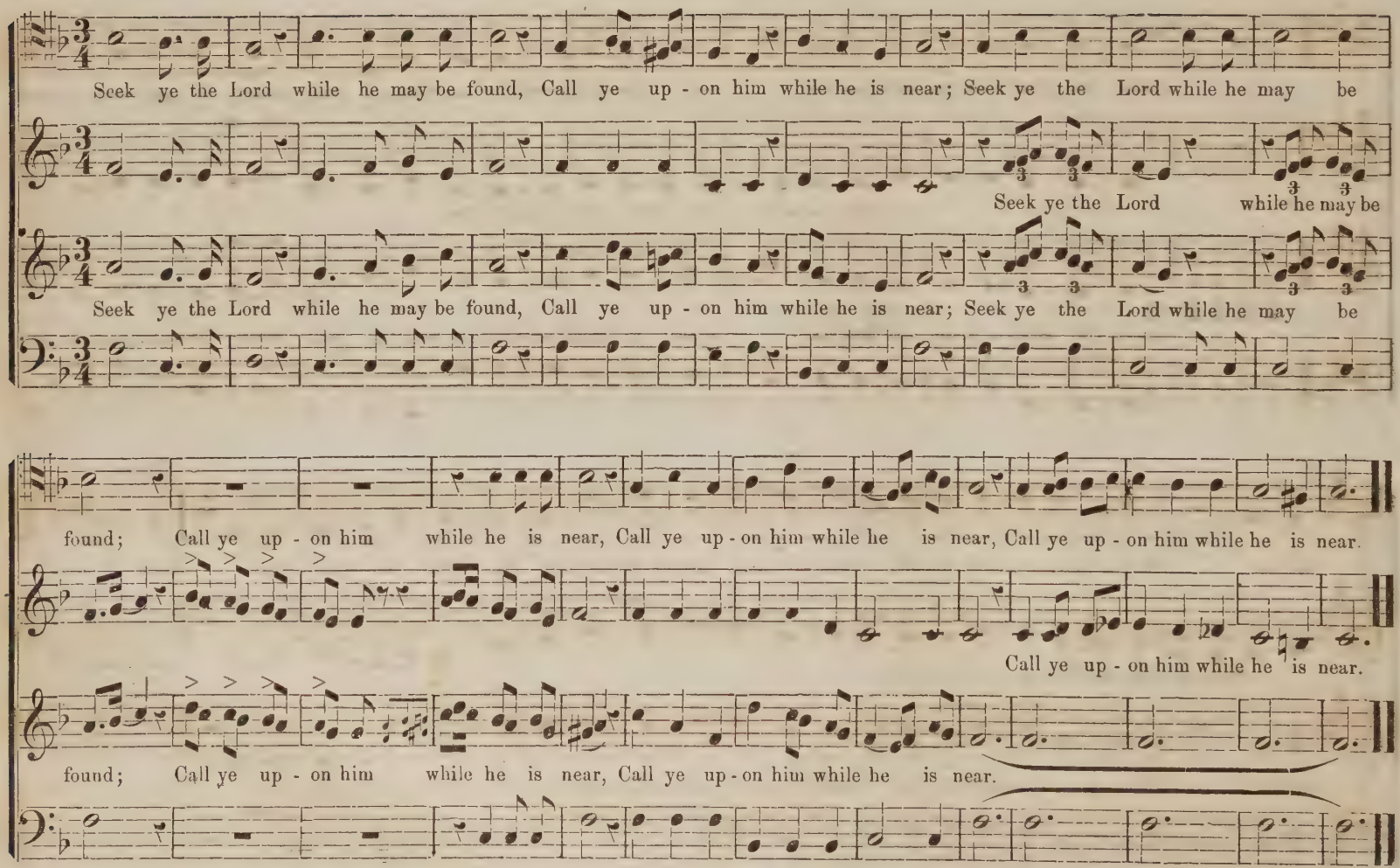
find me When ye shall search for me, when ye shall search for me with all, with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

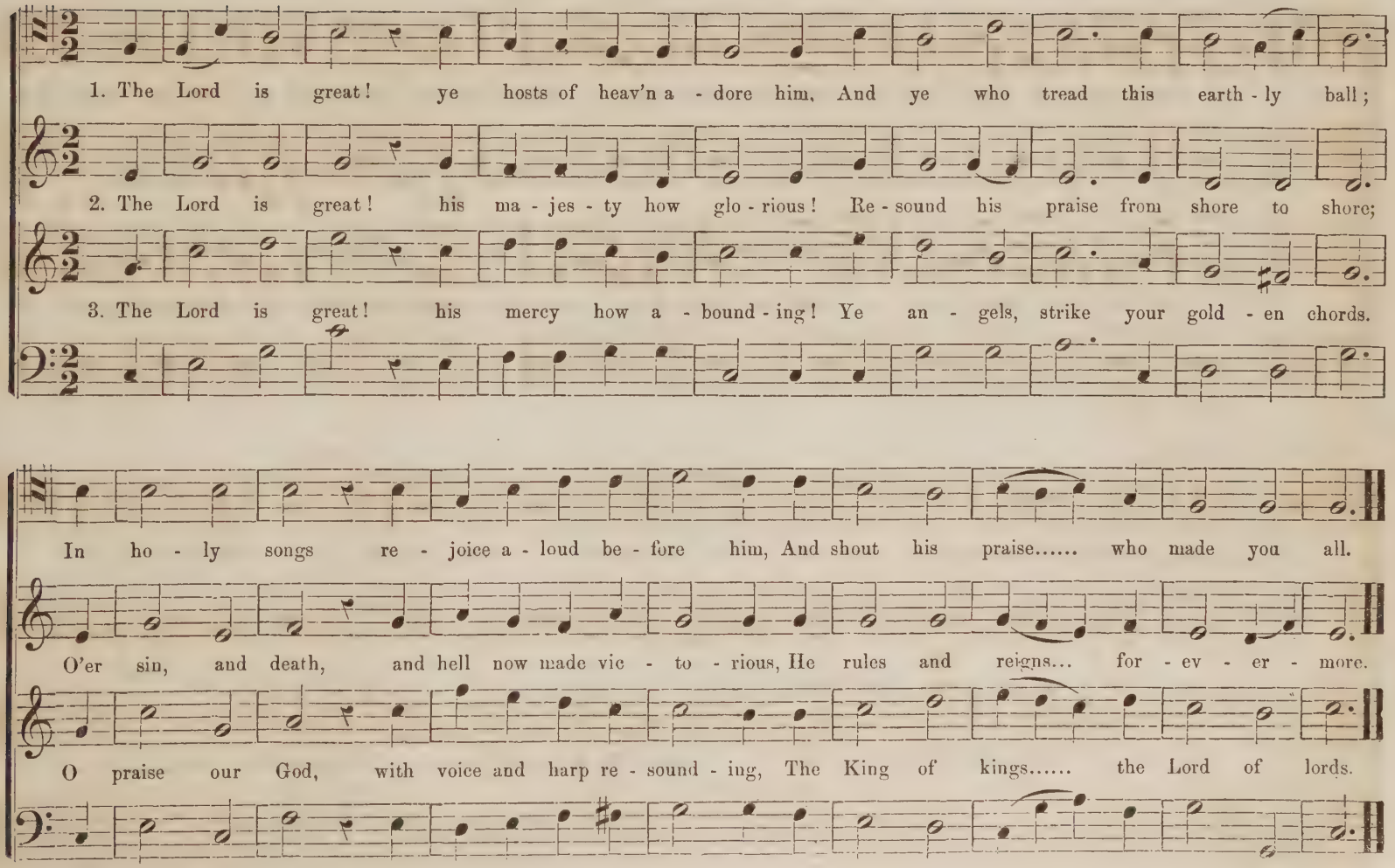
When ye search, when ye shall search for me,

find me When ye shall search for me, when ye shall search for me with all, with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

SENTENCE. Seek Ye the Lord.

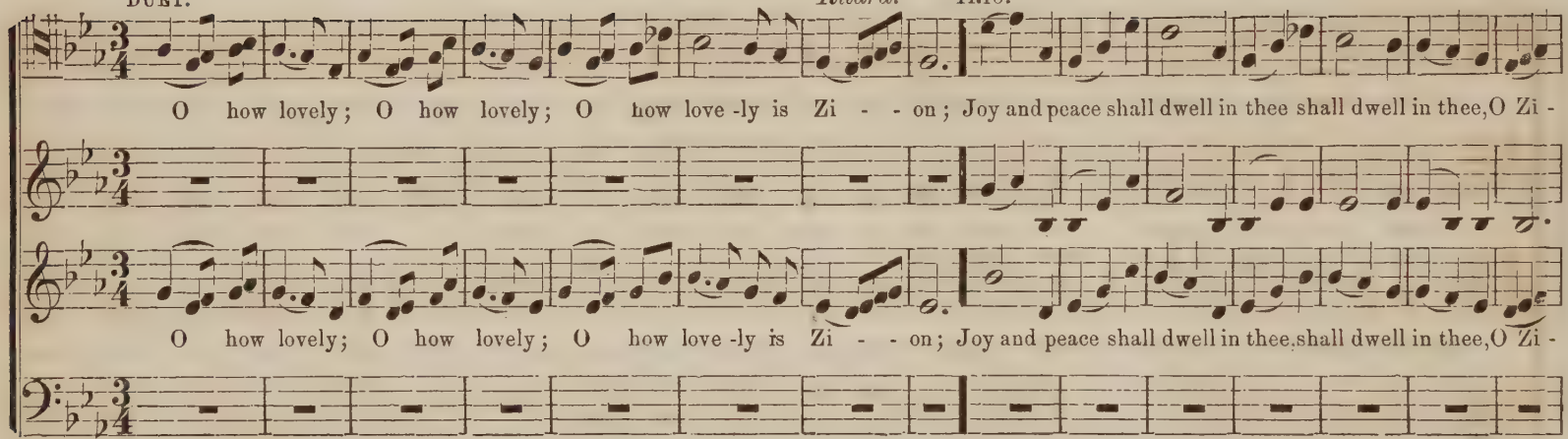
J. H. Tenney.

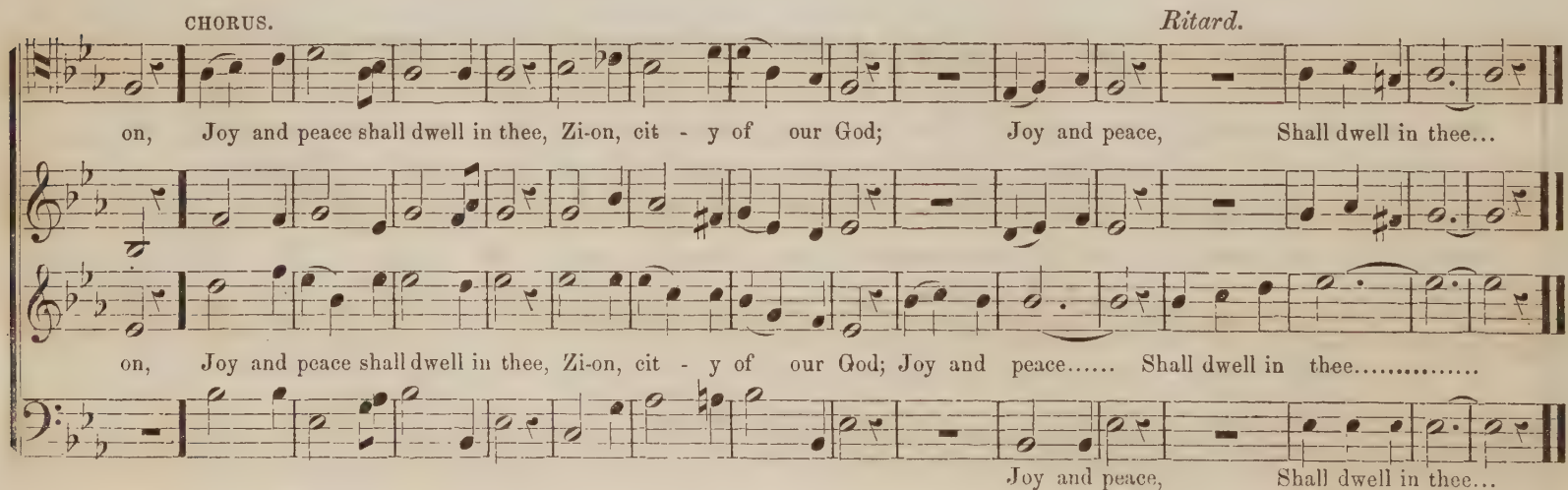



1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heav'n a - dore him, And ye who tread this earth - ly ball;
2. The Lord is great! his ma - jes - ty how glo - rious! Re - sound his praise from shore to shore;
3. The Lord is great! his mercy how a - bound - ing! Ye an - gels, strike your gold - en chords.
In ho - ly songs re - joice a - loud be - fore him, And shout his praise..... who made you all.
O'er sin, and death, and hell now made vic - to - rious, He rules and reigns... for - ev - er - more.
O praise our God, with voice and harp re - sound - ing, The King of kings..... the Lord of lords.

O How Lovely is Zion.

Dr. M. J. Munger.





Andante.

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, and he will strengthen thee and comfort thee,

Cast thy bur-den on the

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, and he will strengthen thee and comfort thee,

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord; he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, And he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee.

Lord, and he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee,

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord; he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, And he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee

ANTHEM. Awake! Put On Thy Strength.

T. Martin Towne.

Suitable for Dedication or Installation.

Awake! awake, put on thy strength! awake, put on thy strength! awake, awake, awake, awake, put on thy strength, O

A - wake!

Awake! awake, put on thy strength! awake, put on thy strength! awake, awake, awake, awake, put on thy strength, O

A - wake,..... Awake, put on thy strength, O

Zion, Put on thy strength, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put

Zion, Put on thy strength, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put

Zi-on, Put on thy strength, O Zi - on,..... Put on thy strength, O Zi-on,..... .....

on thy strength, put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zion. Put

on thy strength, thy strength, O Zi - on. Put on thy beauti - ful garments, thy garments, O Je-ru - sa-lem,

on thy strength, put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zion. Put

on thy beautiful garments, thy garments, O Je-ru - salem, put on thy beautiful garments, thy garments, O Je-ru - salem. A - men.

on thy beautiful garments, thy garments, O Je-ru - salem, put on thy beautiful garments, thy garments, O Je-ru - salem. A - men.

SENTENCE. "Turn unto the Lord your God." JOEL II. 13. T. F. SEWARD, *By permission.*

Turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful, Turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful;

p

Turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful, Turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful;

Slow to an-ger, and of great kind-ness, Slow to an-ger and of great kind-ness, Turn un-to the Lord your

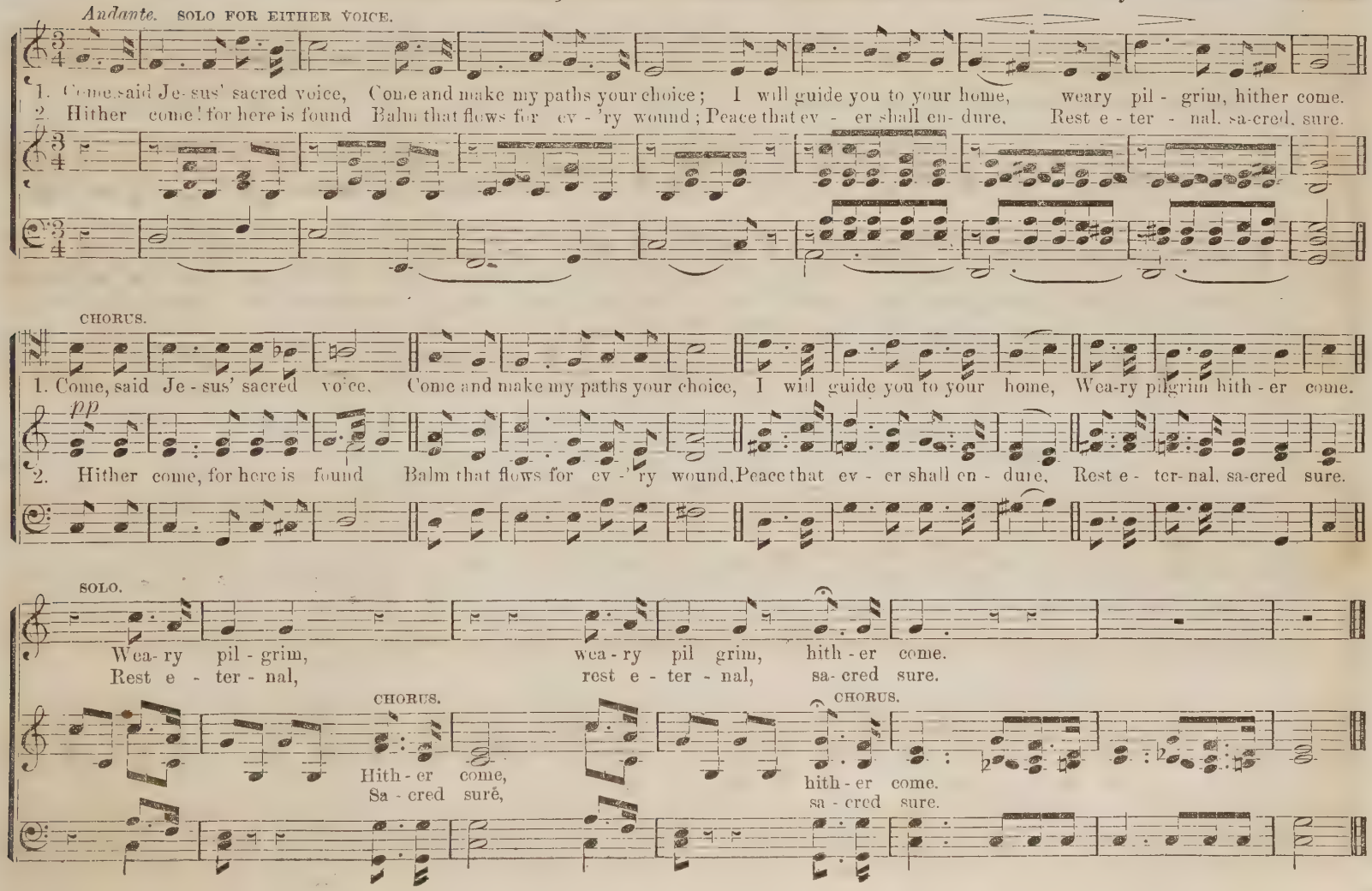
p

Slow to an-ger, and of great kind-ness, Slow to an-ger and of great kind-ness, Turn un-to the Lord your

God, O turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gracious and mer-ci-ful, And of great kindness, Turn un-to the Lord your God.

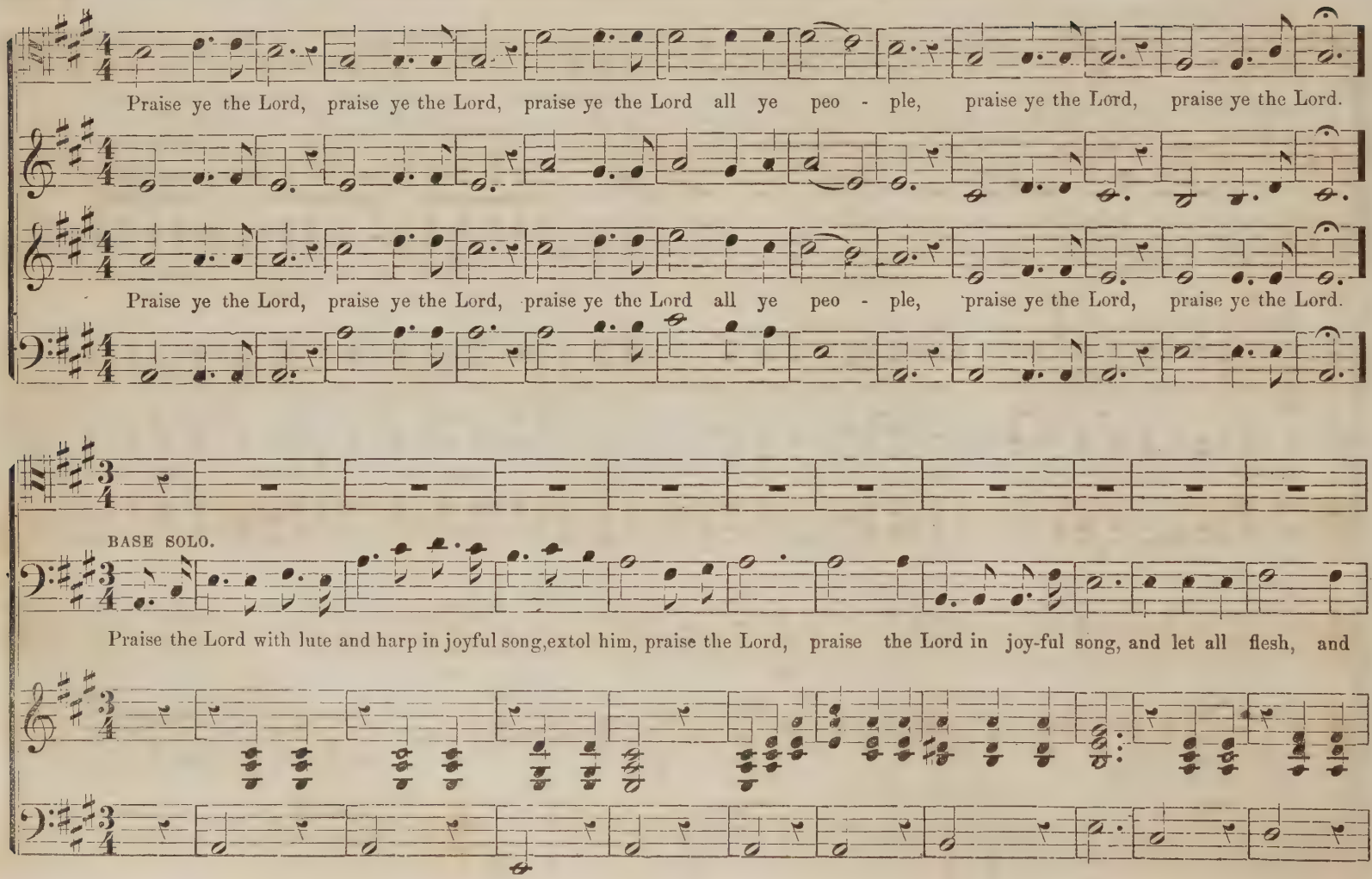
p *Rit.*

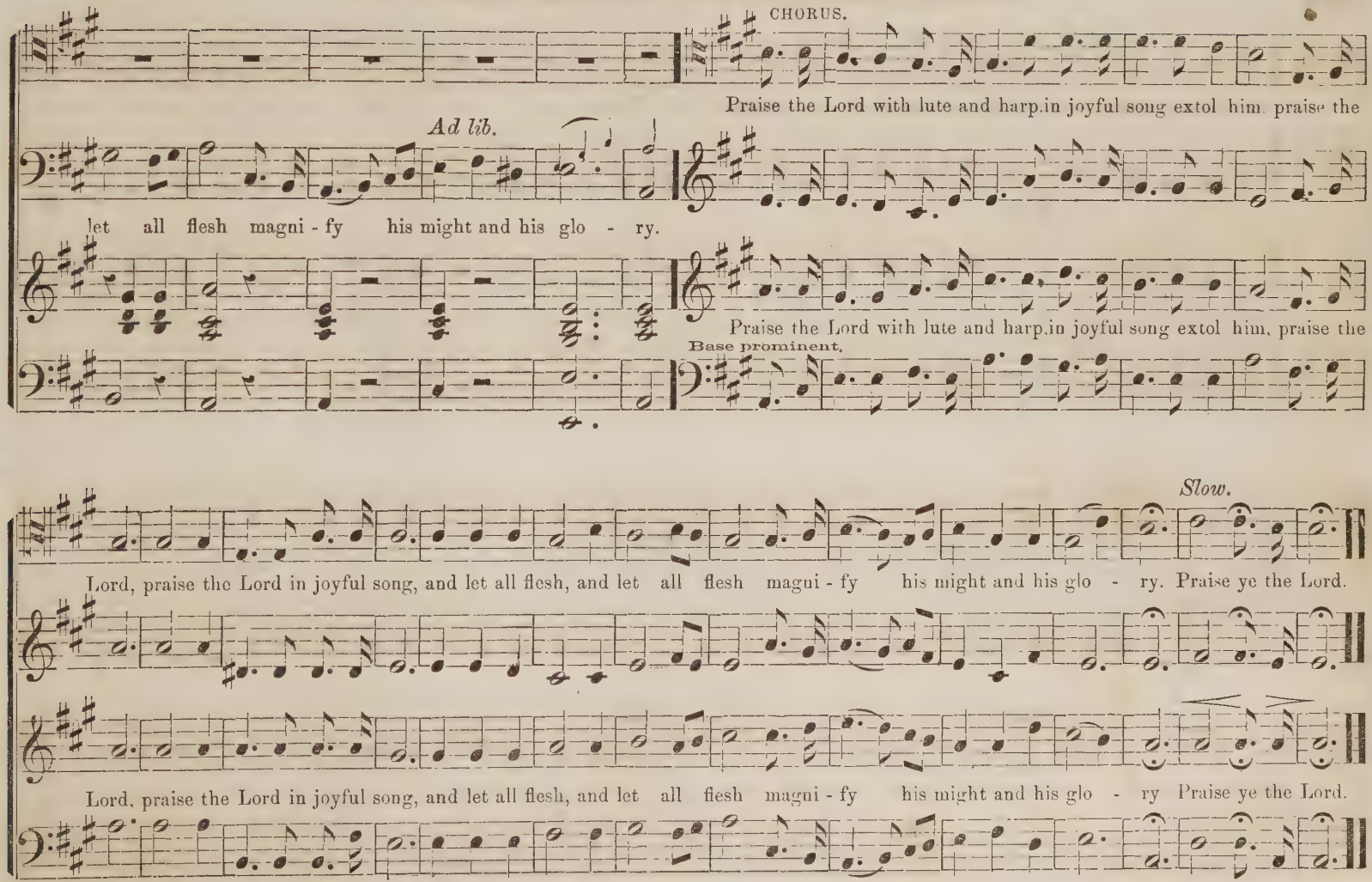
God, O turn un-to the Lord your God, For he is gracious and mer-ci-ful, And of great kindness, Turn un-to the Lord your God.


Andante. SOLO FOR EITHER VOICE.
1. Come, said Je - sus' sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, weary pil - grim, hither come.
2. Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound; Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred, sure.
CHORUS.
1. Come, said Je - sus' sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice, I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pilgrim hith - er come.
pp
2. Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound, Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred sure.
SOLO.
Wea - ry pil - grim, wea - ry pil grim, hith - er come.
Rest e - ter - nal, rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred sure.
CHORUS.
Hith - er come,
Sa - cred sure,
CHORUS.
hith - er come.
sa - cred sure.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

C. M. WYMAN.




CHORUS.
Praise the Lord with lute and harp.in joyful song extol him. praise the
Ad lib.
let all flesh magni - fy his might and his glo - ry.
Praise the Lord with lute and harp.in joyful song extol him, praise the
Base prominent.
Slow.
Lord, praise the Lord in joyful song, and let all flesh, and let all flesh magni - fy his might and his glo - ry. Praise ye the Lord.
Lord, praise the Lord in joyful song, and let all flesh, and let all flesh magni - fy his might and his glo - ry Praise ye the Lord.

Hark! that Swelling Solemn Music.

QUARTET.

Quartet and Humming Chorus.

C. M. WYMAN.
Words by J. R. MURRAY.

1. Hark! that swelling, solemn music, Falling on the listening ear; Nearer, clearer, now afar, like Echoes from the angel sphere.

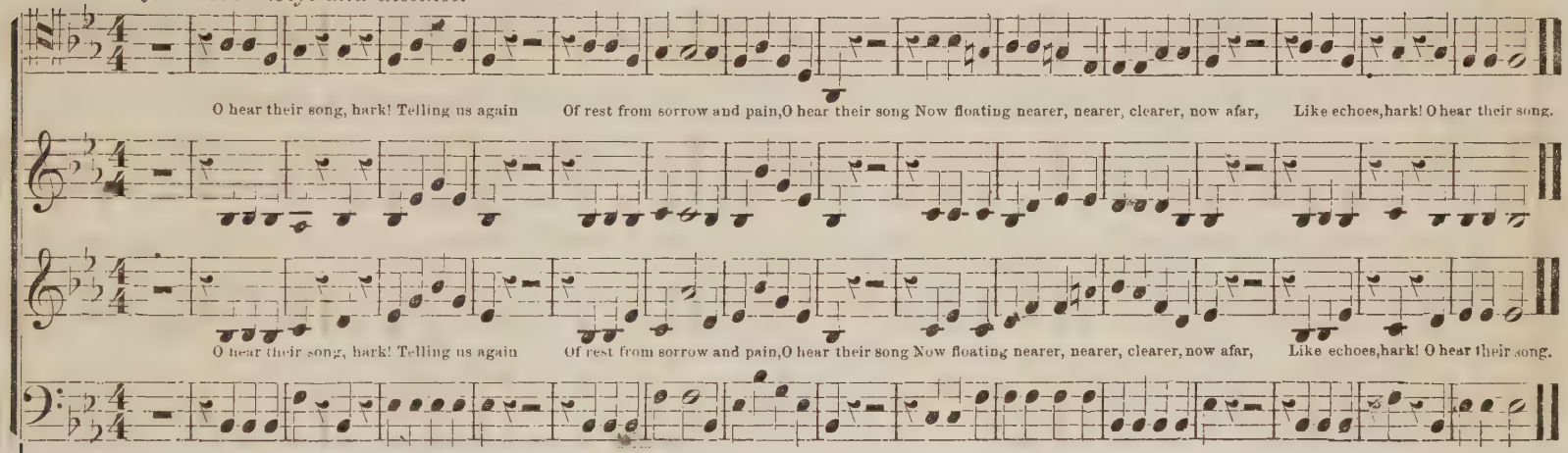
2. Now a - gain the evening breezes Bring to us the sorrowing tale; In its tones are strangely blended Victor's song and mourner's wail.

See that sad pro - ces - sion passing Slowly by with hearts depressed, While the deep toned bell is telling That a soul has gone to rest.

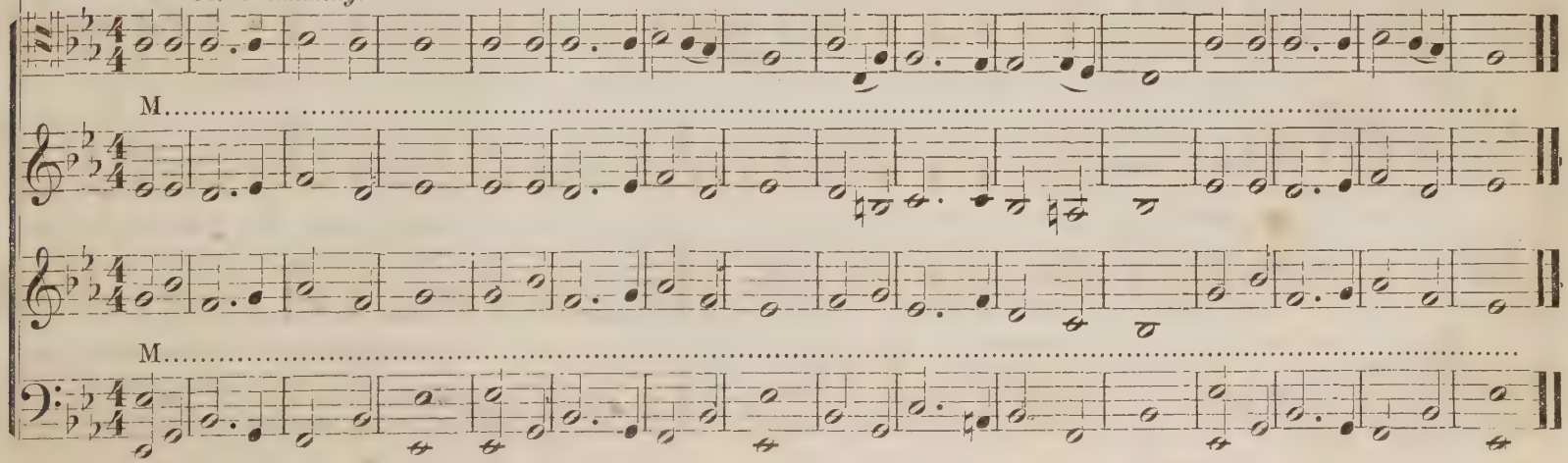
Rit.....Tempo. *pp* *ppp*

Still they sing and still their music Has an echo of that song Whose glad harmonies shall brighten All earth's weary souls ere long.

QUARTET. *Soft and distinct.*



CHORUS. *Humming.*



SENTENCE. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

C. M. Wyman.

With Expression.

1. In the si-lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev-er more!

2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knocking, When the door is shut?

3. Then 'tis time to stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in; At the gate of heav-en beat-ing, Wailing for thy sin!

Ad lib.

Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Savior knocks, and crieth, "Rise, and let me in!"

Je-sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast; Grieved, a-way thy Savior go-eth, Death breaks in at last.

Nay! a-las, thou guilt-y creature! Hast thou thee for-got? Je-sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!

SENTENCE. Blessed be the Lord. Ps. lxviii. W. S. B. Mathews.

Andantino.

Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, who dai - ly, who dai - ly loadeth us with ben -e-fits, Blessed be the

Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, who dai - ly, who dai - ly loadeth us with ben -e-fits, *Cres.* Ev-en the

Blessed be the

Lord, Blessed be the Lord; Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, the God of our sal - va - tion. A - men.

f

God, the God of our sal - va - tion, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, the God of our sal - va - tion. A - men.

Lord, Blessed be the Lord,

ANTHEM. Shepherd of Thine Israel, Lead Us.

C. M. WYMAN

BASE SOLO. *Moderato.*

Shepherd of thine Is - rael, lead us, Pilgrims, o'er this bar - ren land; Thou, who hast from bondage freed us, Guard us by thine

CHORUS.

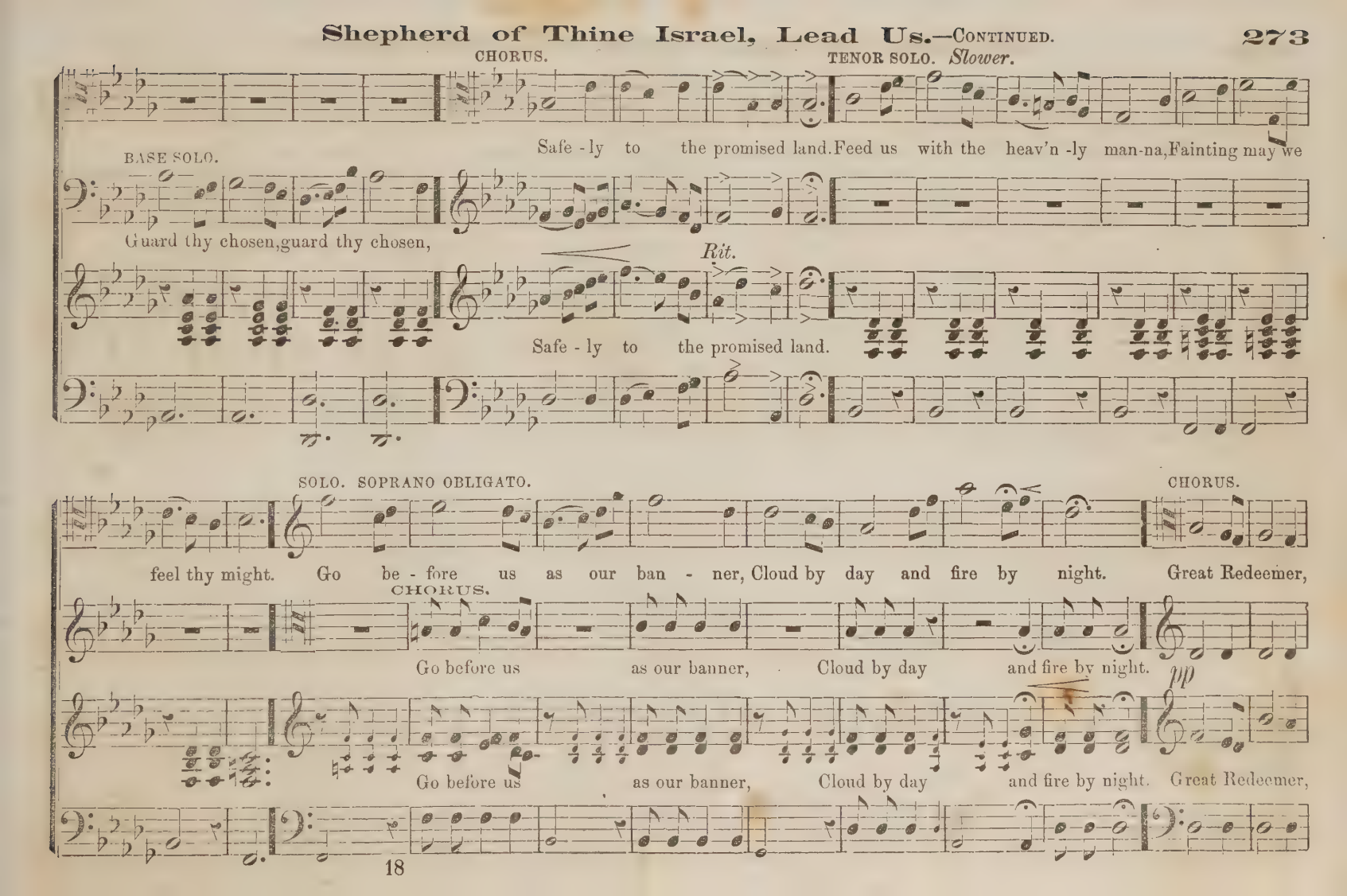
Thou who hast from bondage freed us, Guard us by thine out-stretch'd hand.

Slent..... *ad lib.*

out-stretched hand, Guard us by thine out-stretched hand.

Rit. - -

Thou who hast from bondage freed us, Guard us by thine out-stretch'd hand


CHORUS.
TENOR SOLO. Slower.
Safe - ly to the promised land. Feed us with the heav'n -ly man-na, Fainting may we
BASE SOLO.
Guard thy chosen, guard thy chosen,
Rit.
Safe - ly to the promised land.
SOLO. SOPRANO OBLIGATO.
CHORUS.
feel thy might. Go be - fore us as our ban - ner, Cloud by day and fire by night. Great Redeemer,
CHORUS.
Go before us as our banner, Cloud by day and fire by night.
pp
Go before us as our banner, Cloud by day and fire by night. Great Redeemer,

Great Re - deem - er, Shine a - round us, thou art light.

ALTO SOLO. *Slower.* *Accelerate.* *ten.*

When we come to death's dark riv-er, Bid the swelling stream di-vide ;

ff *Rit.*

Great Re - deem - er, Shine a - round us, thou art light.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Thou who canst our life deliver, Bear us thro' the sundered tide; Praises, praises, praises, praises, Will we sing on Canaan's side.

f *p* *ff*

Thou who canst our life de-liver, Bear us thro' the sundered tide; Praises, praises, praises, praises, Will we sing on Canaan's side.

Moderato.

Ho - ly, ho - - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry,

Ho - ly, ho - - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry,

Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

f *Cres.*

Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

SENTENCE. I Will Extol Thee.

Geo. F. Root.

With dignity and reverence.

I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O King, And I will bless thy name for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, for

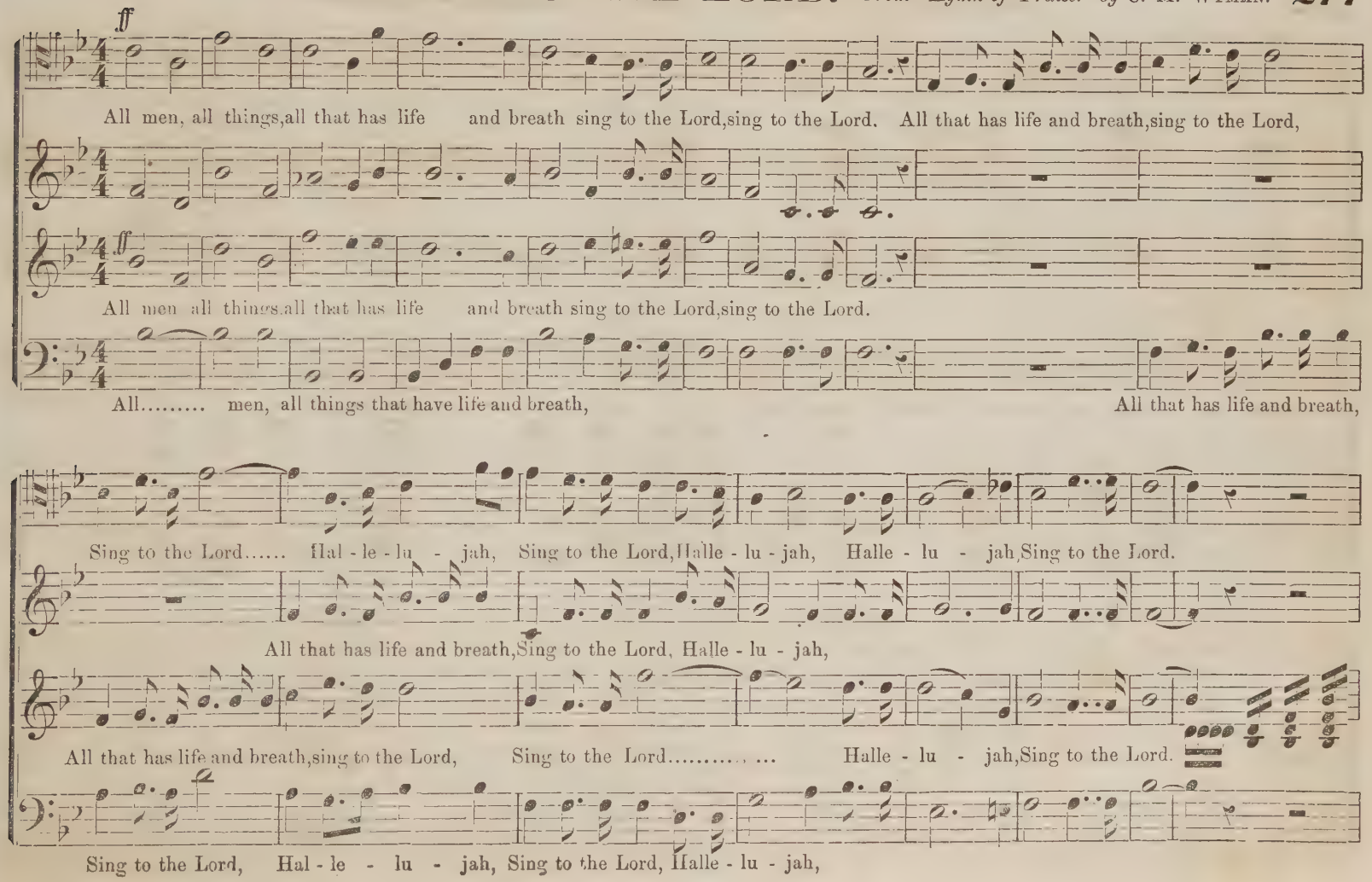
I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O King, And I will bless thy name for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, for

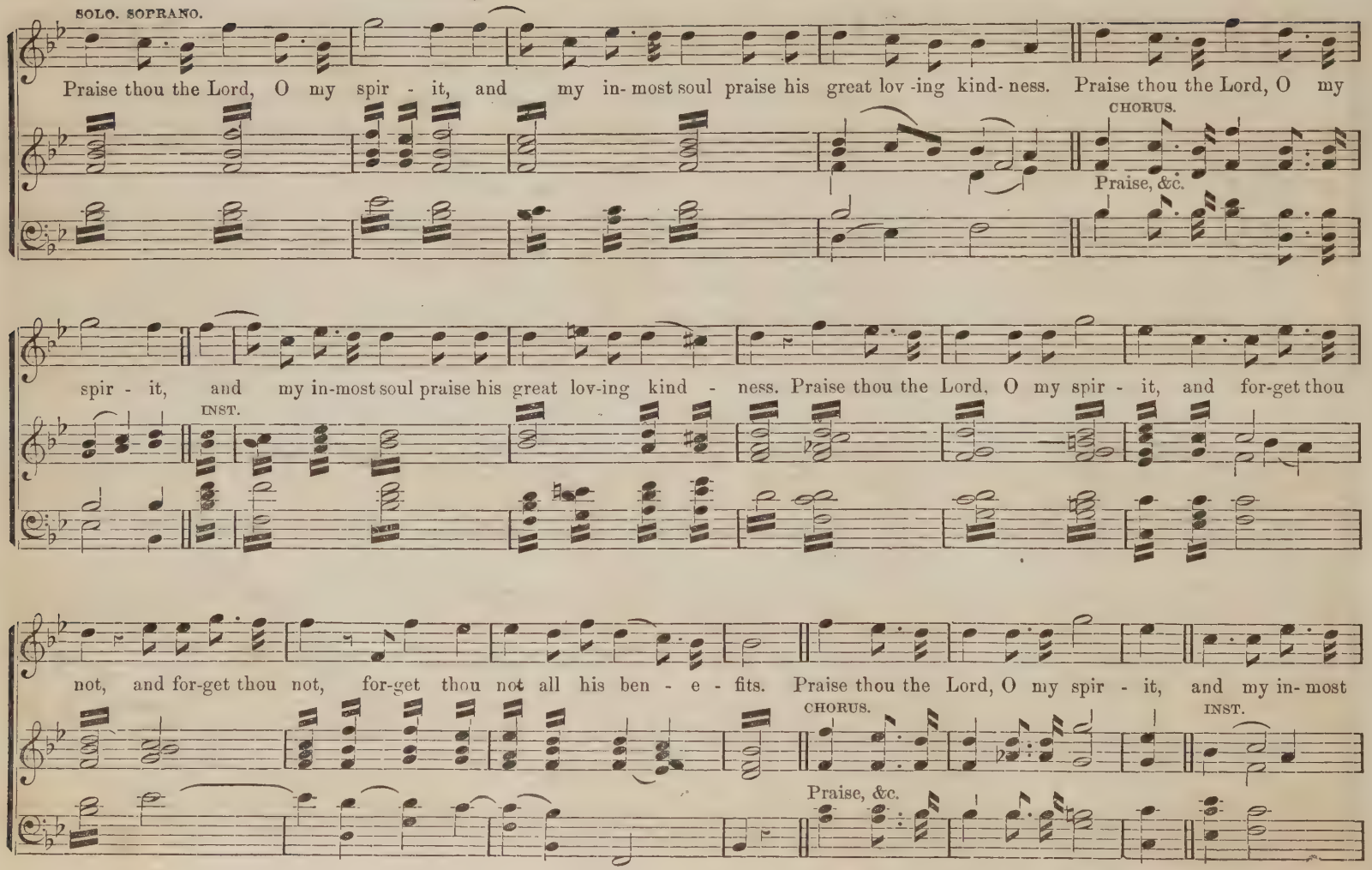
- ev - er and ev - er; Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee, And I will praise thy name for - ev - er and ev - er, for -

- ev - er and ev - er; Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee, And I will praise thy name for - ev - er and ev - er, for -

- ev - er and ev - - er; I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O King, I will ex - tol thee, my God, O King.
ev - - er;

- ev - er and ev - er and ev - er; I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O King, I will ex - tol thee, my God, O King.
ev - - er;


ff
All men, all things,all that has life and breath sing to the Lord,sing to the Lord. All that has life and breath,sing to the Lord,
ff
All men all things,all that has life and breath sing to the Lord,sing to the Lord.
All..... men, all things that have life and breath,
All that has life and breath,
Sing to the Lord..... Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing to the Lord,Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,Sing to the Lord.
All that has life and breath,Sing to the Lord, Halle - lu - jah,
All that has life and breath,sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord..... ... Halle - lu - jah,Sing to the Lord.
Sing to the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing to the Lord, Halle - lu - jah,


SOLO. SOPRANO.
Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it, and my in-most soul praise his great lov-ing kind-ness. Praise thou the Lord, O my
CHORUS.
Praise, &c.
spir - it, and my in-most soul praise his great lov-ing kind - ness. Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it, and for-get thou
INST.
not, and for-get thou not, for-get thou not all his ben - e - fits. Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it, and my in-most
CHORUS.
INST.
Praise, &c.

soul. praise his kindness. His great loving kind - ness, Praise His kindness, His great loving kind- ness, Praise thou the Lord, Praise thou the Lord,

CHORUS.

Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it, and my inmost soul, And my inmost soul, Praise His great loving kindness, Praise thou the Lord,

CHORUS.

INST.

INST.

Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it, Sing to the Lord. Praise thou the Lord, Praise thou the Lord, O my spir - it.

CHORUS.

INST.

CHORUS.

All that has life and breath

THIS IS THE YEAR OF JUBILEE!

Suitable for Christian Reunions.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

INTRODUCTION.

O sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord a new song, A new song sing un - to the Lord, For he hath done mar-vel-ous

O sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord a new song, A new song sing un - to the Lord, For he hath done mar-vel-ous

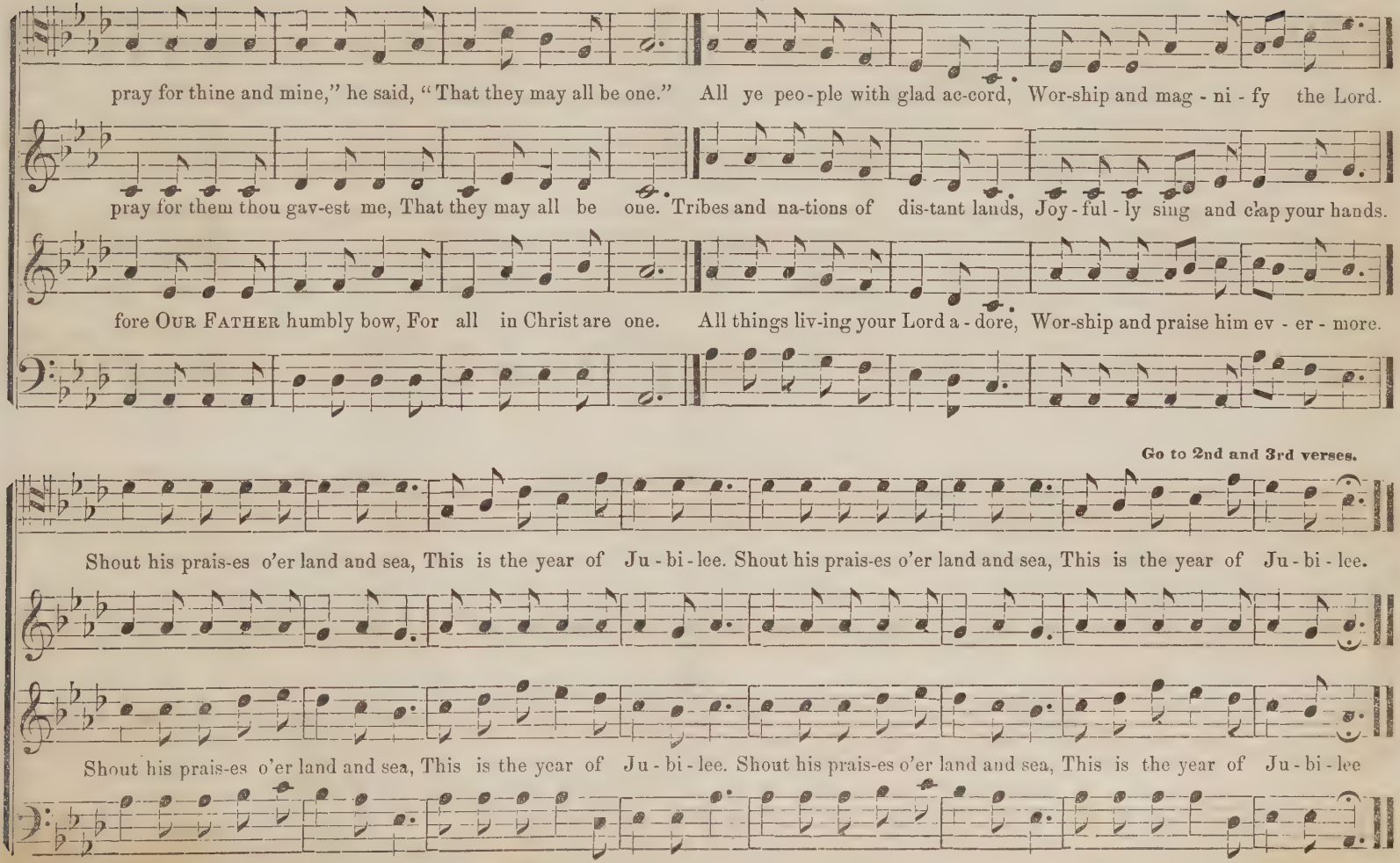
QUARTET.

things, mar-vel-ous things. Sing un - to the Lord a new song. 1. Our dear Re-deem-er prayed, "Now glo - ri - fy thy Son, I

2. "And now come I to thee, The giv - en work is done, I

things, mar-vel-ous things. Sing un - to the Lord a new song. 3. That pray'r is answer'd now, Praise ye the Lord a - lone. Be -

CHORUS.


pray for thine and mine," he said, "That they may all be one." All ye peo-ple with glad ac-cord, Wor-ship and mag-ni-fy the Lord.
pray for them thou gav-est me, That they may all be one. Tribes and na-tions of dis-tant lands, Joy-ful-ly sing and clap your hands.
fore OUR FATHER humbly bow, For all in Christ are one. All things liv-ing your Lord a-dore, Wor-ship and praise him ev-er-more.
Go to 2nd and 3rd verses.
Shout his prais-es o'er land and sea, This is the year of Ju-bi-lee. Shout his prais-es o'er land and sea, This is the year of Ju-bi-lee.
Shout his prais-es o'er land and sea, This is the year of Ju-bi-lee. Shout his prais-es o'er land and sea, This is the year of Ju-bi-lee

TE DEUM. We Praise Thee, O God.

D. A. Winslow.

Vigoroso. *Allegro.*

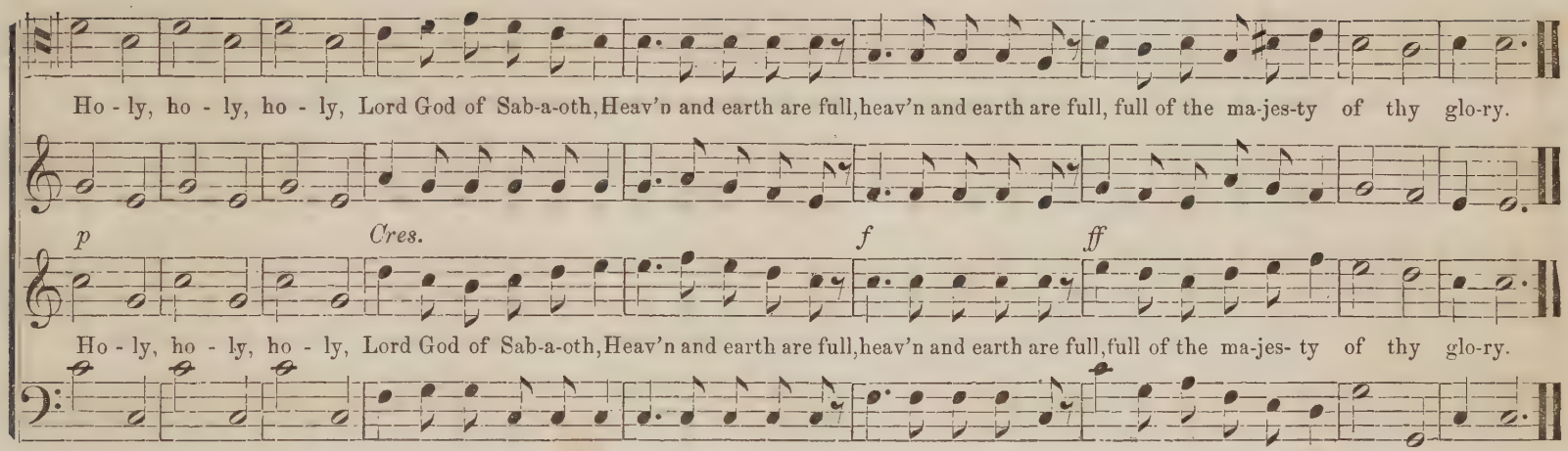
We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the | Lord; All the earth doth worship thee, the Father | ev - er | lasting; To thee all angels cry aloud; the heav'ns and all the | pow'rs there- | in; | To thee cherubim and

We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the | Lord; All the earth doth worship thee, the Father | ev - er- | lasting; To thee all angels cry aloud; the heav'ns and all the | pow'rs there- | in; | To thee cherubim and

ser - aphim, cherubim and ser - aphim con - tin - ually do cry, cher-u-bim and ser - a - phim con-tin-ually, con - tin -ually do cry,

Cres.....

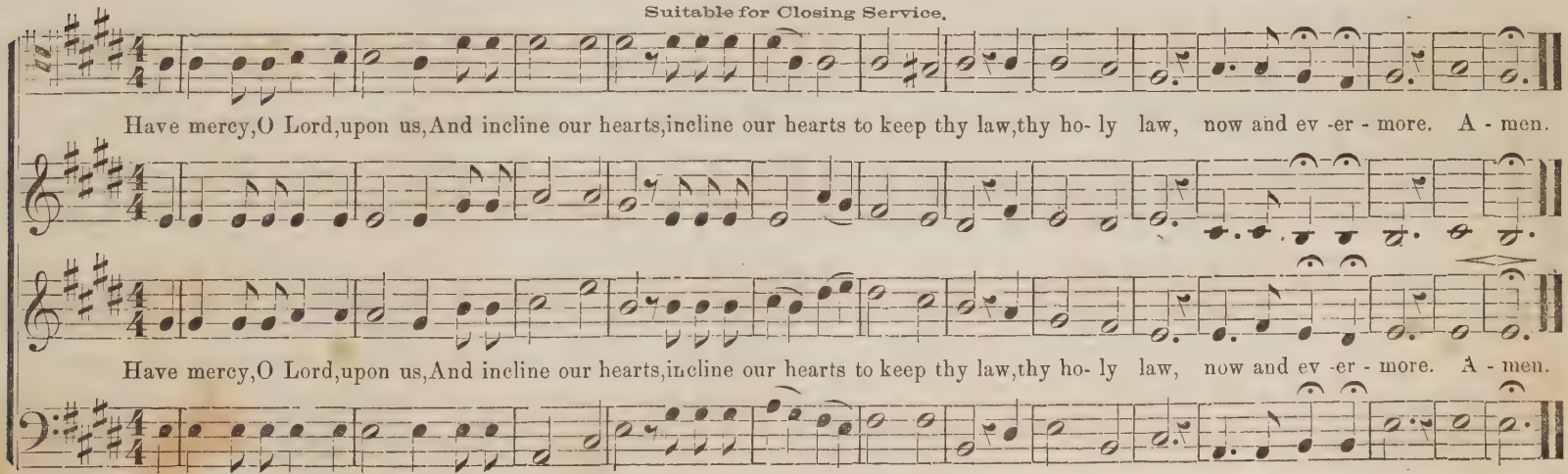
ser - aphim, cherubim and ser - aphim con - tin - ually do cry, cher-u-bim and ser - a - phim con-tin-ually, con - tin -ually do cry,



SENTENCE. Have Mercy, O Lord.

W. Irving Hartshorn.

Suitable for Closing Service.



SENTENCE. The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

C. M. WYMAN.

Suitable for Opening Service.

Moderato.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him, The Lord is in his ho - ly

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him, The Lord is in his ho - ly

TRIO. *p*

temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him, Let the words of my mouth, and the med-i - ta - tion of my heart,

temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him, Let the words of my mouth, and the med-i - ta - tion of my heart,

TUTTI.

Be accept - a - ble, be accept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, O Lord, my strength and my Redeem - er, A - men.

Be accept - a - ble, be accept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, O Lord, my strength and my Redeem - er, A - men.

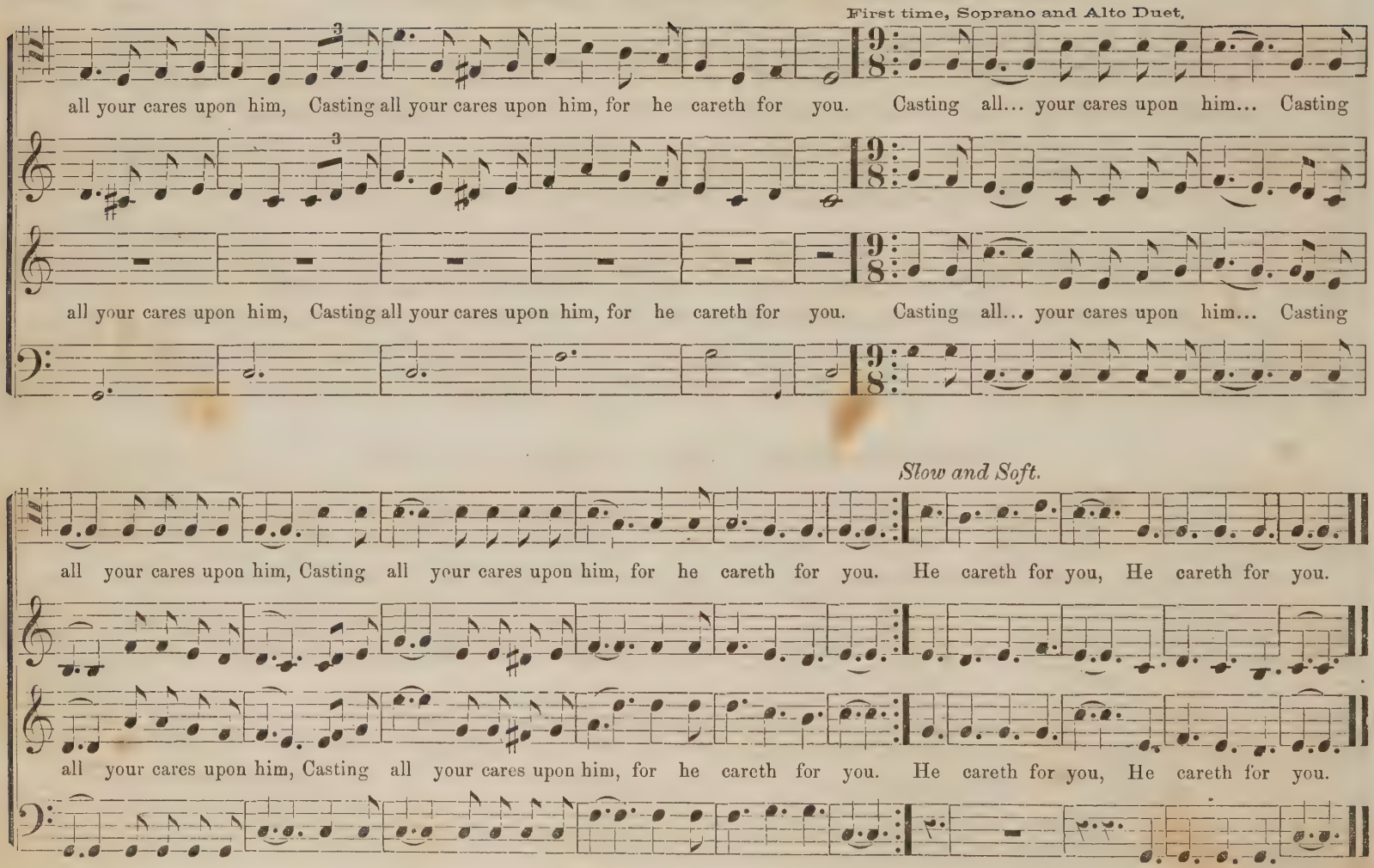
SENTENCE. He Careth for You.

P. P. Bliss.

Andante.

Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you, that he may ex - alt you; Casting all your cares upon him, Casting

Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you, that he may ex - alt you; Casting all your cares upon him, Casting


First time, Soprano and Alto Duet.
all your cares upon him, Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you. Casting all... your cares upon him... Casting
all your cares upon him, Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you. Casting all... your cares upon him... Casting
Slow and Soft.
all your cares upon him, Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you. He careth for you, He careth for you.
all your cares upon him, Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you. He careth for you, He careth for you.

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

SUITABLE FOR DEDICATIONS.

J. M. PELTON.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can ne'er be broken Chose thee for his own a- bode.

2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake her sure re-pose? With sal - va-tion's wall sur-rounded, She can smile at all her foes.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lord, thy church is still thy dwell-ing, Still is precious in thy sight; Ju-dah's tem - ple far ex- cell- ing, Beam-ing with the gos-pel's light.

Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi- on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.

FULL CHORUS.

m Cres. *f* *Slower.*

Ju -dah's tem-ple far ex-cell-ing, Beam-ing with the gos-pel's light. Ju-dah's tem- ple far ex-cell- ing, Beam-ing with the gos-pel's light.

He whose word can ne'er be broken Chose thee for his own a - bode. He whose word can ne'er be brok-en, Chose thee for his own a - bode.

DUET.

SENTENCE. Heal Me, O Lord.

J. M. STILLMAN.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.* *Cres.*

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, save me, and I shall be saved;

ALTO. *mf*

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, save me, and

Inst. *mp*

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise.....for thou.....art my praise.

Cres. *ff*

I shall be saved; for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise.....for thou art my praise.

CHORUS. *m* *Cres.*

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, save me, and I shall be saved; for

m *Cres.* *mf*

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, save me, and I shall be saved; for thou art my

for

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou, for thou art my praise.

for thou art my praise.

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise.....for thou art my praise.

thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise, for thou art my praise.

ANTHEM. Oh, Clap Your Hands, All Ye People.

C. M. WYMAN.
From "Jubilate."

Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, Shout unto God with the voice of triumph, For the Lord most high, For the Lord most high, the Lord is terrible,

Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, Shout unto God with the voice of triumph, For the Lord most high, For the Lord most high, the Lord is terrible,

He is a great King o - ver all the earth, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet,

Sing praises to

He is a great King o - ver all the earth, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet, Sing praises to God.

God is gone up with a shout, The Lord with the sound of a trumpet,

Sing prais - es to God,..... Sing prais - es to God, Sing prais - es, sing prais - es un - to our

God,..... prais - es to God, Sing prais - es to God,

Sing prais - es to God, Sing prais - es to God, Sing prais - es, sing prais - es un - to our

King, un - to our King, For God is the King, is the King, Is the King of all the earth.

For God..... ..... is the King..... of all the earth.

King, un - to our King, For God is the King, is the King, Is the King of all the earth.

SENTENCE—I Will Lay Me Down in Peace.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Andante grazioso.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: For Thou, Lord, for Thou, Lord, on - ly mak-est me to dwell in safe - ty. I

p Dim.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: For Thou, Lord, for Thou, Lord, on - ly mak-est me to dwell in safe - ty. I

will both lay me down, will lay me down in peace and sleep, and sleep: For Thou, Lord, on - ly mak-est me to dwell in safe - ty.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, &c.

will both lay me down, in peace..... and sleep, and sleep: For Thou, Lord, on - ly mak-est me to dwell in safe - ty.

will lay me down in peace

With Majesty.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zi - on, which can - not be re - mov - ed, but a - bid - eth for-ev - er;

mf *f* *m*

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zi - on, which can - not be re - mov - ed, but a - bid - eth for-ev - er;

As the mountains are round about Je-ru - sa - lem, So the Lord is round about his peo - ple for ev - er and ev - er.

As the mountains are round about Je-ru - sa - lem, So the Lord is round about his peo - ple for ev - er and ev - er.

ANTHEM. Cry Out and Shout.

P. P. Bliss.

Vigoroso.

Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on, Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on; For great is the

Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on, Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on; For great is the

p *f* *p*

Ho - ly One, for great is the Ho - ly One, for great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee. is

p *f* *p* Beauti - ful for sit - u - a - tion

Ho - ly One, for great is the Ho - ly One, for great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee.

cres

Zi - on, is Zi - on, is Zi - on, is Zi - on—joy of the earth. is Zi - on, is Zi - on,

Beauti - ful for sit - u - a - tion, beau - ti - ful is Zi - on—joy of the earth. Beauti - ful, O, beau-ti - ful

is Zi - on, is Zi - on—joy of the earth. is Zi - on, is Zi - on,

beau - ti - ful is Zi - on, the joy of the earth. Walk a - bout Zi - on, and go round a - bout her; tell her towers, tell her towers,

beau - ti - ful is Zi - on, the joy of the earth. Walk a - bout Zi - on, and go round a - bout her; tell her towers, tell her towers,

mark well her bulwarks, consid - er her pal - a - ces, tell it to the gen - er - a - tions fol-low - ing thee. Cry out and shout, cry out and

mark well her bulwarks, consid - er her pal - a - ces, tell it to the gen - er - a - tions fol-low - ing thee. Cry out and shout, cry out and

shout, cry out and shout, cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on; for great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee.

shout, cry out and shout, cry out and shout, thou in - hab - i - tant of Zi - on; for great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee.

Cry out and shout Great is the Ho-ly One in the midst of thee. Great is the Ho-ly One in the midst of thee.

f *ff*

Cry out and shout Great is the Ho-ly One in the midst of thee. Great is the Ho-ly One in the midst of thee

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

A. K. VIRGIL.

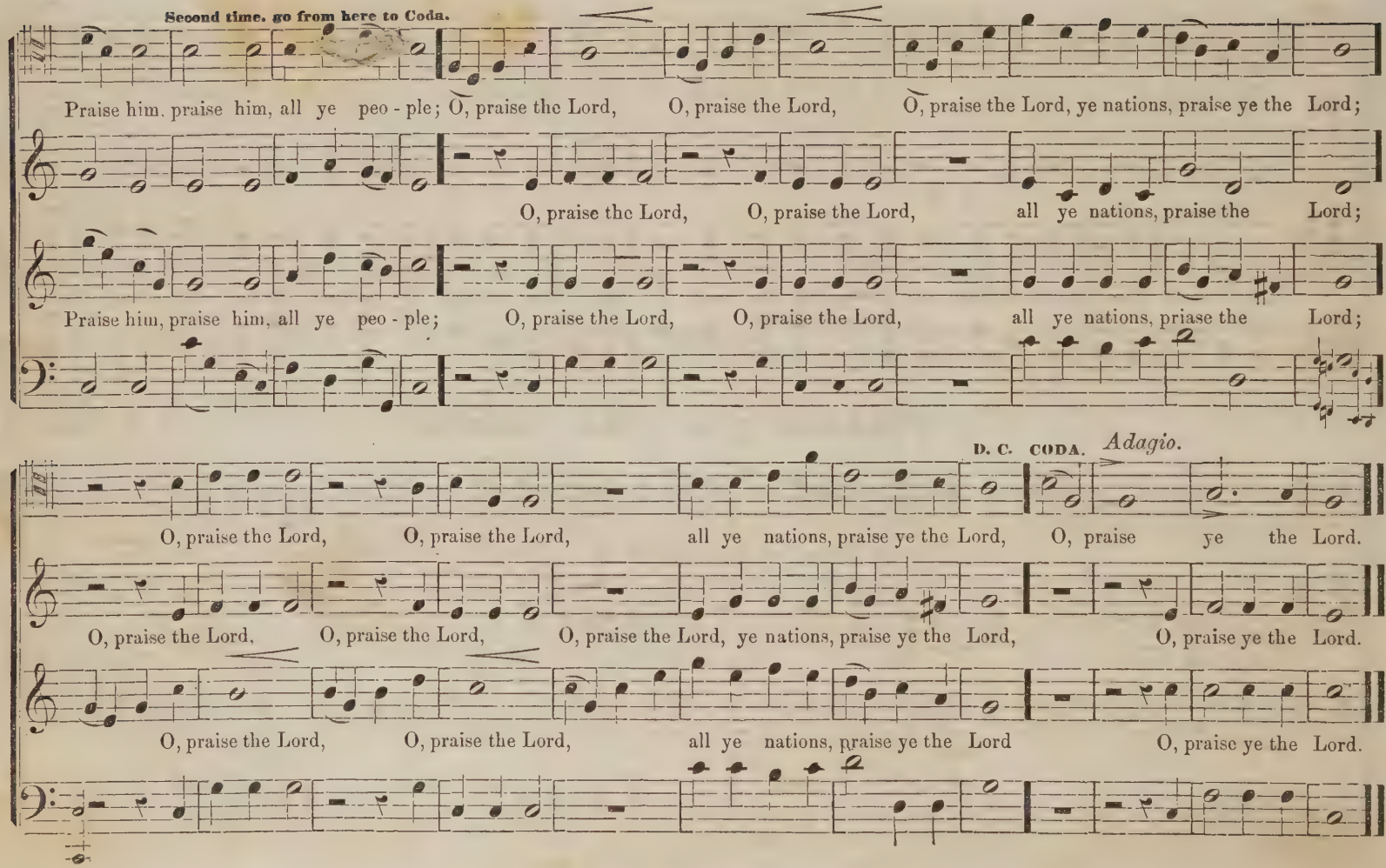
all ye nations, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo-ple, O praise the Lord, all ye na - tions,

O praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, praise him, all ye peo - ple, all ye na-tions,

praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, O, praise the Lord, all ye na - tions.

all ye na-tions, praise him, all ye peo - ple,

PRAISE YE THE LORD.—Concluded.



PRELUDE. *Allegro Moderato.*

Words pre

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo · rious home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace in thee.

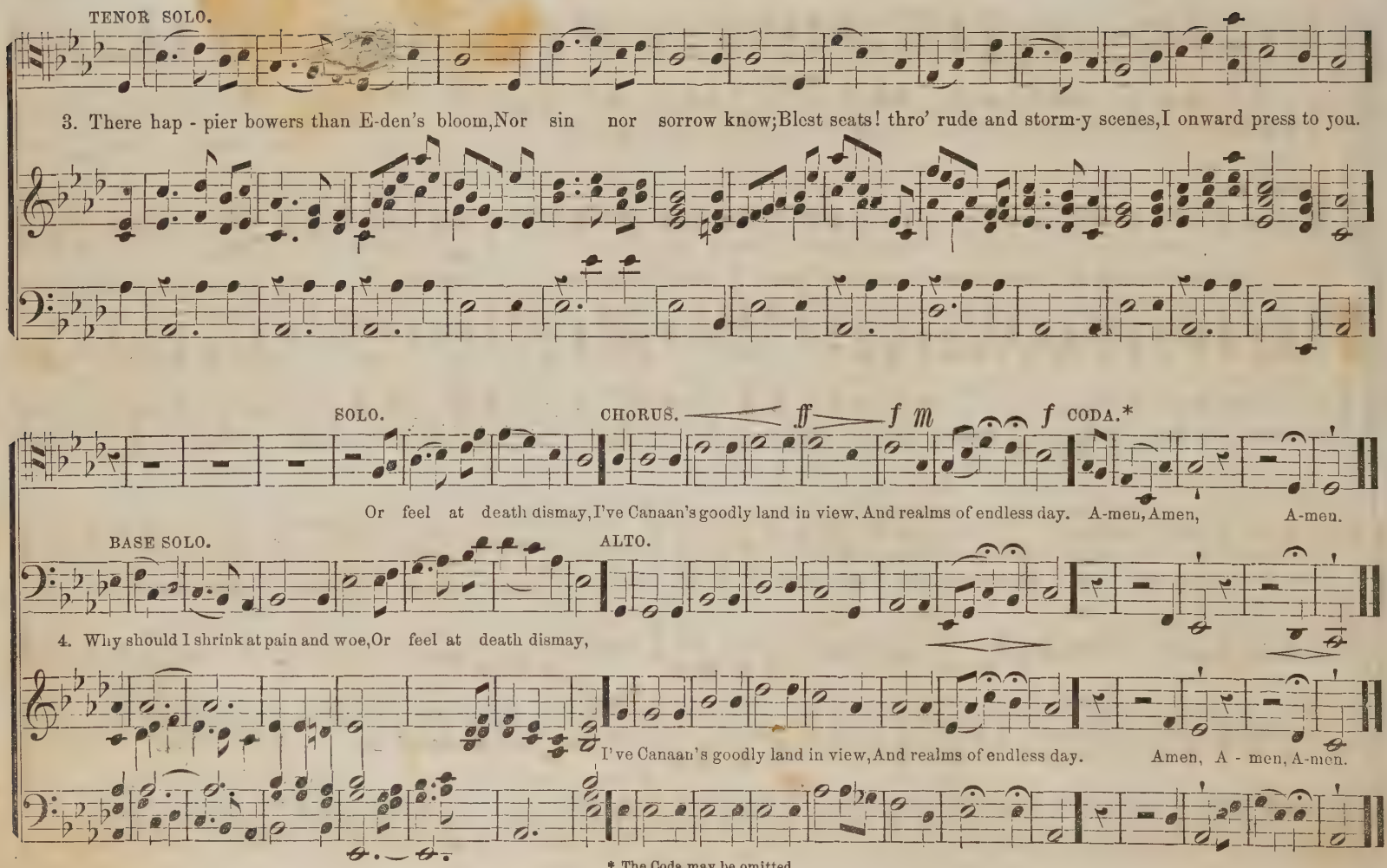
TENOR SOLI. CHORUS.

2. O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where ev - er-more the an - gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end?

ALTO SOLI.

Where ev - er-more the an - gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end?

* May be used as C. M.



* The Coda may be omitted.

ANTHEM. Song of the Redeemed.

C. M. WYMAN.

*Recitative.** FIRST VOICE. TENOR OR SOPRANO.

Words prepared by REV. D. H. HODGE.

I beheld and lo! a great multitude which no man can number, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands.

SECOND VOICE. SOPRANO OR TENOR.

FIRST VOICE.

Rit.

Who are these in bright array? Yea, who are these and whence come they? These are they who've washed their robes In the blood of the Lamb.

Volti Subito.

These are they who've washed their robes In the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of | God; | And they sing a | new | song;

* The Recitative may be omitted.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Salvation, salva-tion unto our God, which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, forever; Salvation! Sal - va-tion! Sal - va-tion! Sal - vation!

Salvation, salva-tion unto our God, which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, forever; Salvation! Sal - va-tion! Sal - va-tion! Sal - vation!

For thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood, and hast made us kings and priests. Hallelujah, A- men, Halle-lu - jah, A-men.

For thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood, and hast made us kings and priests. Hallelujah, A- men, Halle-lu - jah, A-men.

EIGHT VOICES OR SEMI-CHORUS. *Andante.*

A - men, A - men, Praise ye the Lord, Let us be glad and re-joice in him;—Praise ye the Lord. Blessing and glo- ry and

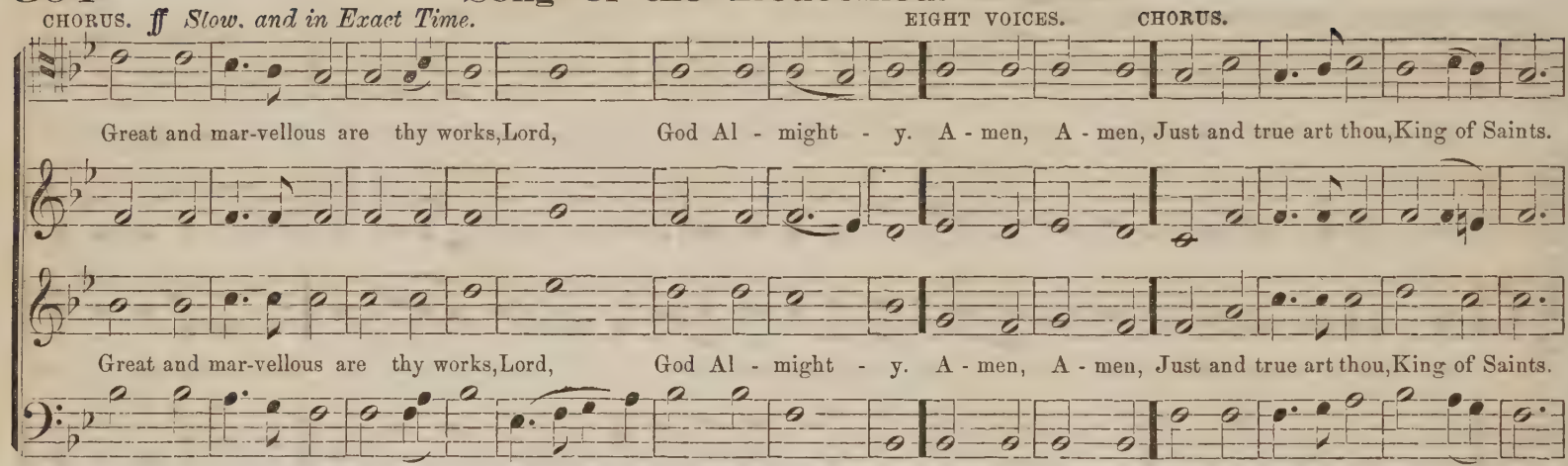
A - men, A - men, Praise ye the Lord, Let us be glad and re-joice in him;—Praise ye the Lord. Blessing and glo- ry and

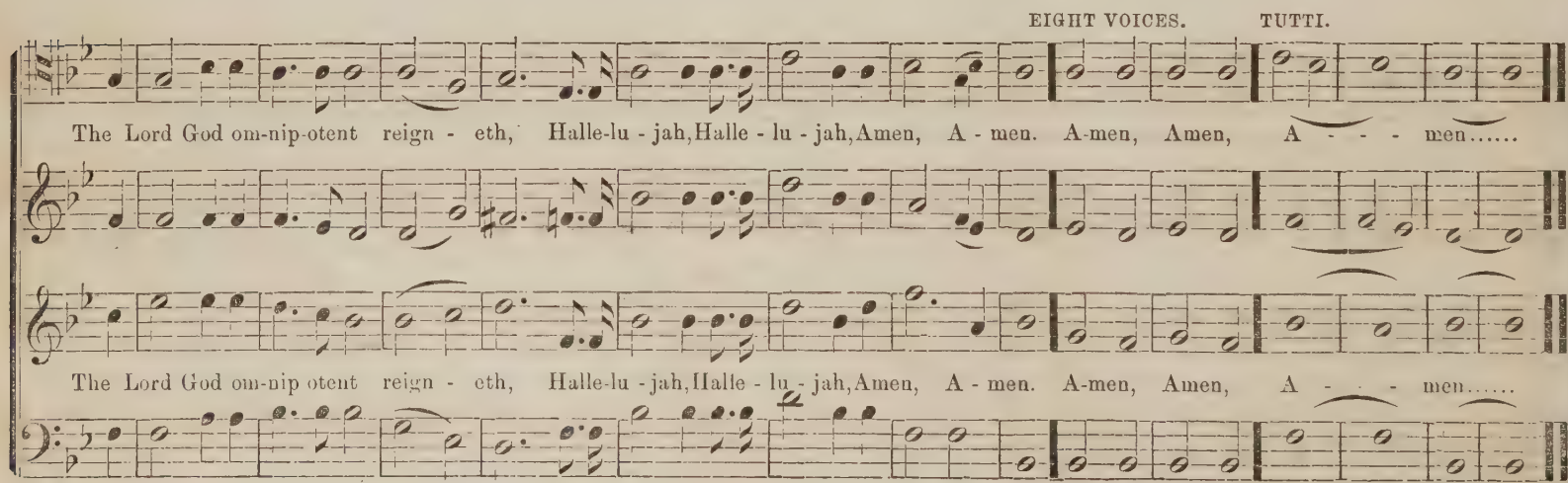
wisdom and thanksgiving and rich - es and hon - or and pow - er and might, Be un - to our God for - ev - - er, A - men, A - men.

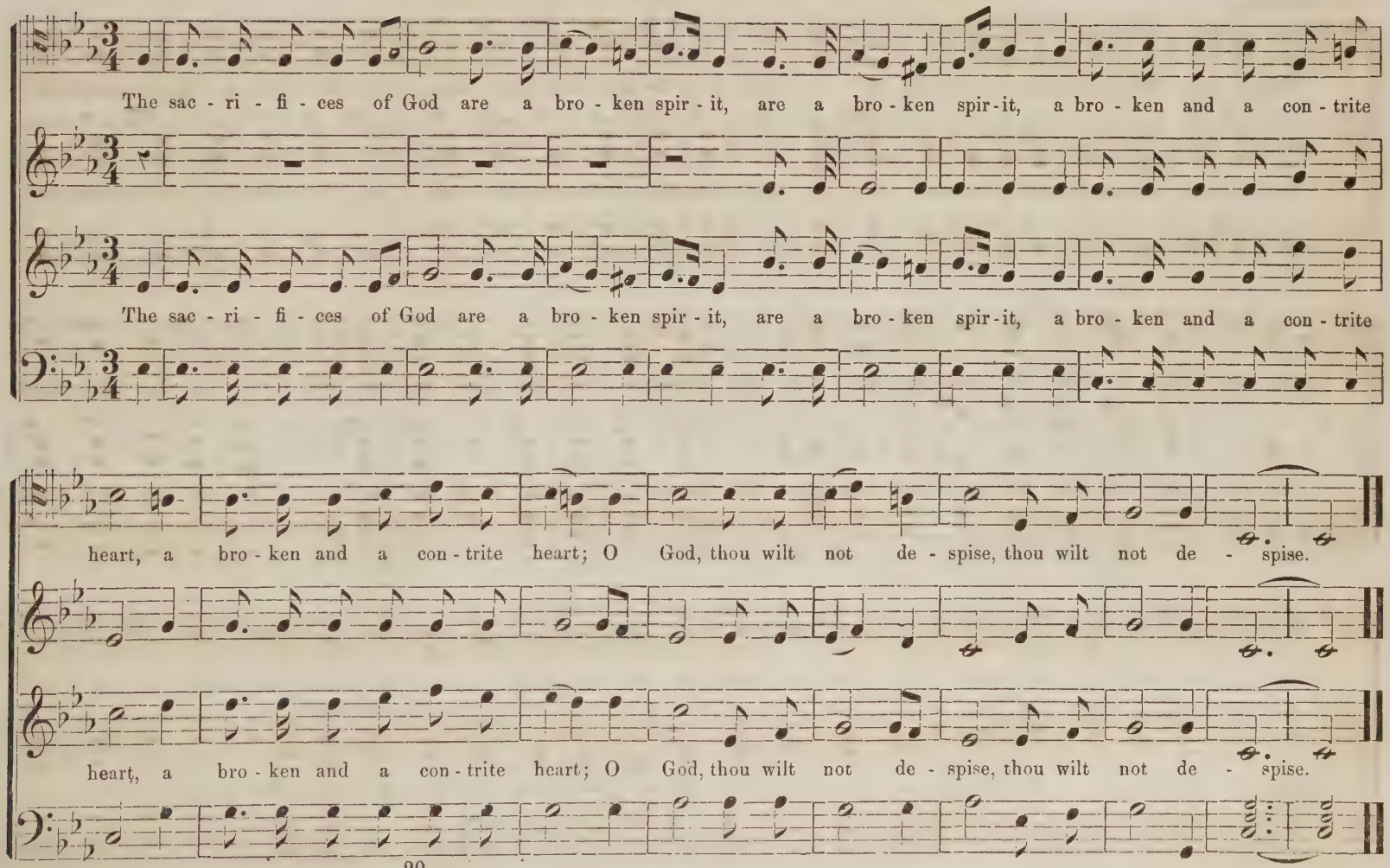
Rit. - - - - - -

wisdom and thanksgiving and rich - es and hon - or and pow - er and might, Be un - to our God for - ev - - er, A - men, A - men.

Song of the Redeemed.—Concluded.






The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, are a bro - ken spir - it, a bro - ken and a con - trite
The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, are a bro - ken spir - it, a bro - ken and a con - trite
heart, a bro - ken and a con - trite heart; O God, thou wilt not de - spise, thou wilt not de - spise.
heart, a bro - ken and a con - trite heart; O God, thou wilt not de - spise, thou wilt not de - spise.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE.

Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with glad - ness, come be - fore his pres - ence with

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with glad - ness, come be - fore his pres - ence with

sing - ing, come be - fore his pres - ence with sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath

sing - ing, come be - fore his pres - ence with sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath

made us, and not we our - selves, we are his peo - ple and the sheep of his pas - ture. En - ter in - to his

made us, and not we our - selves, we are his peo - ple and the sheep of his pas - ture. En - ter in - to his

gates with thanks-giv - ing, and in - to his courts with praise..... Be thank - ful un - to him, and bless his

gates with thanks-giv - ing, and in - to his courts with praise..... ..... Be thank - ful un - to him, and bless his

name, For the Lord is good, for the Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and his truth en - dur - eth, en -

name, For the Lord is good, for the Lord is good, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and his truth en - dur - eth, en -

dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions. A - men, A - men.

all..... .... gen - er - a - tions.

dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions. A - men, A - men.

ANTHEM. "Bow Down Thine Ear."

C. M. Wyman.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, am poor and needy, Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, I am poor and

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, am poor and needy, Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor, I am poor and

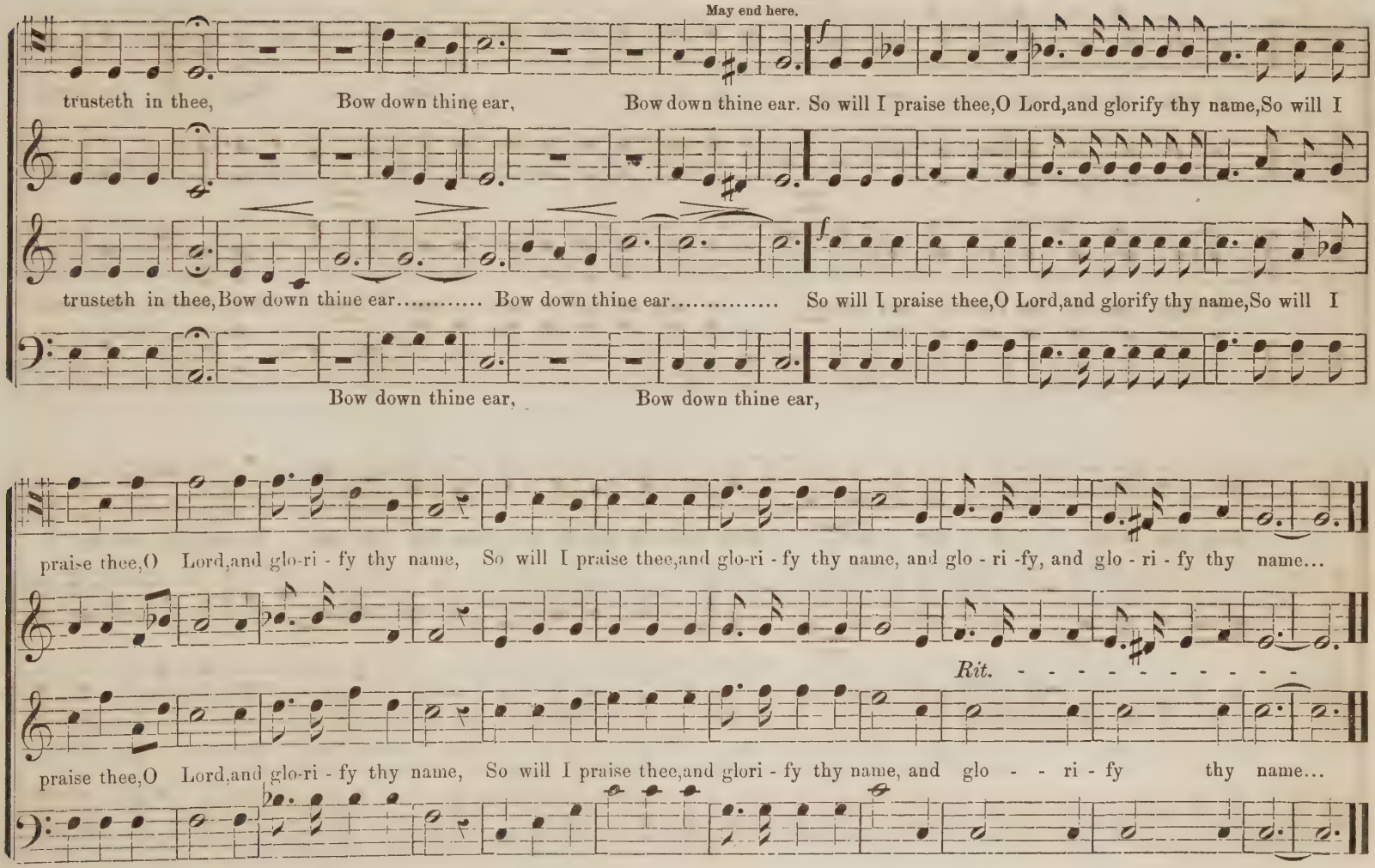
TENOR *f* *p* *pp*

needy, Pre-serve my soul, pre-serve my soul, for I... am ho - ly, O thou my God, save thy servant, save thy servant that trusteth in thee, that

Preserve my soul, preserve my soul, for I am ho - ly,

p *pp*

needy, Preserve my soul, preserve my soul, for I am ho - ly, O thou my God, save thy servant, save thy servant that trusteth in thee, that


May end here.
trusteth in thee, Bow down thine ear, Bow down thine ear. So will I praise thee,O Lord,and glorify thy name,So will I
trusteth in thee,Bow down thine ear..... Bow down thine ear..... So will I praise thee,O Lord,and glorify thy name,So will I
Bow down thine ear, Bow down thine ear,
praise thee,O Lord,and glo-ri - fy thy name, So will I praise thee,and glo-ri - fy thy name, and glo - ri -fy, and glo - ri - fy thy name...
Rit.
praise thee,O Lord,and glo-ri - fy thy name, So will I praise thee,and glori - fy thy name, and glo - - ri - fy thy name...

ANTHEM. O Sing Unto the Lord.

C. M. Wyman.

O sing un - to the Lord a new song... O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the Lord,

O sing un - to the Lord a new song... O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the Lord,

bless his name, all the earth... Show forth his sal - va - tion from day to day, De-clare his glo - ry a -

bless his name, all the earth... Show forth his sal - va - tion from day to day, De clare his glo - ry a -

CHANT. Chant each verse before proceeding.

mong the heathen, his wonders a - mong all peo - ple. 1. For the Lord is great, and - - - - - -

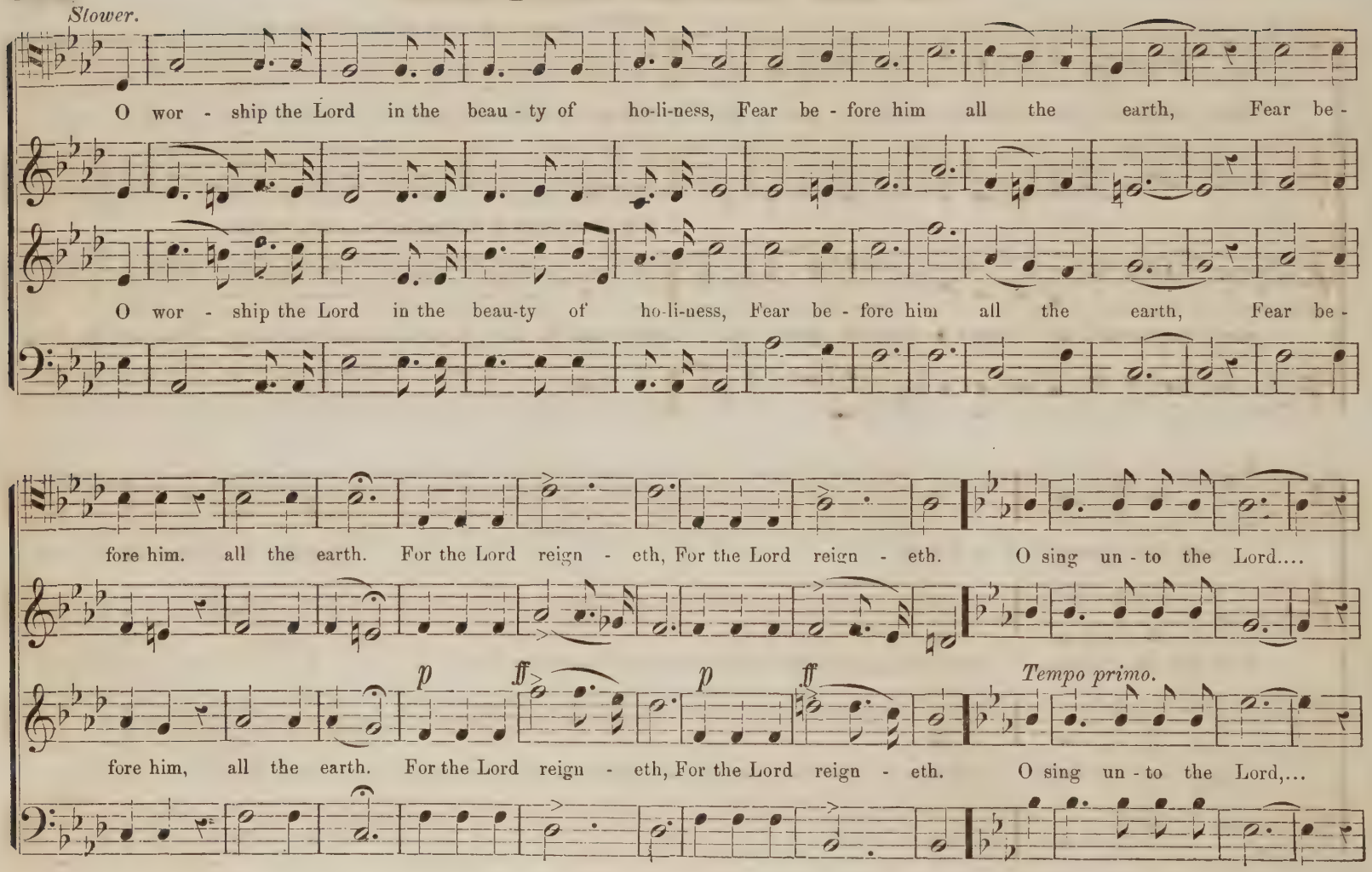
2. For all the gods of the nations are idols, but the - - -

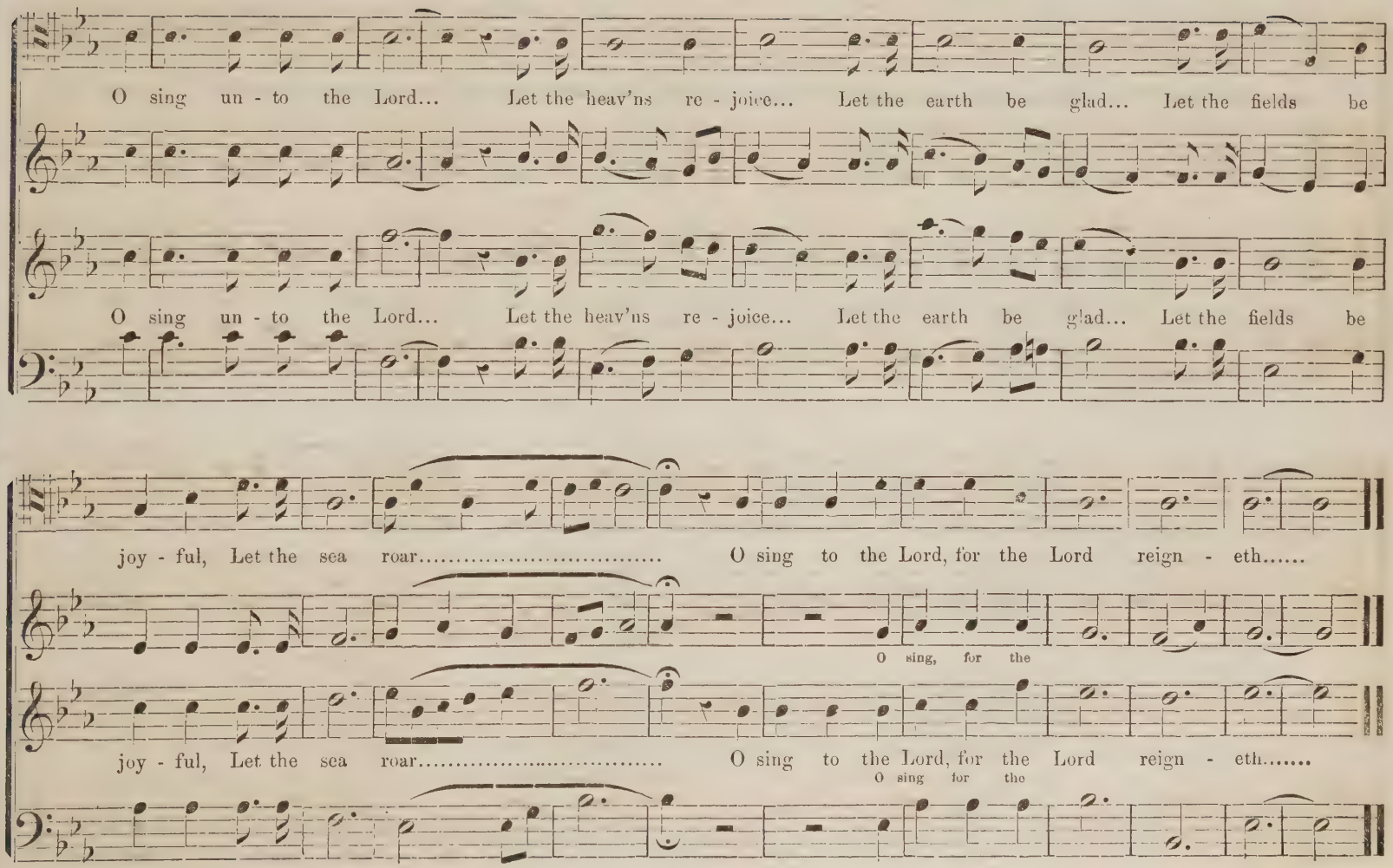
mong the heathen, his wonders a - mong all peo - ple. 3. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,—Give unto the Lord

greatly to be | praised ; | He is to be - - - - - - - | feared a - | bove all | gods;

Lord made the | heavens ; | Honor and majesty are before him, strength and beauty are - - | in his | sanc - tu - | ary.

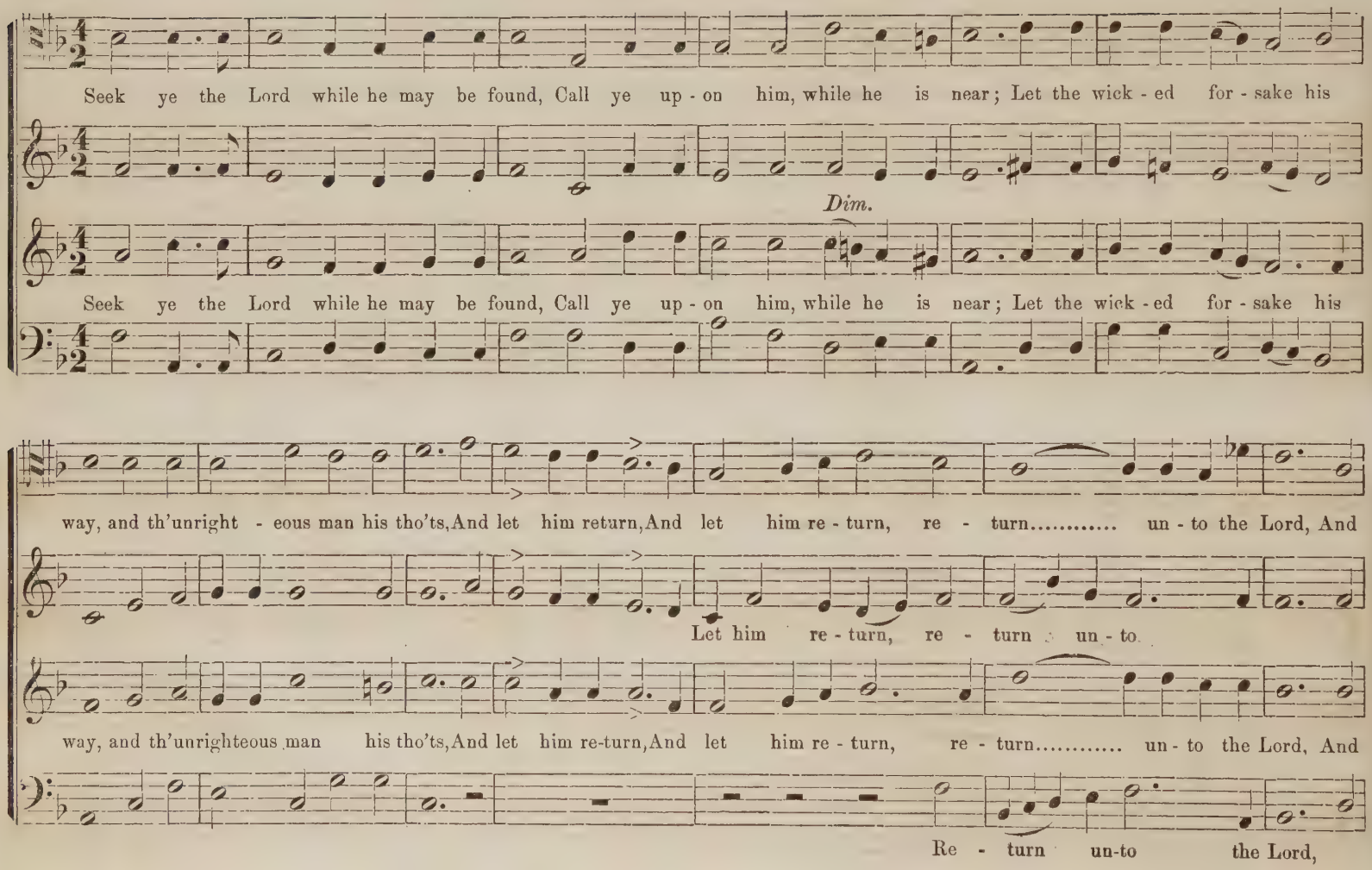
glory and | strength ; | Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering and | come in - | to his | courts.


Slower.
O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho-li-ness, Fear be - fore him all the earth, Fear be -
O wor - ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Fear be - fore him all the earth, Fear be -
fore him. all the earth. For the Lord reign - eth, For the Lord reign - eth. O sing un - to the Lord....
p
ff
p
ff
Tempo primo.
fore him, all the earth. For the Lord reign - eth, For the Lord reign - eth. O sing un - to the Lord,...


O sing un - to the Lord... Let the heav'ns re - joice... Let the earth be glad... Let the fields be
O sing un - to the Lord... Let the heav'ns re - joice... Let the earth be glad... Let the fields be
joy - ful, Let the sea roar..... O sing to the Lord, for the Lord reign - eth.....
O sing, for the
joy - ful, Let the sea roar..... O sing to the Lord, for the Lord reign - eth.....
O sing for the

MOTETTE. Seek Ye the Lord.

WILLIAM MASON.



he will have mercy up - on him, and to our God, and to our God, for he will a - bun - dant-ly par - don.

p

he will have mercy up - on him, and to our God, and to our God, for he will a - bun - dant-ly par - don.

Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while he is near. Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord.

Dim. *pp*

Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while he is near. Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord

LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.

S. W. Straub.

DUET. *Andante.*

God be merciful un-to us, and bless us, And cause his face to shine upon us, That thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

God be merciful un-to us, and bless us. And cause his face to shine upon us, That thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee,

p *m* *f*

Let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee,

Fine. DUET. *Andante.*

O God: let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, O God; Then shall the earth yield her increase, then shall the earth yield her

O God: let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, let the people praise thee, O God; Then shall the earth yield her increase, then shall the earth yield her

CHORUS. *Dal Segno.*

increase, then shall the earth yield her increase, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us.

increase, then shall the earth yield her increase, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us, God shall bless us.

And God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and God shall bless us. God shall bless us.

SENTENCE. O Lord of Hosts.

W. H. Doane.

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we trust in thee, a - lone in thee, we trust in thee alone. O Lord of Hosts, O Lord of Hosts, in thee, in

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we trust in thee, a - lone in thee, we trust in thee alone. O Lord of Hosts, O Lord of Hosts, in thee, in

ff

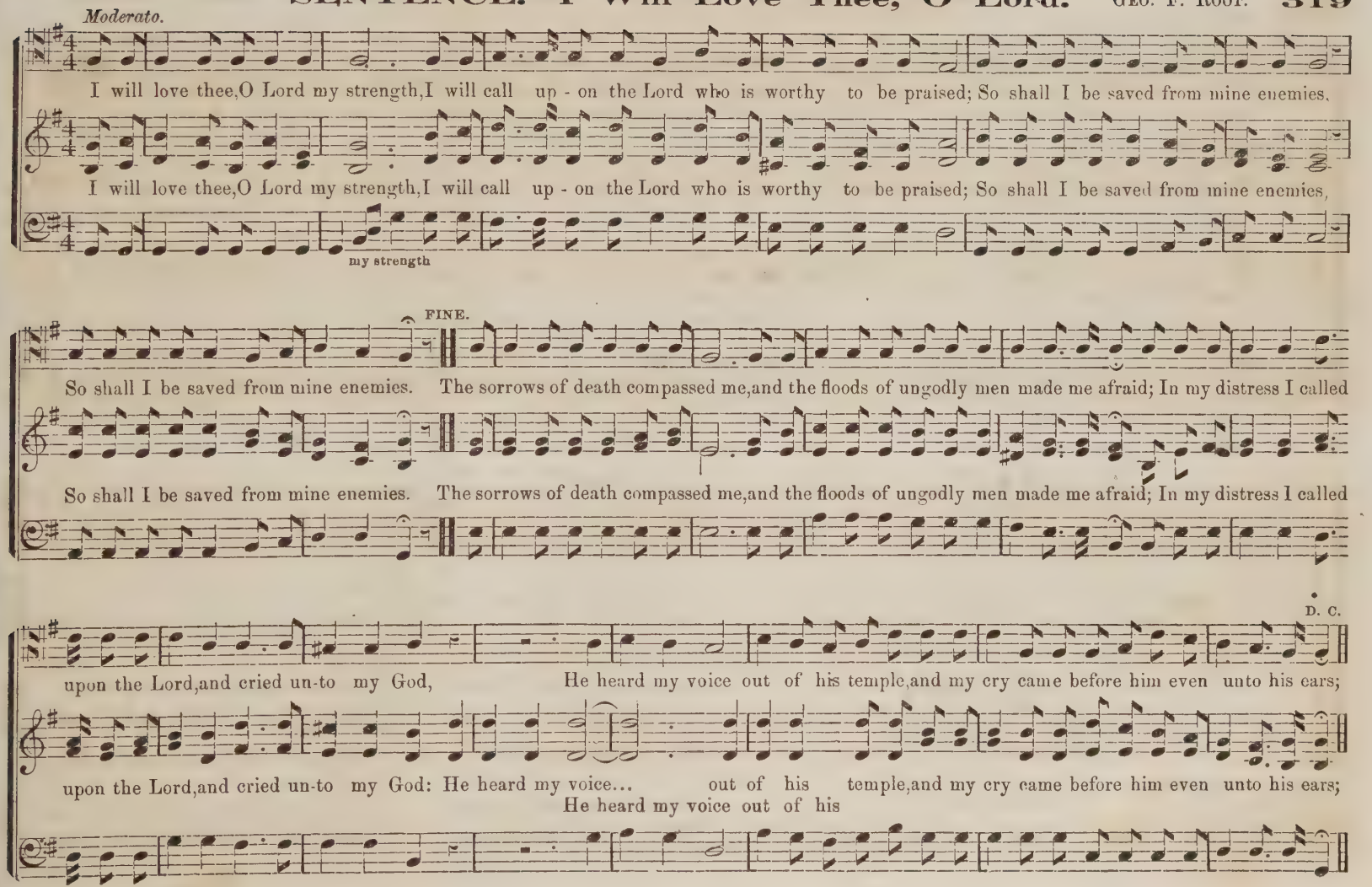
thee our trust is stayed. E - ter-nal Prince of Peace. In thee is stayed; On thee, O

pp

thee our trust is stayed, In thee a - lone, in thee a - lone, E - ter-nal Prince of Peace. Our hope, our trust in thee is stayed; On thee, O

Lord of Hosts. O Lord of Hosts, O Lord of Hosts, in thee, in thee our trust is stayed, we trust in thee, O Lord of Hosts.

Lord of Hosts. O Lord of Hosts, O Lord of Hosts, in thee, in thee our trust is stayed, we trust in thee, O Lord of Hosts.


Moderato.
I will love thee, O Lord my strength, I will call up - on the Lord who is worthy to be praised; So shall I be saved from mine enemies.
I will love thee, O Lord my strength, I will call up - on the Lord who is worthy to be praised; So shall I be saved from mine enemies,
my strength
FINE.
So shall I be saved from mine enemies. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; In my distress I called
So shall I be saved from mine enemies. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; In my distress I called
D. C.
upon the Lord, and cried un-to my God, He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him even unto his ears;
upon the Lord, and cried un-to my God: He heard my voice... out of his temple, and my cry came before him even unto his ears;
He heard my voice out of his

SENTENCE. Search Me, O God.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

With much expression.

Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try me and know, and know my tho'ts, try me and know, and know my tho'ts, and see if there be any

and see if there be any wicked

Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try me and know, and know my tho'ts, try me and know, and know my tho'ts, and see if there be any

wicked way in me, and lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing, and lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing. A - men, A - men.

way in me.

wicked way in me, and lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing, and lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing. A - men, A - men.

the way ev - er-lasting.

SENTENCE. They that Sow in Tears.

Andante. *p* *mp* *Cres.* ALTO SOLO. *A little faster.*

They that sow in tears shall reap..... in joy.

TREBLE AND ALTO.

They that sow in tears shall reap, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, Shall doubtless come a-

INST.

They that sow in tears shall reap,..... shall reap in joy.

TUTTI. *f* *Cres.* *p*

gain, shall doubtless come a-gain, come a-gain, with re-joic-ing, re-joic-ing, bring-ing his sheaves with him, with him.

bring-ing his sheaves with him.

ANTHEM. Open Ye the Gates.

C. M. Wyman.

Vigoroso.

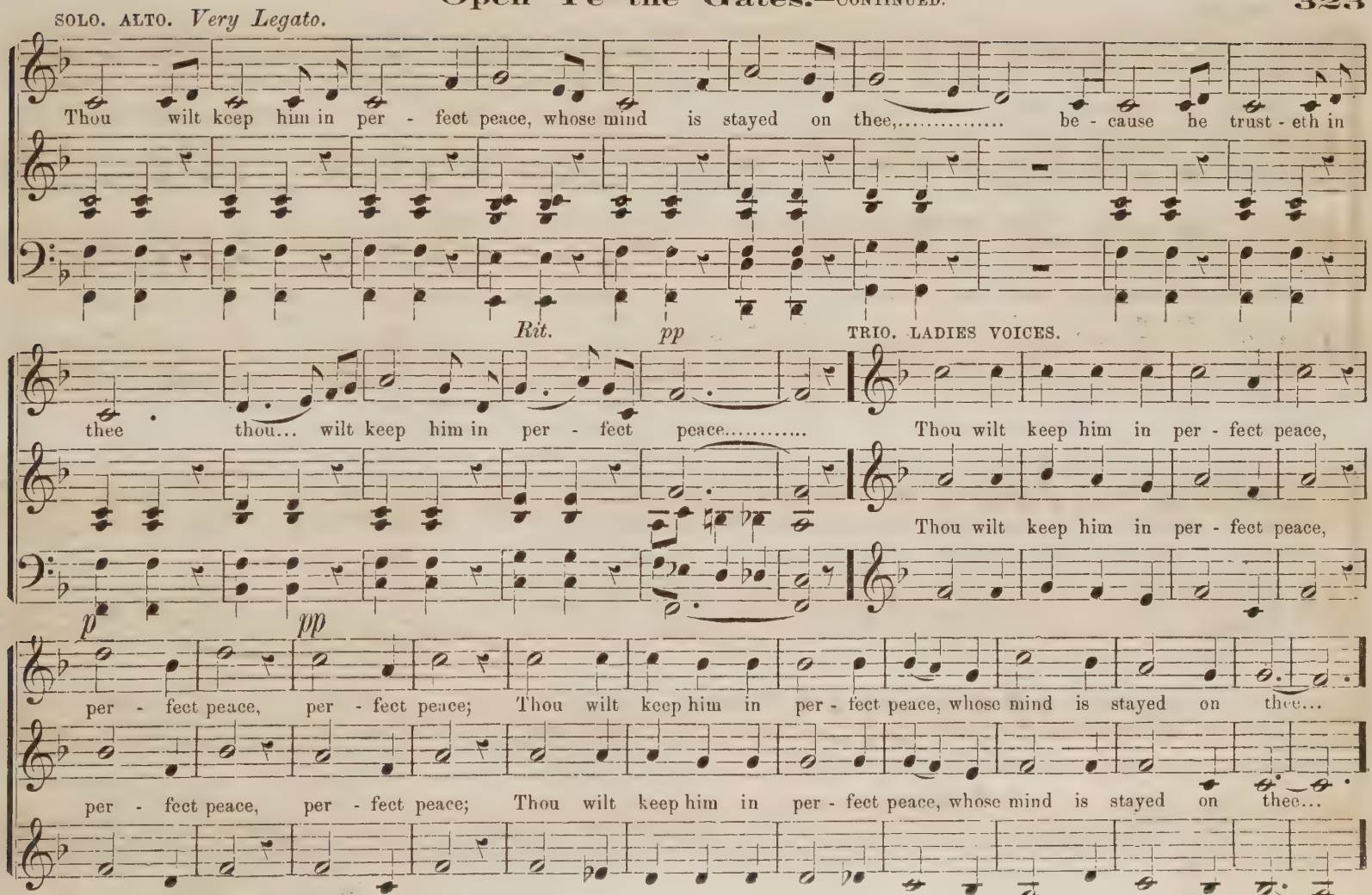
O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates that the righteous may en - ter, O - pen ye the

O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates that the righteous may en - ter, O - pen ye the

Rit. e Cres. *ff*

gates that the righteous na-tion which keepeth the truth may enter, may en - ter in; O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates.

gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter, may en - ter in; O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates.


SOLO. ALTO. Very Legato.
Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee,..... be - cause he trust - eth in
Rit.
pp
TRIO. LADIES VOICES.
thee thou... wilt keep him in per - fect peace.....
Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,
Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,
p
pp
per - fect peace, per - fect peace; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee...
per - fect peace, per - fect peace; Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee...

Open Ye the Gates.—Continued.

Allegro.

Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, trust ye in him, trust ye, trust ye in the

Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, trust ye in him, trust ye, trust ye in the

Trust ye in the Lord, Trust ye in the Lord,

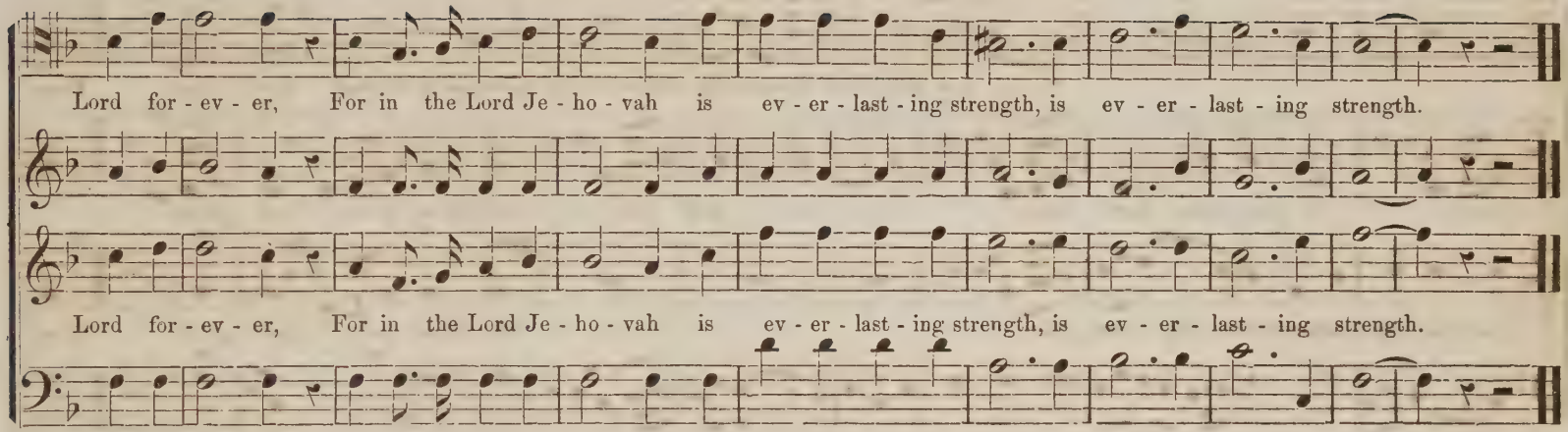
Cres.

Lord for- ev - er, for in the Lord Je-ho - vah is ev- er-last - ing strength. Trust in the Lord..... O trust in the

Trust in the Lord.....

Lord for- ev - er, for in the Lord Je-ho - vah is ev- er-last - ing strength. Trust in the Lord..... O trust in the

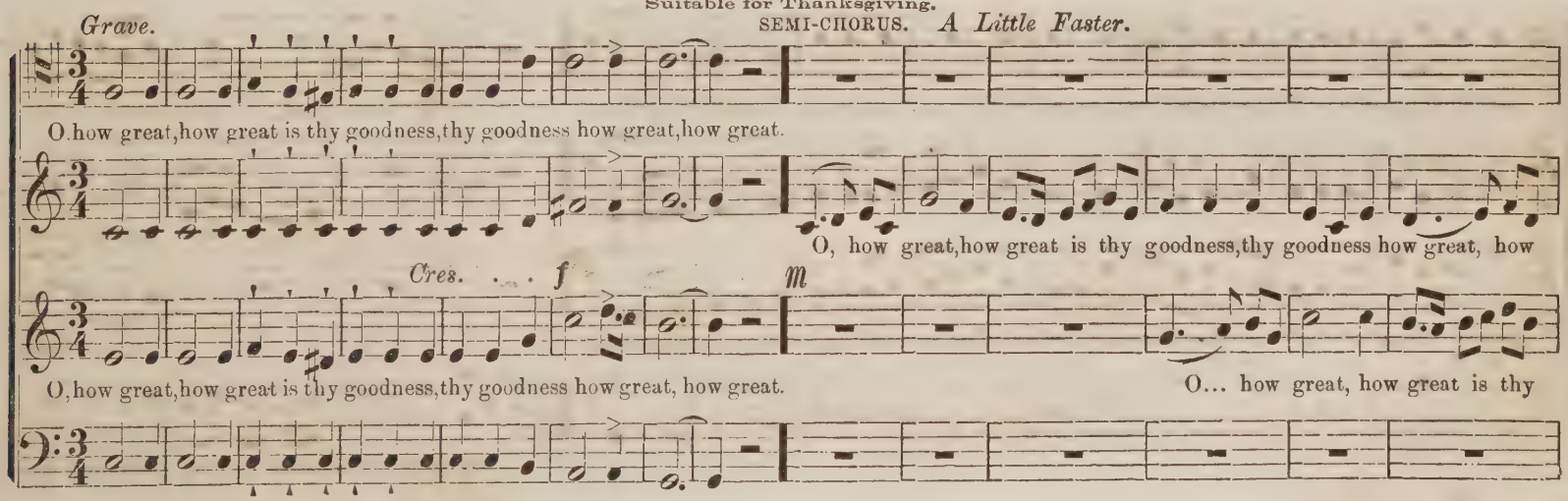
Trust in the Lord,



ANTHEM. O How Great is Thy Goodness.

J. M. Pelton.

Suitable for Thanksgiving.



FULL CHORUS.

O,..... how great, how great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, how great. How

great, O how great, how great, O,..... how great, O, how great, how great.

goodness, thy goodness how great, how great, O, how great, how great. How

O,..... how great, how great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, how great,

great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee. O, how great, how great is thy

O,..... how great, how

great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee. O,... how

O, how great, how great is thy goodness, thy

goodness, thy goodness, thy goodness, how great, how great, how great. How great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, which thou hast laid up for

great is thy goodness, thy goodness, thy goodness, how great, how great.

f *f*

great, how great is thy goodness, thy goodness, how great, how great. How great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, which thou hast laid up for

goodness, O, how great, how great,

them that trust in thee, that trust in thee, before the sons of men; How great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, how great, O, how great.

For them that trust in thee, O, how great.

mf *ff* *f*

them that trust in thee, for them that trust in thee, before the sons of men; How great is thy goodness, thy goodness how great, how great, how great.

O, how great.

PROTECT US, O FATHER.

CHR. SCHUSTER.

SOPRANO SOLO. *Andante.*

Dolce. Pro-tect us thro' our earthly way, O Fa-ther, Fa-ther, might-y! de-liv-er us from ev-'ry ill, and guide our souls to heaven.

Legato.

TUTTI.

Pro-tect us thro' our earthly way, O Father, Father might-y! de-liv-er us from ev-'ry ill, and guide our souls to heav'n. Protect us, Father, O Father,

Protect us, Father,

Pro-tect us thro' our earthly way, O Father, Father might-y! de-liv-er us from ev-'ry ill, and guide our souls to heav'n. O Father,

TUTTI. *f*

p

mighty! Protect us, Father, O Father, mighty! Protect us Father, Father, de-liv-er us from ev'ry ill, and guide our souls to heav'n.

our souls

p

our souls

TUTTI. *f*

mighty! O Father, mighty! Protect us Father, Father, de liv-er us from ev'ry ill, and guide our souls to heav'n.

OPENING SENTENCE.

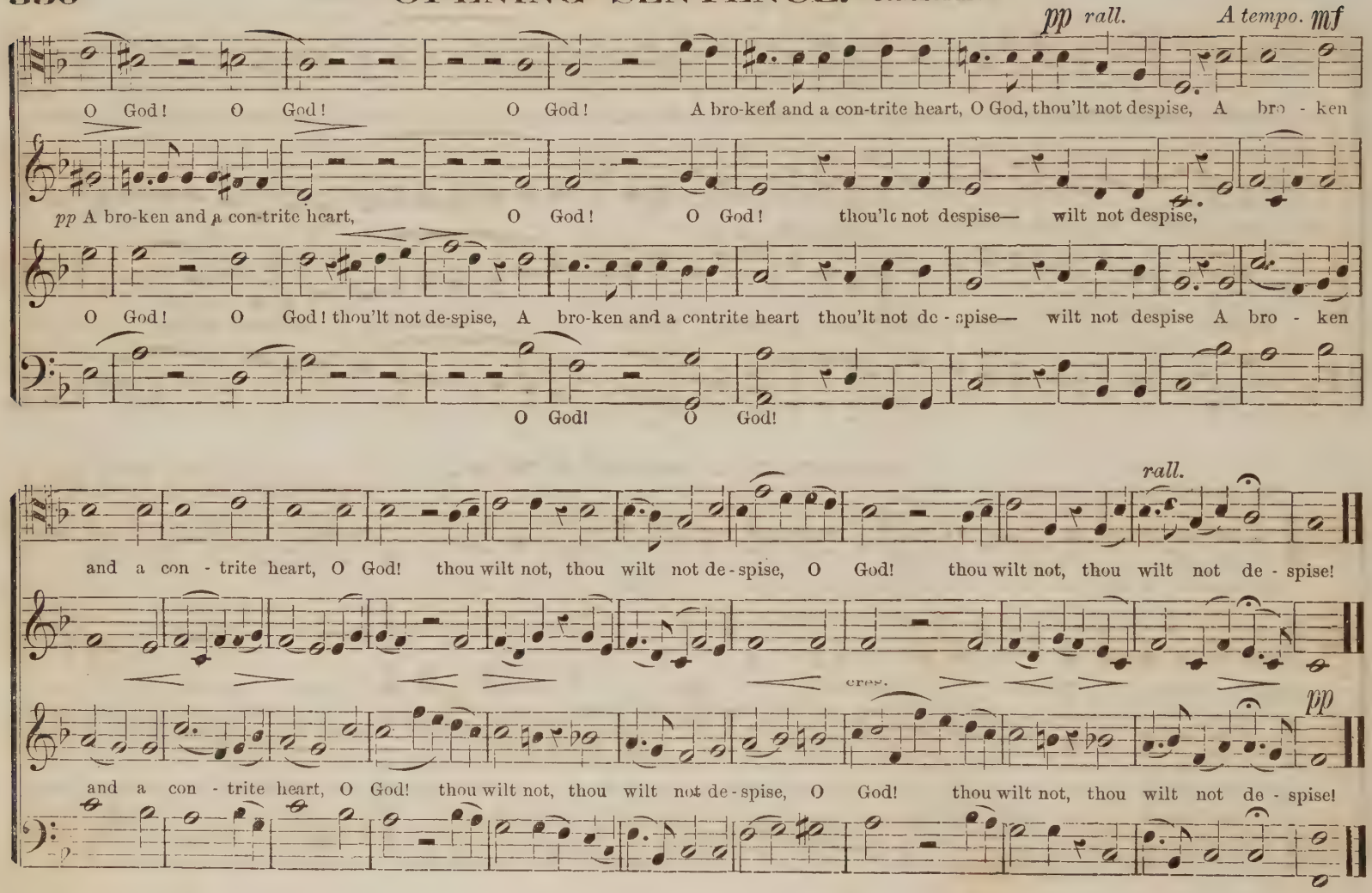
HENRY WILSON.
Organist Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.

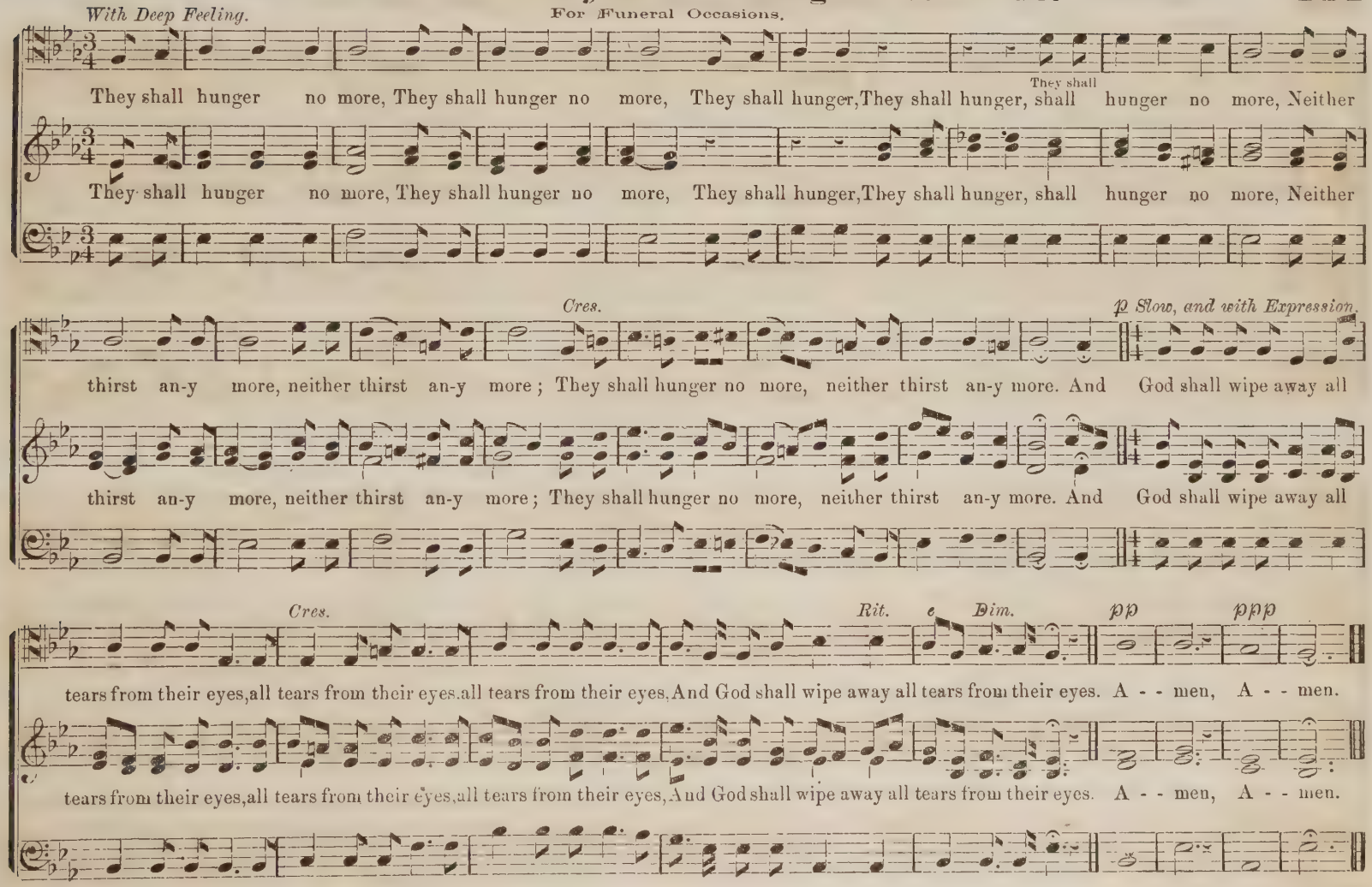
Moderatò e con espressione.

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it— a bro - ken, a bro - ken spir - it!

pp *pp* *pp*

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it— a bro - ken, a bro - ken spir - it! a bro ken and a con - trite heart,


pp rall.
A tempo. mf
O God! O God! O God! A bro-ken and a con-trite heart, O God, thou'lt not despise, A bro - ken
pp A bro-ken and a con-trite heart, O God! O God! thou'lt not despise— wilt not despise,
O God! O God! thou'lt not de-spise, A bro-ken and a contrite heart thou'lt not de - spise— wilt not despise A bro - ken
O God! O God!
rall.
and a con - trite heart, O God! thou wilt not, thou wilt not de - spise, O God! thou wilt not, thou wilt not de - spise!
cres.
pp
and a con - trite heart, O God! thou wilt not, thou wilt not de - spise, O God! thou wilt not, thou wilt not de - spise!


With Deep Feeling.
For Funeral Occasions.
They shall hunger no more, They shall hunger no more, They shall hunger, They shall hunger, They shall shall hunger no more, Neither
They shall hunger no more, They shall hunger no more, They shall hunger, They shall hunger, shall hunger no more, Neither
Cres.
p Slow, and with Expression.
thirst an-y more, neither thirst an-y more; They shall hunger no more, neither thirst an-y more. And God shall wipe away all
thirst an-y more, neither thirst an-y more; They shall hunger no more, neither thirst an-y more. And God shall wipe away all
Cres.
Rit.
e
Dim.
pp
ppp
tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. A - - men, A - - men.
tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. A - - men, A - - men.

ANTHEM. And He Showed Me a Pure River.

B. D. Allen.

Andante Espressivo.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, pro-ceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb. And there shall be no more

p *f*

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, pro-ceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb. And there shall be no more

curse, But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. And his ser - - - vants shall serve..... him, and they shall

And his servants, shall serve him,

p *p*

curse, But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. And his servants, shall serve him, and they shall

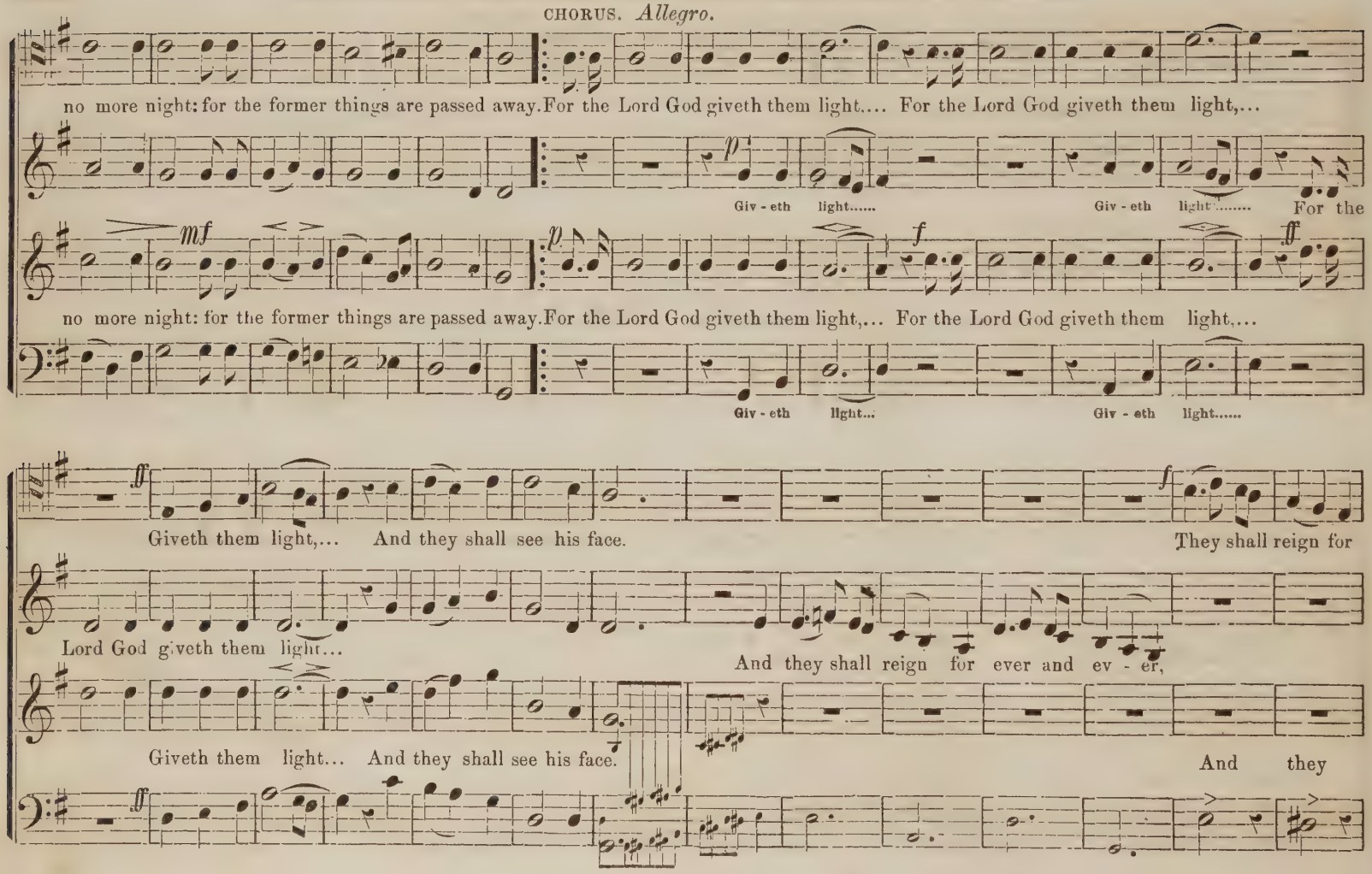
Sostenuto.

see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And God shall wipe a-way all tears, God shall

see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, God shall

wipe all tears a - way, No more death, Nor an - y more pain; and there shall be there

wipe all tears a - way, And there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor an - y more pain; and there shall be there


CHORUS. Allegro.
no more night: for the former things are passed away. For the Lord God giveth them light.... For the Lord God giveth them light,...
p
Giv - eth light..... Giv - eth light..... For the
mf
p
f
ff
no more night: for the former things are passed away. For the Lord God giveth them light,... For the Lord God giveth them light,...
Giv - eth light... Giv - eth light.....
ff
f
Giveth them light,... And they shall see his face. They shall reign for
Lord God giveth them light...
And they shall reign for ever and ev - er,
Giveth them light... And they shall see his face.
And they
ff

ever and ev -er, And they shall reign forever-more, And they shall reign for - ev-er-more, They shall reign, ev - er-more,

8va. loco. 8va.

shall reign, And they shall reign forever-more, And they shall reign for - ev-ermore, And they shall reign for - ev - er more, And

They shall reign, ev - er-more,

1st time. 2d time. *Adagio.*

They shall reign, ev - er-more, And they shall reign for-ev - ermore, and see his face, more, for - ev - er - more.

loco. 8va. loco. 8va.

they shall reign for - ev - er - more, And they shall reign for-ev - er - more and see his face, more, for ev - er - more.

They shall reign, ev - er-more,

ANTHEM. Hear Our Prayer.

A. K. Virgil.

SOLI.

Hear our prayer, and save us, O Lord; Hear our prayer, and save us, O Lord; O Lord, hear, O hear our prayer; Hear our prayer, and save us, O

SOLI. TUTTI.

Hear our prayer, and save us, O Lord; Hear our prayer, and save us, O Lord; O Lord, hear, O hear our prayer; Hear our prayer, and save us, O

SOLI. CHORUS.

Lord; Hear our prayer, and save us, Lord; Hear, O Hear our prayer; Lord; Lord have mercy upon us, and hear, O hear our pray'r, O hear our pray'r.

SOLI. *Rit.* TUTTI.

Lord; Hear our prayer, and save us, Lord; Hear, O Lord; Lord have mercy upon us, and hear, O hear our pray'r, O hear our pray'r.

SOLO.

SOLO—TENOR.

Hear our prayer, and save us, Lord, Save us in thy mer - cy,

CHORUS.

p

Save us in thy mer-cy, Save us in thy power, Hear our prayer, Save us, Lord,

p

Save us in thy mer - cy, save us in thy power.

SOLO—SOPRANO.

Hear our prayer, and

Save us in thy power, Save us in thy power, Hear our prayer,

p

Save us in thy power, save us in thy mer - cy.

save us, Lord, save us in thy mer - cy, save us in thy mer - cy, save us in thy power.

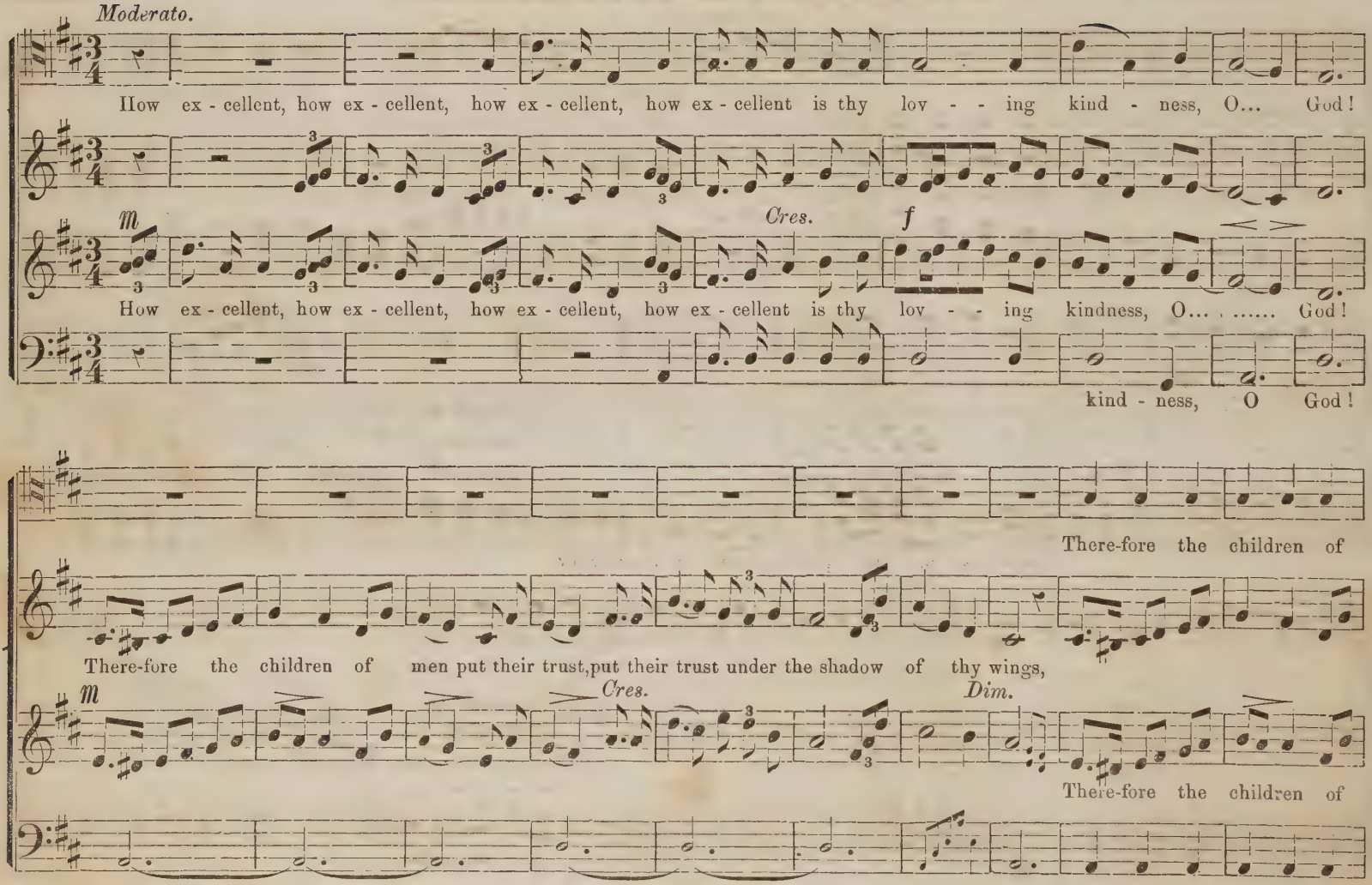
p *pp Rit.*

Save us, Lord, Save us in thy power. Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer.

Save us in thy power.

ANTHEM. How Excellent.

J. M. Stillman.



men put their trust, put their trust under the shad - ow of thy wings. BASE SOLO.

mf

They shall be abundantly sat-is - fied with the fatness of thy

Cres. *f*

men put their trust, put their trust under the shad - ow of thy wings. ACCOMPANIMENT.

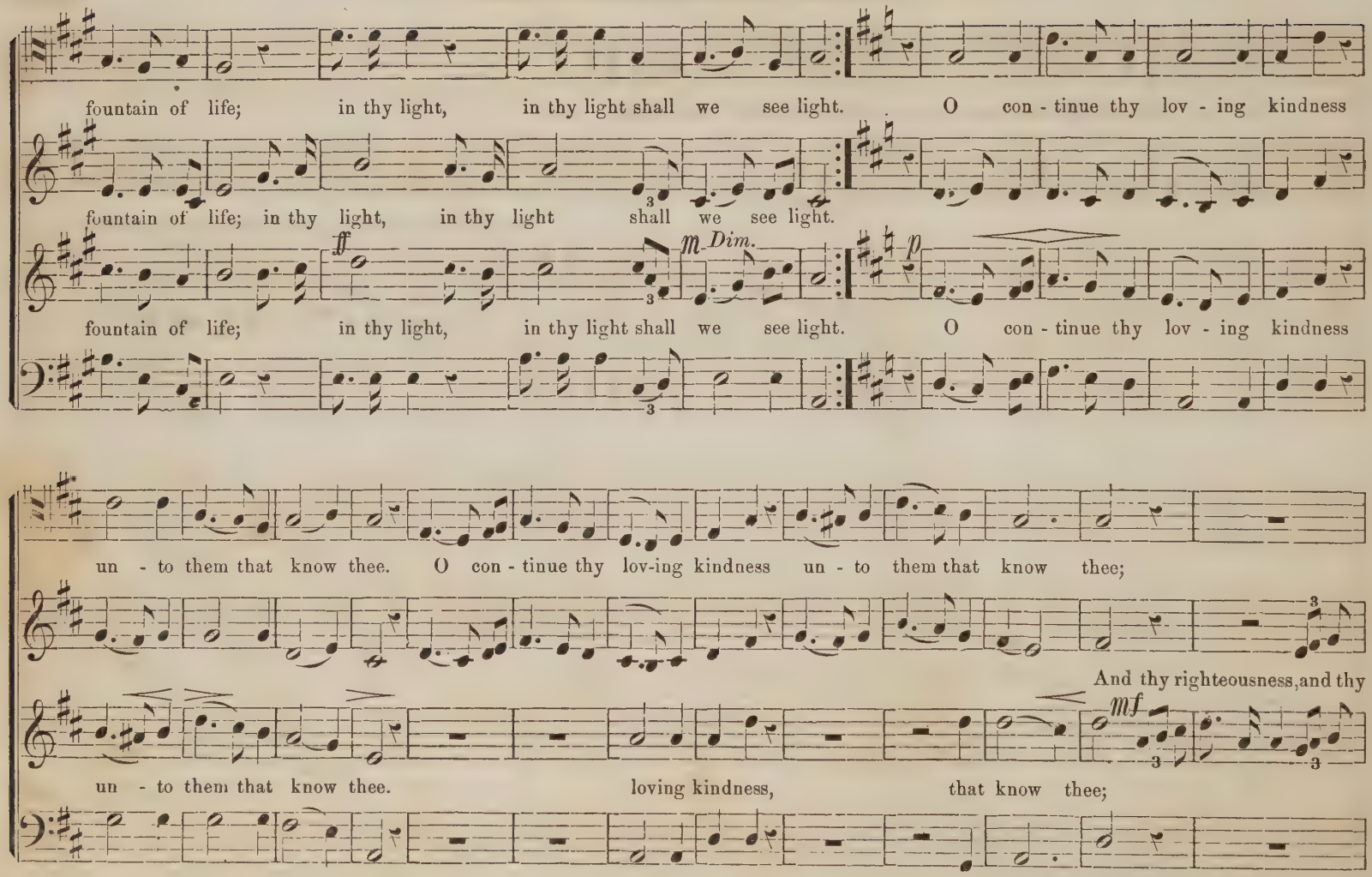
CHORUS.

For with thee, For with thee is the

house, And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleas - - ures. For with thee..... For with thee..... is the

f *Cres.*

For with thee..... For with thee is the


fountain of life; in thy light, in thy light shall we see light. O con - tinue thy lov - ing kindness
fountain of life; in thy light, in thy light shall we see light.
ff
m Dim.
p
fountain of life; in thy light, in thy light shall we see light. O con - tinue thy lov - ing kindness
un - to them that know thee. O con - tinue thy lov-ing kindness un - to them that know thee;
And thy righteousness, and thy
mf
un - to them that know thee. loving kindness, that know thee;

And thy righteousness, and thy righteousness to the up - right in heart, the up - - right in heart...

righteousness,

Cres. *f* *Morendo.*

And thy righteousness, and thy righteousness to the up - right in heart, the up - - right in heart...

SENTENCE. Hear My Prayer, O Lord.

J. W. Ruggles.

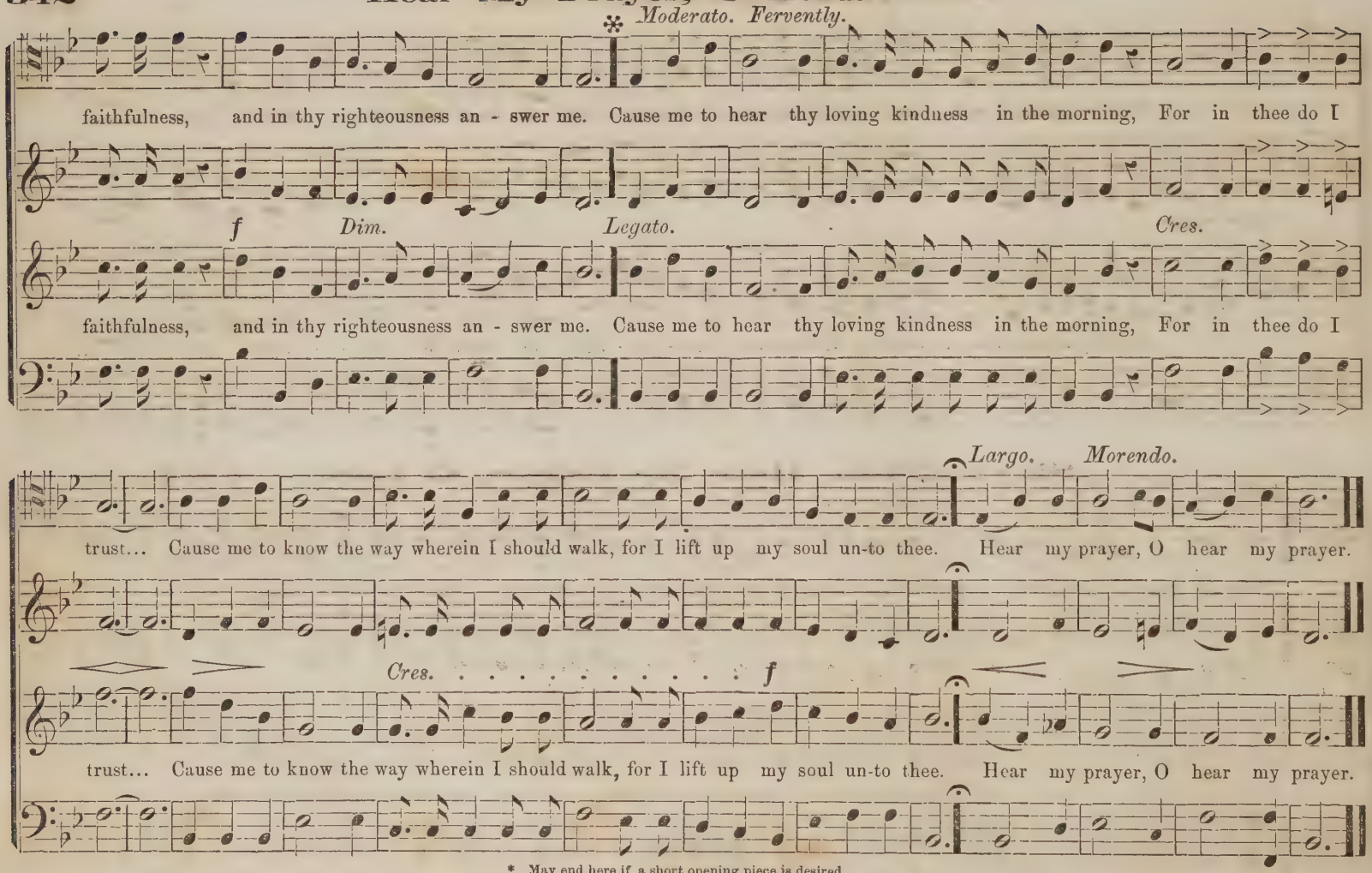
Andante.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer, O Lord, Give ear to my suppli - ca - tions. In thy faithfulness, In thy

Cres. *mf* *mp* *Cres.* *mf* *Cres.*

Hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer, O Lord, hear my prayer, O Lord, Give ear to my suppli - ca - tions. In thy faithfulness, In thy

Hear My Prayer, O Lord.—Concluded.



* May end here if a short opening piece is desired.

SENTENCE. Praise the Lord.

C. M. Wyman.
From "Jubilate."

Maestoso.

Praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, For his mer - ci - ful kind - ness is

Praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, For his mer - ci - ful kind - ness is

great toward us, And the truth, the truth of the Lord, and the truth of the Lord endur-eth for - ev - er, Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

great toward us, And the truth, the truth of the Lord, and the truth of the Lord endur-eth for - ev - er, Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

C. M. WYMAN.

Earnestly.

Thou hast no shore, fair o-cean, Thou hast no time, bright day, Dear fountain of re - freshment, To pil-grims far a - way;

Thou hast no shore, fair o-cean, Thou hast no time, bright day, Dear fountain of re - freshment, To pil-grims far a - way;

Upon, the Rock of Ages, They raise, thy holy tower, Thine, thine is the victor's lau - rel, And thine the golden dower.

Up -on the Rock of Ages, They raise thy ho - ly tower, Thine, thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the golden dower.

Upon, the Rock of Ages, They raise, thy holy tower,

EIGHT VOICES.
1st and 2d Soprano.

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor-row, short-lived care,

1st and 2d Alto.

CHORUS.

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there.

EIGHT VOICES. *Very Legato.* *p*

O fields that know no sor - row, O state that fears no strife,... O princely bowers! O land of flow'rs! O realm and home of light!

O fields that know no sor - row, O state that fears no strife,... O princely bowers! O land of flow'rs! O realm and home of light!

Let this part be distinctly heard.

EIGHT VOICES.

O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ev - er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ev - er win thy grace?

CHORUS.

Exult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part,
His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art

EIGHT VOICES. *p*

Shall I ev - er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me yes!
Shall I ev - er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me yes!

DOUBLE CHORUS. *ff*

1st and 2d Soprano.
Exult, O dust and ash - - es! The Lord shall be

1st and 2d Alto.

1st and 2d Tenor.
Exult, O dust and ash - - es! The Lord shall be

1st and 2d Base.

f *Cres.* *ff*

thy part..... His on - - ly, His... for - ev - er, Thou shalt be..... and thou art. A - men.

thy part..... His on - - ly, His... for - ev - er, Thou shalt be..... and thou art. A - men.

ANTHEM. Deal Gently, O My Father.

J. H. Tenney.

Deal gently, O my Fa-ther, in thy good pleasure, Deal gently, O my Fa-ther, un - to Zion, Deal gently, O my Fa - ther,

mp

Deal gently, O my Fa-ther, in thy good pleasure, Deal gently, O my Fa-ther, un - to Zion, Deal gently, O my Fa - ther,

un - to Zion, Build thou now the walls, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru-sa - lem, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem.

un - to Zion, Build thou now the walls, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru-sa - lem, Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem.

Deal gently, O my Father, Deal gently, O my Father, Deal gently, O my Fa - ther, un - to Zi-on, A - men.

p

Deal gently, O my Father, Deal gently, O my Father, Deal gently, O my Fa - ther, un - to Zi-on, A - men.

f

Andante.

COMMUNION HYMN. *Words from the German by* JAS. H. ALEXANDER, D. D.

1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and pain weighed down! How scornfully sur - round - ed With thorns, thy only crown.

2. What language shall I bor - row To praise thee, heav'nly Friend For this, thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y without end.

3. For - bid that I should leave thee; O Je - sus, leave not me; By faith I would re - ceive thee, Thy blood can make me free.

O sacred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine, Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine,

Lord, make me thine forev - er, Nor let me faithless prove; O, let me, nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love;

When strength and comfort languish, And I must hence de - part, Release me then from an-guish, By thine own wounded heart.

f *Dim.* *pp*

Yet though des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine, I joy to call thee mine, to call thee mine.

O let me nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love, A - buse such dy - ing love, such dy - ing love.

Re - lease me then from an - guish, By thine own wound-ed heart, By thine own wounded heart, own wounded heart.

ANTHEM.—Wake the Song of Jubilee.

C. M. WYMAN.

Largo. ff

Allegro Moderato.

Wake the song, wake the song, the song of Ju - bi- lee, Wake the song of Ju - - bi - lee,

Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, the song of Ju - bi - lee,
Wake the song of Ju - - bi - lee,

Wake the song, wake the song, the song of Ju - bi- lee, Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, the song of Ju - bi-lee,

Wake the song of Ju - bi-lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea, Let it ech -o, Let it ech- o, o'er the sea.....

Wake the song, of Ju - bi-lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea, Let it ech -o, Let it ech-o, o'er the sea.....

Largo.

Now is come the promised hour, Je - sus reigns with sovereign pow'r; All ye nations, join and sing--Christ of lords and kings is King.

Now is come the promised hour, Je - sus reigns with sovereign pow'r; All ye nations join and sing--Christ of lords and kings is King.

SOLO.—SOPRANO.

Now is come the prom-ised hour, Je - sus reigns with sovereign power; Now is come the prom - ised hour,

Je - sus reigns with sovereign power. All ye na - tions, join and sing,— Christ of lords and kings is King;

All... ye na - tions, join... and sing,— Christ of lords and kings is King. Now is come the promised hour,

Ped. - - - - - - CHORUS. Now is come, promised hour,

Je - sus reigns with sovereign power; All ye na - tions, join and sing,—Christ of lords and kings is King.

Je - sus reigns, Sovereign power; All ye nations, join and sing, Christ of lords, kings is King.

DUET. TENOR AND BASE.

Let it sound from shore to shore, Jesus reigns for-ev - er-more, Let it sound..... Let it sound.....

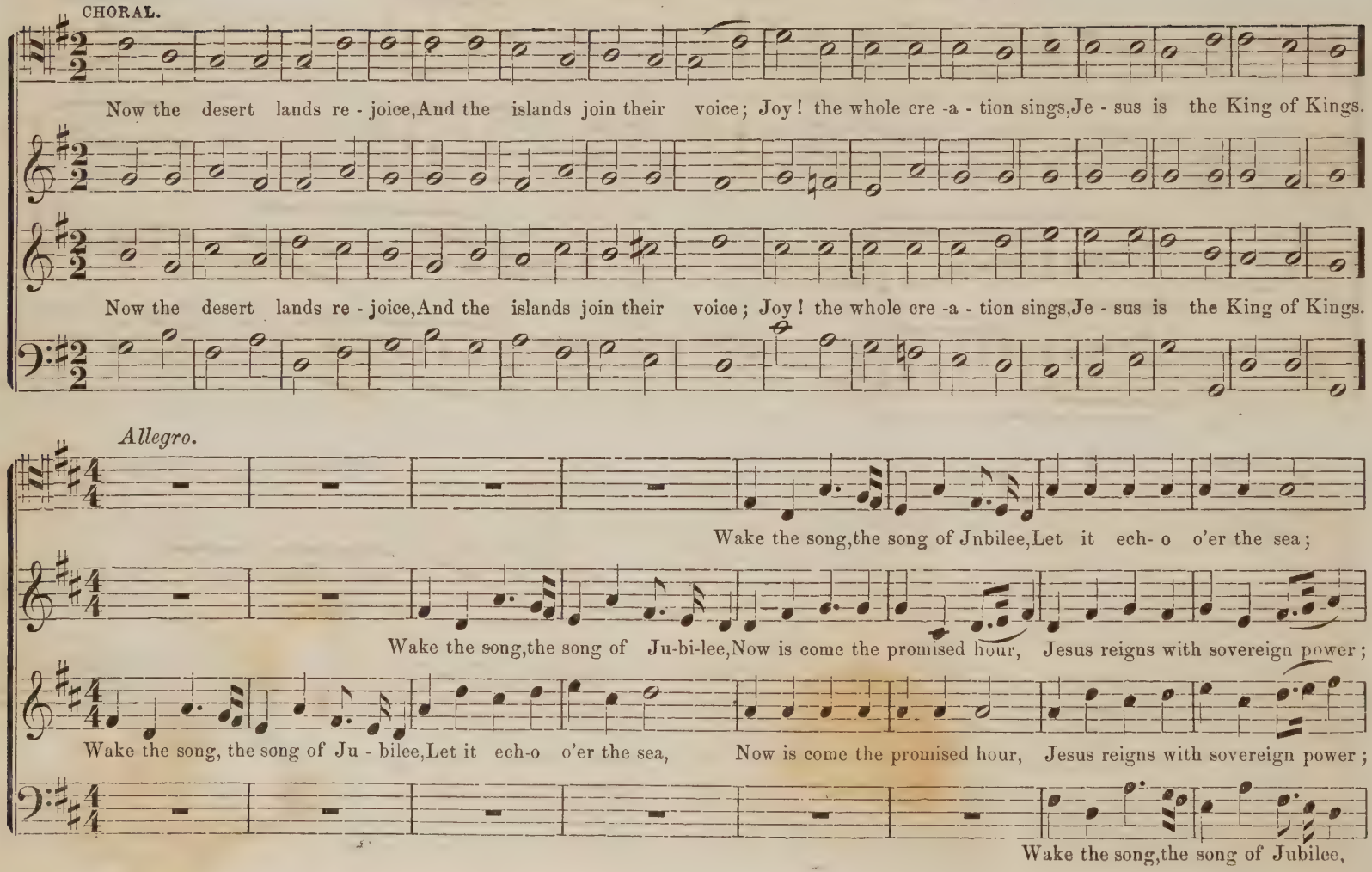
Let it sound..... ..... from shore to shore, Jesus reigns..... for - ev - er-more.

DUET.

Let it sound, Jesus reigns, Je - - sus reigns for - ev - - - - er - - - - more.

CHORUS.

from shore to shore, for -ev -er - more, Je - - sus reigns for - ev - - - - er - - - - more.


CHORAL.
Now the desert lands re - joice, And the islands join their voice; Joy! the whole cre -a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of Kings.
Now the desert lands re - joice, And the islands join their voice; Joy! the whole cre -a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of Kings.
Allegro.
Wake the song, the song of Jnbilee, Let it ech- o o'er the sea;
Wake the song, the song of Ju-bi-lee, Now is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns with sovereign power;
Wake the song, the song of Ju - bilee, Let it ech-o o'er the sea, Now is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns with sovereign power;
Wake the song, the song of Jubilee,

Wake the song of Ju-bilee, Now is come the promised hour, Je - - - sus reigns with sov' - - - reign power,.....

Wake the song of Jubilee, Now is come the promised hour, Je - - - sus reigns with sov' - - - reign power,.....

Tempo primo.

Wake the song, Wake the song, Wake the song, Wake the song, the song of Ju - bi - lee.

Wake the song, Wake the song,

Wake the song, the song, wake the song, Wake the song, the song, wake the song. Wake the song, Wake the song, the song of Ju - bi-lee.

SENTENCE—Bow Down Thine Ear.

C. M. Wyman.

Andante.

Bow down thine ear O Lord, and hear us. Hear the pe - ti - tions we of - fer be - fore thee, For we are

Bow down thine ear, O Lord and hear us. Hear the pe - ti - tions we of - fer be - fore thee, For we are

Base *f*

p *pp*

poor, are poor and need - y. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer.

Rit. tempo.

poor, are poor and need - y. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and he us; Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer.

SANCTUS. Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.

W. A. Briggs.
From "Mass in D."

Lento Maestoso.

ff Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord. *mf* Heav - en and

ff Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord. *mf* Heav - en and

f *ff* *mf*

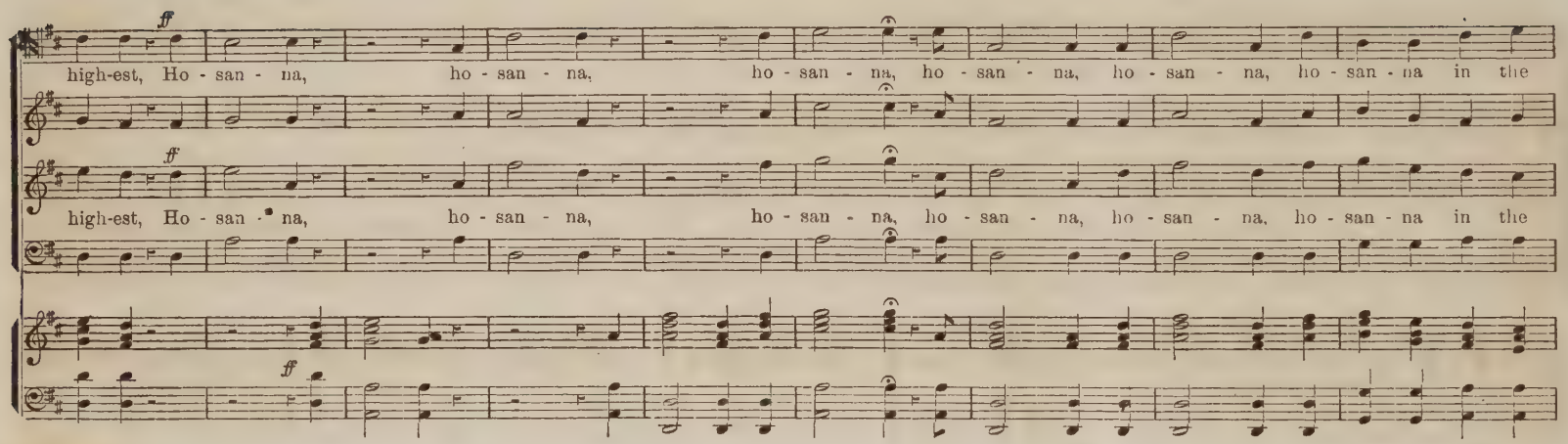
cres. *f* *Vivace.*

earth are full of thy great glo - ry. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the highest, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the

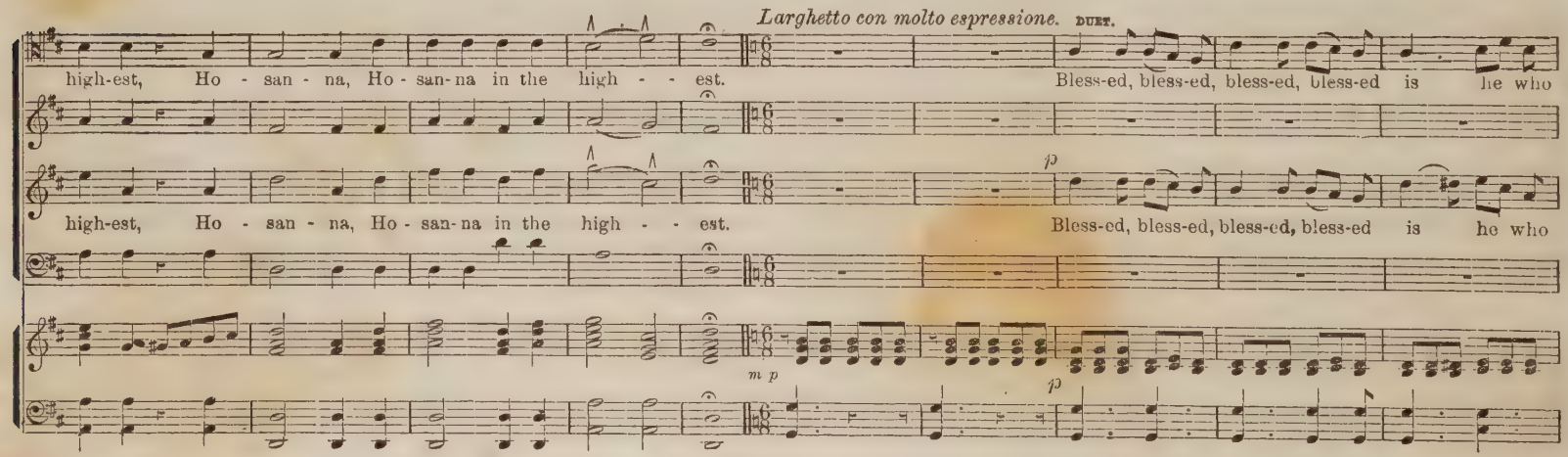
cres. *f*

earth are full of thy great glo - ry, Ho - s Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the highest. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the

cres. *f*


ff
high-est, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the
ff
high-est, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the
ff

BENEDICTUS.


Larghetto con molto espressione.
DUET.
high-est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - - est.
Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed is he who
p
high-est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - - est.
Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed is he who
m p
p

com - - eth, is he who com - eth, he who com - eth in the name of the Lord.

com - - eth, is he who com - eth, he who com - eth in the name of the Lord.

SOLO.

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed

CHORUS.

Ev - er bless - ed, ev- er bless - ed,

is he who com - eth, is he who com - eth, he who com-eth in the name of the Lord.

Bless - ed, bless-ed, bless - ed, bless - ed

ev-er bless- ed, ev- er bless - ed, ev-er bless - ed He who com-eth in the name of the Lord.

Ev- er bless - ed, ev-er bless - ed

is he who com - eth, is he who com - eth, he who com- eth in the name of the Lord. Bless - ed, bless-ed, bless - ed, bless - ed

ev - er bless-ed, ev - er bless-ed, ev - er bless - ed, ev-er bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed.

tr

is he who com - eth, is he who com - eth, he who com- eth in the name of the Lord. Bless - ed, bless-ed, bless - ed, bless - ed

Ev-er bless- ed, ev-er bless - ed.

is he who com - - eth, is he who com- eth in the name of the Lord. Bless - ed, bless - ed,

ev - er bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed cometh in the name of the Lord. Ev - er bless - ed,

Ritard. *ff* CHORUS.

bless - ed, bless - ed is he who com - - eth, who com - eth in the name, in the name of the Lord. Ho -

Ritard. *ff*

ev - er bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed He who com - eth in the name, the name of the Lord. Ho -

Ritard. *ff*

BENEDICTUS.—Concluded.

Vivace.

ff

- san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the highest, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high-est, Ho - san - na, ho -

ff

- san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the highest. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high-est, Ho - san - na, ho -

ff

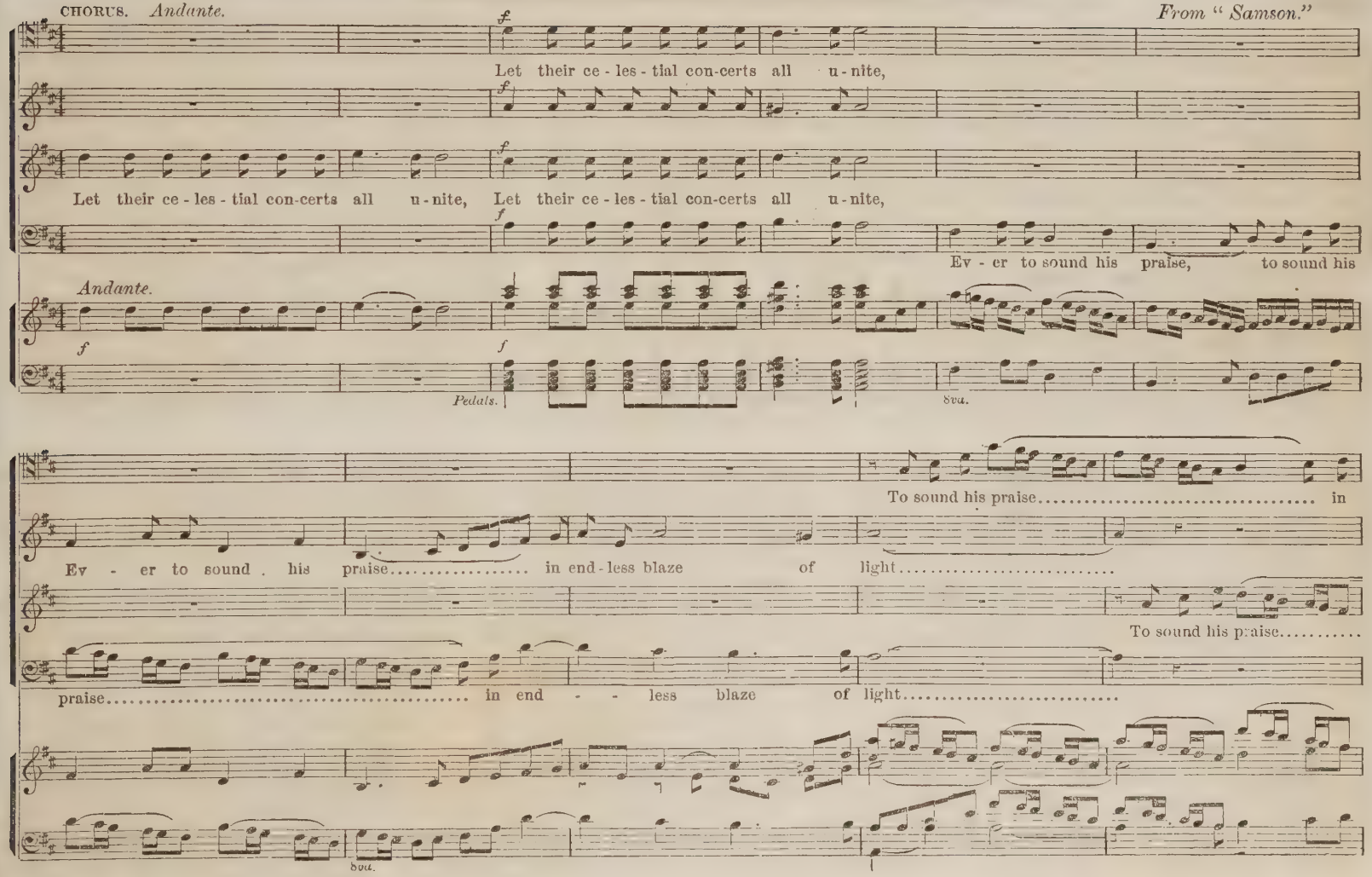
ff

- san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san-na in the high-est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - - est.

- san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san- na in the high-est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - - est.

CHORUS. Let their Celestial Concerts all unite.

From "Samson."



end-less blaze of light; Let their ce-les-tial con-certs all u-nite, Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

f

Let their ce-les-tial con-certs all u-nite, Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

Let their ce-les-tial con-certs all u-nite, Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

f

Let their ce-les-tial con-certs all u-nite, Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

ff

Ped. 8va.

all u-nite, Ev-er, ev-er, ev-er to sound his praise, in end-less blaze of light,

all u-nite, Ev-er, ev-er, ev-er to sound his praise, in end-less blaze of light, to sound his

all u-nite, To sound his praise in end-less blaze of light,

8va.

Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in end-less blaze of light, in end - less, end - less

Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in end-less blaze, in end - less, end - less

praise..... to sound his praise in end-less blaze, in end - less, end - less

Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in end less blaze, in end - less, end - less

8va.

blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite to sound his praise.....

blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite.

blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, ev -

blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con certs all u - nite,

Pedals.

in end - less blaze of light. To sound his

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u-nite, to sound his praise, to sound his praise

- - - er to sound, to sound his praise to sound his praise, Ev - er, ev - er to

Let their ce - les - tial concerts all u - nite,

8va.

praise in end-less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

in end - - - - - - - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

sound his praise in end - - - - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

ev - er to sound his praise in end-less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

Ped.

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, Ev - - - - - - - - er to sound, to sound his

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, Ev - er to

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, Ev - er, ev - er to

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er to sound his

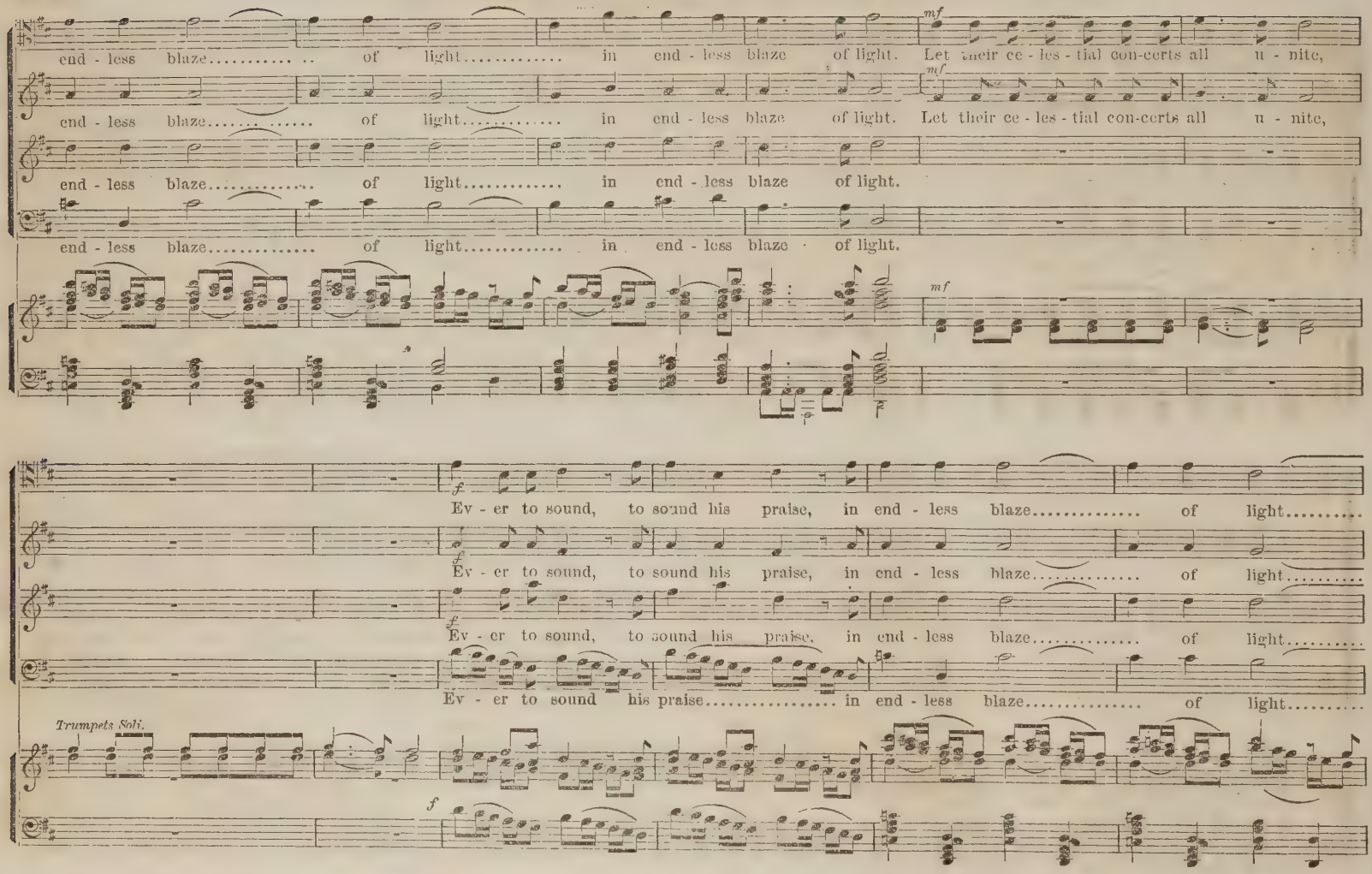
8va. Ped. Org.

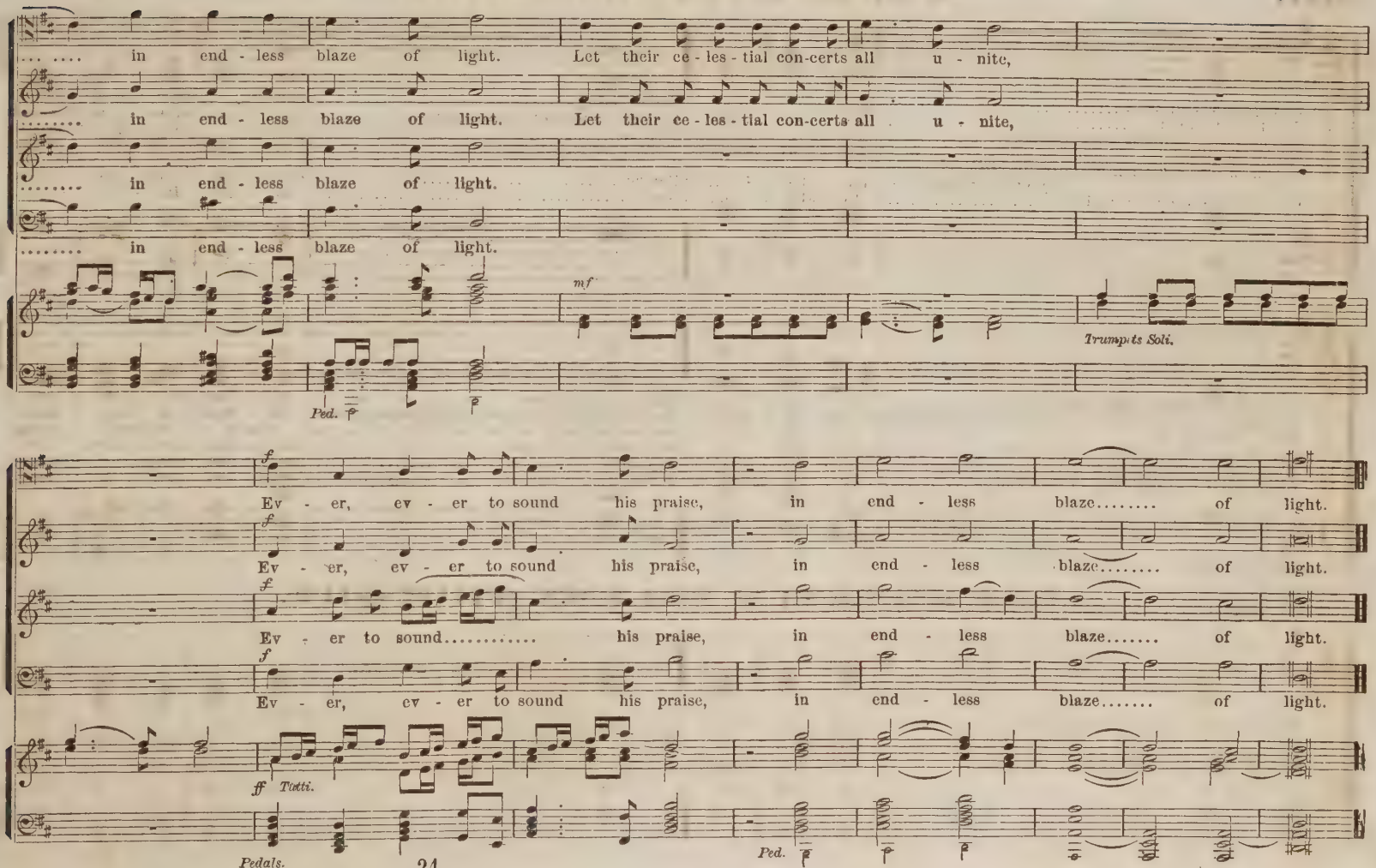
praise in end - - less blaze of light, Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in

sound..... his praise in endless blaze of light, Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in

sound..... his praise, Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise in

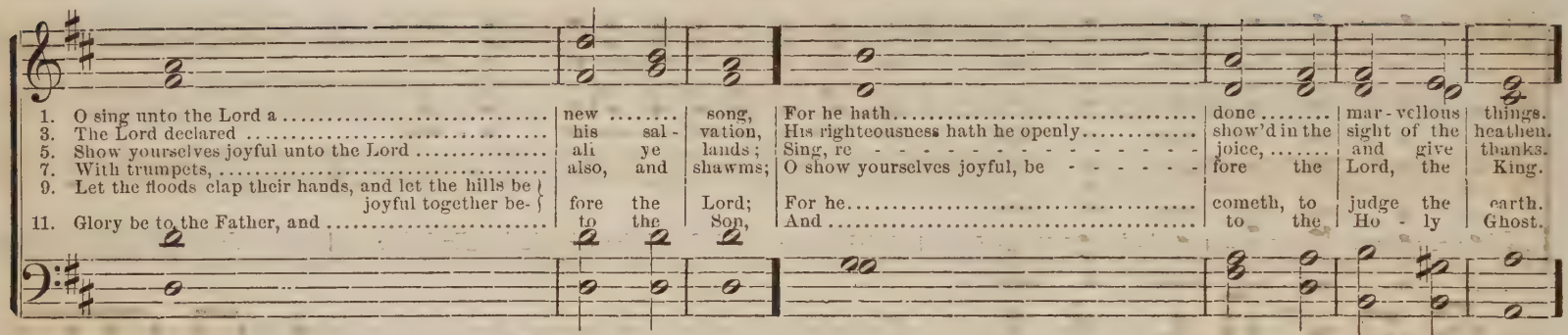
praise..... in end - less blaze of light, in end - less blaze..... in

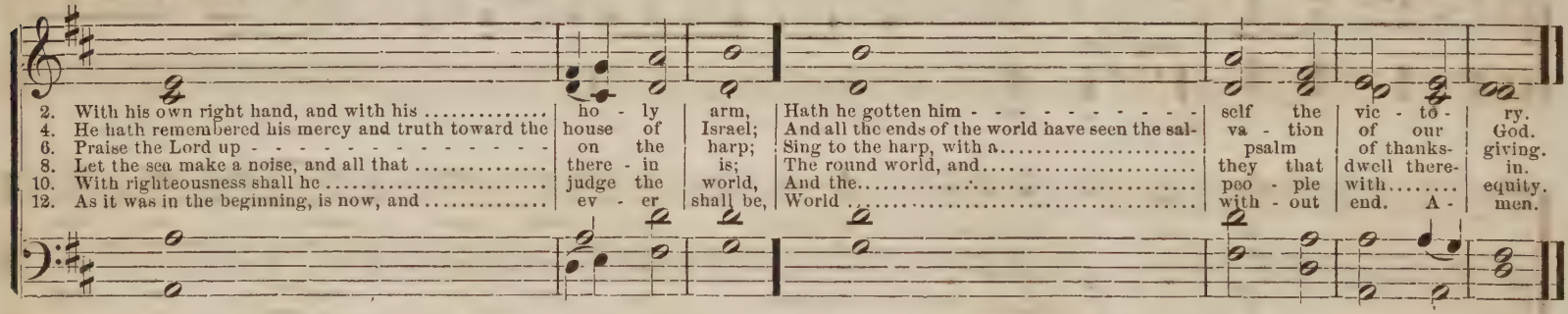

end - less blaze..... of light..... in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,
end - less blaze..... of light..... in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,
end - less blaze..... of light..... in end - less blaze of light.
end - less blaze..... of light..... in end - less blaze of light.
mf
mf
mf
f
Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.....
Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.....
Ev - er to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.....
Ev - er to sound his praise..... in end - less blaze..... of light.....
Trumpets Soli.
f


in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,
in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,
in end - less blaze of light.
in end - less blaze of light.
mf
Trumpets Soli.
Ped.
f
Ev - er, ev - er to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.
Ev - er, ev - er to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.
Ev - er to sound..... his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.
Ev - er, ev - er to sound his praise, in end - less blaze..... of light.
ff Tutti.
Pedals.
Ped.

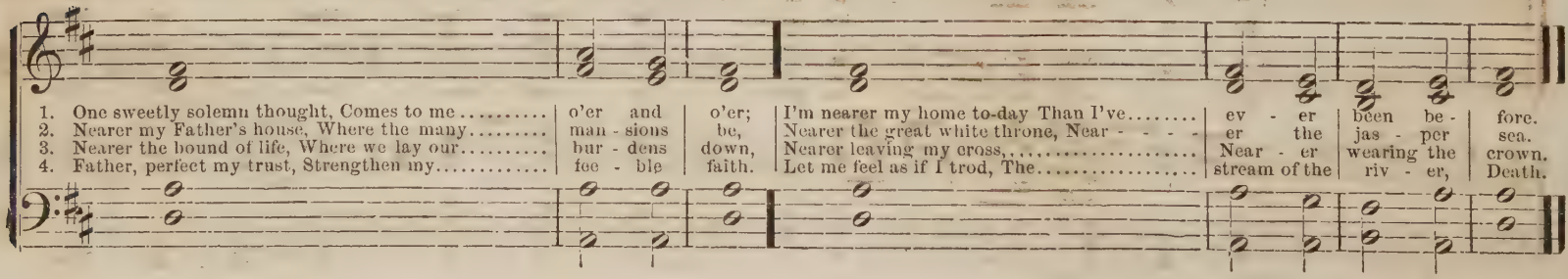
O SING UNTO THE LORD.

C. M. Wyman.





ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.



IMMANUEL'S LAND.

1. Oh, well it is forever, Oh, well for ev - er more ; My nest hung in no forest, Of all this death doomed shore
2. The King, there, in his beauty, Without a vail is seen ; It were a well-spent journey, Though seven deaths lay be - tween.
3. Oh, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love, The streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
4. Soon shall the cup of glory, Wash down earth's bitterest woes ; Soon shall the desert's brier Break into E - den's rose.
5. I shall sleep sound in Jesus, Filled with his likeness rise, To live and to adore him, To see him with these eyes.

Yea, let the vain world vanish, As from the ship the strand, While glory—glory dwelleth In Im - manuel's land.
The Lamb, with his fair army, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand, And glory—glory dwelleth In Im - manuel's land.
There to an ocean fulness, His mercy doth ex- pand, And glory—glory dwelleth In Im - manuel's land.
The curse shall change to blessing, The name on earth that's banned Be graven on the white stone, In Im - manuel's
'Tween me and resurrection, But Para - - - dise doth stand, Then—then for glory dwelling In Im - manuel's land.

BEATITUDES.

Chant. Solo. **Response. Chorus.** **Chant. Solo.** **Response. Chorus.**

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven
2. Blessed are the meek ; for they shall in- herit the earth.
3. Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall ob- tain —— mercy.
4. Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

SOLO.

5. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my —— sake;

Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comfort- ed
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ... for they —— shall be filled.
Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see —— God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were be- for you. | A- - men

HYMN--CHANT. "I'm Praying for You."

C. M. Wyman.

1. I have a Savior, he's pleading in - glory for me, For my graces are - - - - feeble and few,
2. I have a Father, to me - - - he has given A home for eternity, - - - precious and true;
3. I have a Crown, I shall - - - wear it — for- ever, Encircled with jewels of - - - heaven - ly hue;

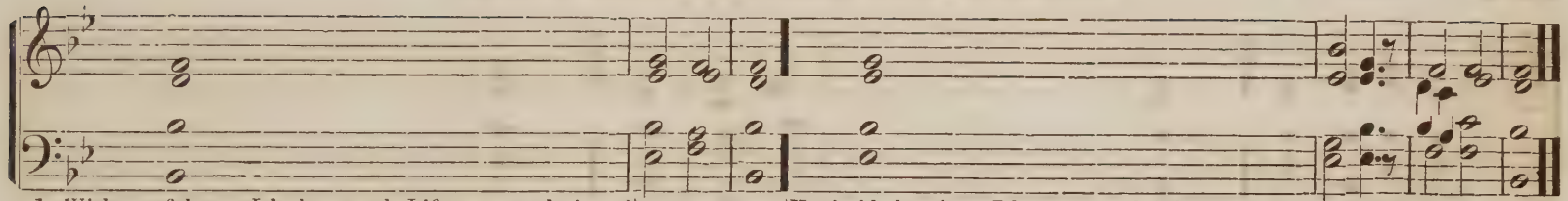
4. I have a Robe, 'tis re- - - - splendent in whiteness; 'Tis blood-washed, 'tis bathed in the - blest Spirit's dew;
5. I have a Peace — it is - - - calm as a river, A peace that the friends of the - world never knew;
6. O speak of that Savior, that - - Father in Heaven, The Harp, Crown and Robe, ever - bright, ever new;

Yet ever he watches in tenderness - o'er me; And would that my Savior were your Savior too! For you I am praying,—I'm praying for you.
And soon will my spirit be with him in Heaven; But oh, that you'd let him be your Father too! For you I am praying.—I'm praying for you.
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my crucified Savior; Oh, will you not seek for a diadem - - too! For you I am praying,—I'm praying for you.

O when I receive it all glistering in - brightness, Will you have the raiment of righteousness too! For you I am praying,—I'm praying for you.
My Savior alone is its Author and - Giver; But oh that you'd ask and receive that peace too! For you I am praying,—I'm praying for you.
That peace you possess, and the rest that is given, Praying Christ to bring back other wanderers too! And prayer shall be answered, 'twas answered for you.

COME TO ME.

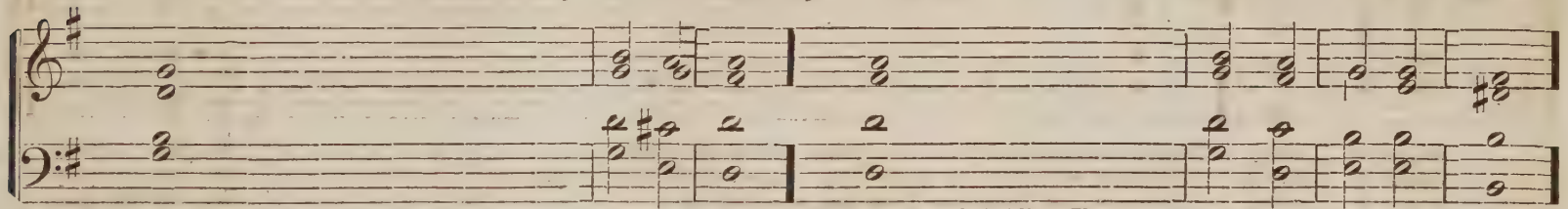
C. M. Wyman.



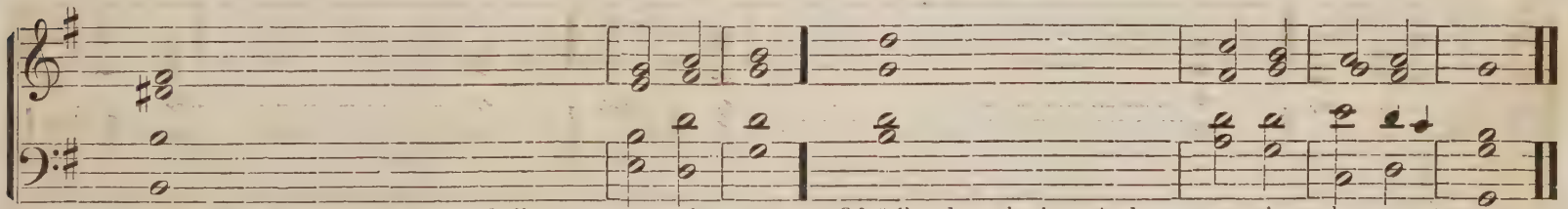
1. With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and storm - y sea; Yet,'mid the gloom,I hear a sound,A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee; O,to the weary,faint,oppressed,How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
3. When nature shudders,loth to part From all I love, en- joy and see; When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."
4. "Come,for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting- place for thee; To heaven direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion; "Come to me."
5. O voice of mercy ! voice of love ! In conflict,grief and a - go - ny, Support me, cheer me from above, And gently whisper, "Come to me."

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

C. M. Wyman.

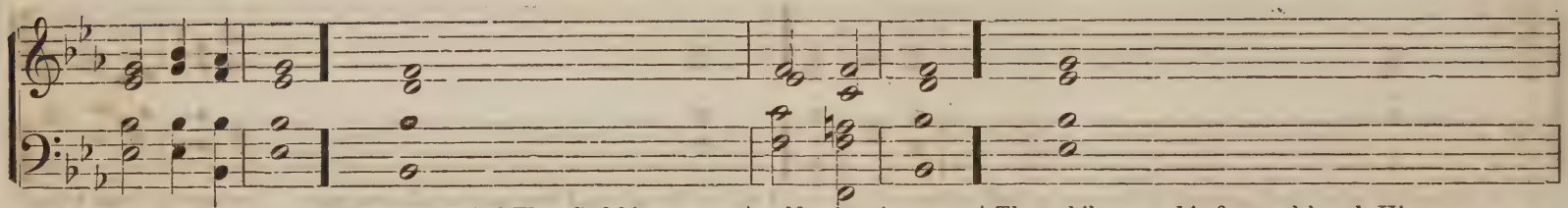


1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep; For very love beholding Thy hap - py name they weep.
2. Jerusalem, the golden, With milk and - - honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation, Sink heart and voice op- pressed.
3. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubil- - ant with song; And bright with many an angel,And all the mar-tyr throng.
4. There is the throne of David, And there from care re- leased; The song of them that triumph,The shout of them that feast.

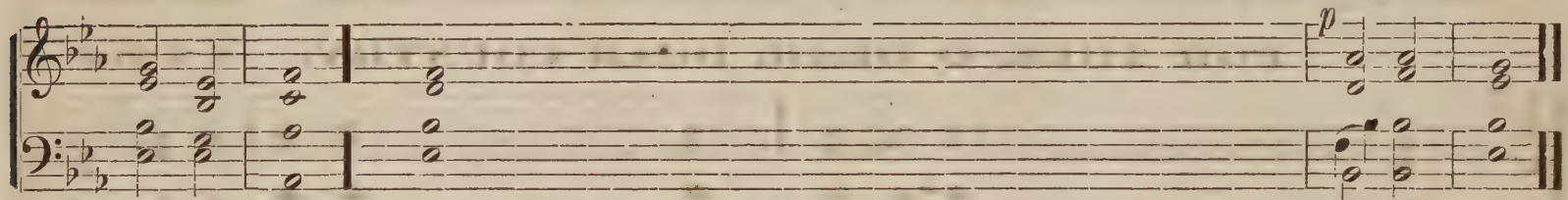


And now we fight the battle, But then shall - wear the crown, Of full and everlasting, And pas - sion - less re- nown.
I know not, O, I know not, What social - - joys are there; What radiancy of glory,What light be - yond com- pare.
The prince is ever in them, The daylight - - is se - rene; The pastures of the Blessèd,Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
And they,who,with their leader,Have conquered - in the fight, Forever and forever, Are - clad in robes of white.

CHANT. Come Let Us Pray.



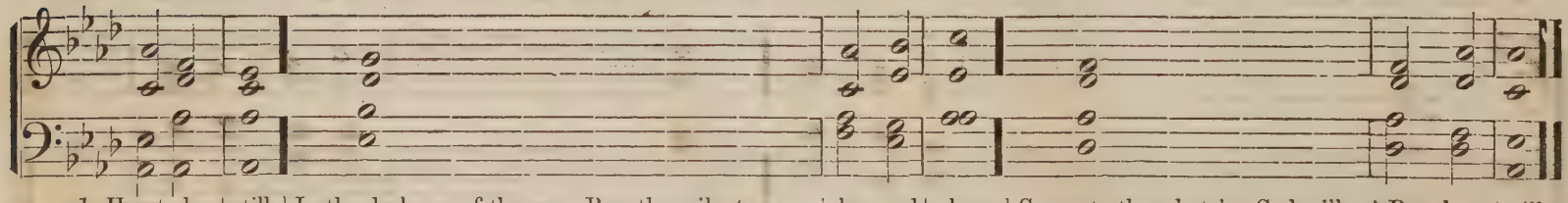
1. Come let us | pray: | 'Tis sweet to feel That God him - - - | self is | near; | That while we at his footstool kneel, His mercy - -
2. Come let us | pray: | The burning brow, The heart op - - - | pres'd with | care, | And all the woes that throng us now Will be re - -
3. Come let us | pray: | The mercy seat Invites the - - - - | fer - vent | prayer; | Our Heavenly Father waits to greet The contrite -



deigns to | hear; | Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way, This is our solace: - - - - - - - - - - - | let us | pray.
lieved by | prayer; | Our prayers will drive our griefs away, O glorious thought! Come - - - - - - - - | let us | pray.
spir - it | there; | O loiter not, nor longer stay From him who loves us: - - - - - - - - - - - - - | let us | pray.

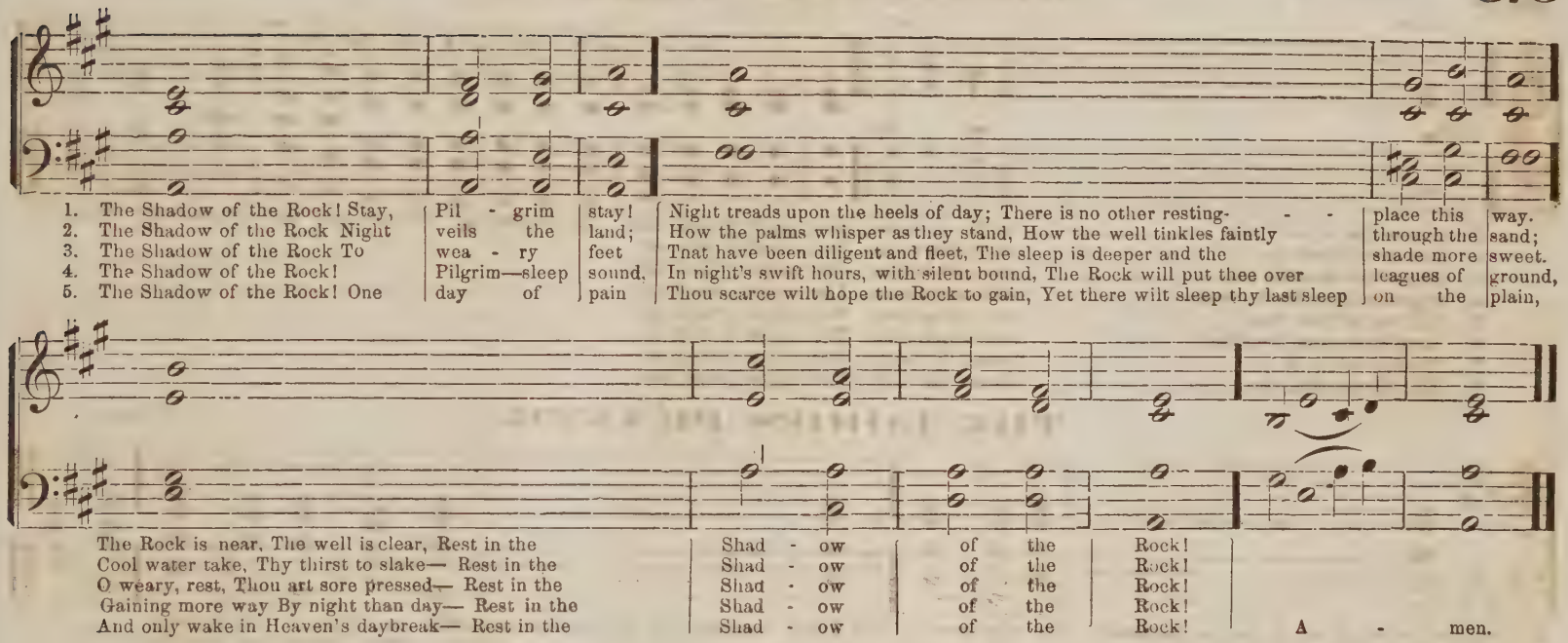
Heart, Be Still.

C. M. W.



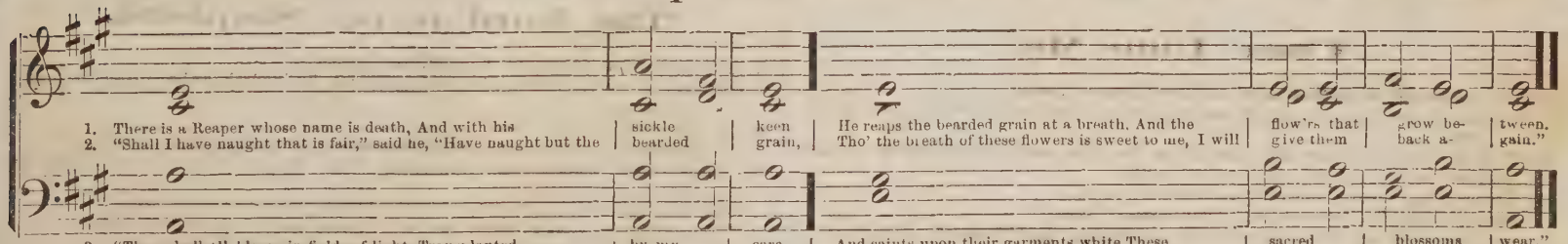
1. Heart, be | still; | In the darkness of thy woe, Bow thee silent - - | ly and | low; | Comes to the whate'er God will, | Be thou | still.
2. Be thou | still; | Vainly all thy words are spoken, Till the word of | God hath | broken; | Life's dark myst'ries—good or ill— | Be thou | still.
3. Sleep thou | still; | 'Tis thy Father's work of grace; Wait thou yet be- | fore his | face, | He'll thy sure deliverance will; | Keep thou | still.
4. Lord my | God, | By thy grace, O may I be All submission, - - | si - lent- | ly, | To the chastenings of thy rod; | Lord my | God.
5. Shep-herd | King, | From thy fullness, grant to me, Still, yet fearless | faith in | thee, | Till from night the day shall spring, | Shepherd | King.

Shadow of the Rock.



The Reaper and the Flowers.

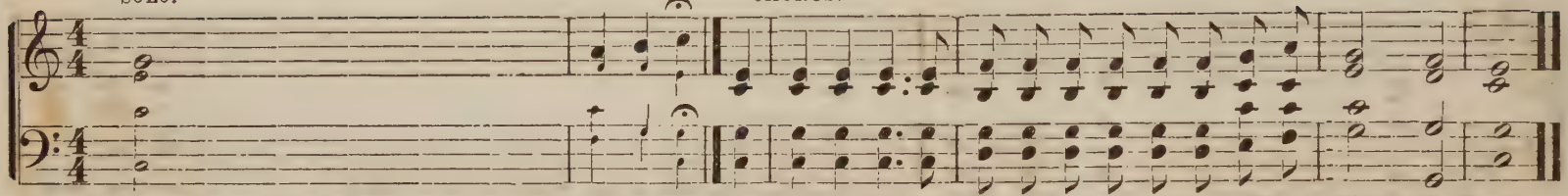
C. M. WYMAN.



JOY TO THE WORLD.

GEO. F. ROOT.

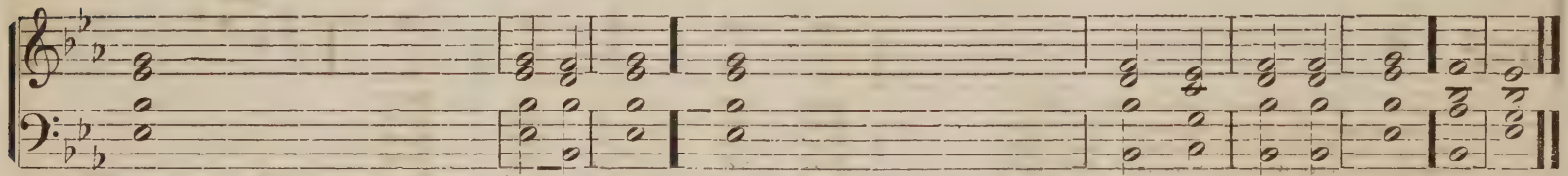
SOLO. CHORUS.



1. Joy to the world! the .....Lord is come; The might-y God, the Ev-er-last-ing Father and the Prince of Peace.
2. Let every heart pre-.....pare him room; The might-y God, &c.
3. Joy to the world! the.....Sav-ior reigns; The might-y God, &c.
4. O praise Him floods, rocks.....hills and plains; The might-y God, &c.
5. Lift up to Him the.....voice of praise; The might-y God, &c.
6. Loud and more loud the.....an-thems raise; The might-y God, &c.
7. To us a child of.....hope is born; The might-y God, &c.
8. The Wonderful, the.....Coun-sel-or; The might-y God, &c.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TALLIS.



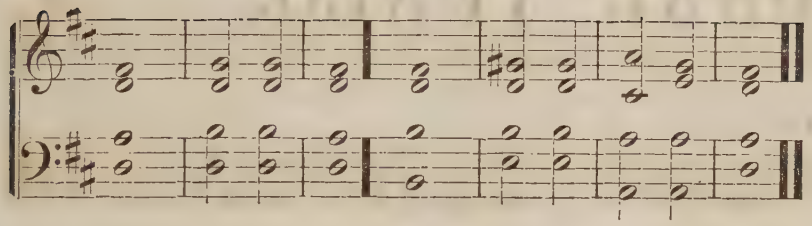
1. Our Father which art in heaven hallowed | be thy | name; | Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | dai-ly | bread; | And forgive us our debts, as | we for | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | ev-il; | For thine is the kingdom and the | power, and the | glory for- | ever. | A-MEN.

Come Unto Me.

1. Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden.
   Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and | I will | give you | rest.
2. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and | lowly in | heart.
   And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
3. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden—is | light.
   For my yoke is | easy—and my | burden—is | light.
4. And the spirit and the bride say *come*, and let him that | hearth—say | *come*,
   And let him that is athirst *come*, and whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life— | freely. A-MEN

The Lord is my Shepherd.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, I | shall not | want.
   He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.
2. He re- | storeth—my | soul.
   He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | names— | sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will | fear no | evil.
   For thou art with me, thy rod and thy | staff—they | comfort | me.
4. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies.
   Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup— | runeth | over.
5. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of—my | life.
   And I will dwell in the | house—of the | Lord—for | ever. A-MEN.



1. This life is but a rapid race,
   Its course, the cradle | to the | grave,
'Tween which our devious ways we trace,
   O'er mountain- | turret, | street, or | pave.

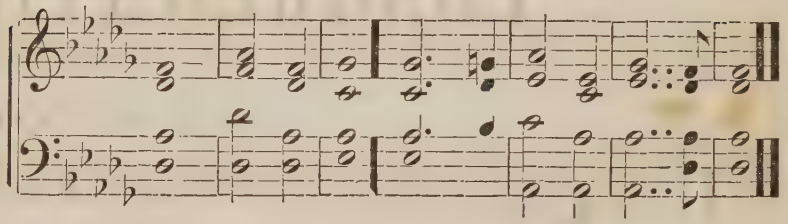
2. The cradle rests the infant feet,
   Just straying from their | mother's | arms,
The grave, a safe, a sure retreat,
   From all life's | rude and | fierce a- | larms.

3. Youth weaves her web of sun and dew
   With life a future, | misty | dream,
Love's sunlight glistening thro' and thro'
   Lights up the | path with | golden | beam.

4. The saddened days in later years [grief,
   When changed those notes to | wails of |
The bursting heart, the bitter tears,
   The broken | stalk, the | withered | leaf,

5. All these though hidden from our eye,
   We find along the | path we | tread,
The merry laugh, the deep-drawn sigh,
   The sorrowing | for the | lovely | dead.

6. So live that either sun or dew,
   Or cloud, or storm, which- | ever | come,
To thy own being thou'lt be true,
   In fairer | mansions | find a | home.



One by One.

—o—

1. One by one the sands are flowing,
   One by one the | moments | fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
   Do not | strive to | grasp them | all.

2. One by one thy duties wait thee,
   Let thy whole strength | go to | each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
   Learn thou | first what | these can | teach.

3. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
   Do not fear an | arm-ed | band;
One will fade while others greet thee,
   Shadows | passing | through the | land.

4. Do not look at life's long sorrow,
   See how small each | moment's | pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
   Every | day be- | gin a- | gain.

5. Hours are golden links,—God's token,—
   Reaching heaven, but | one by | one,
Take them lest the chain be broken
   Ere thy | pilgrim- | age be | done.

1. O thou, the contrite sinner's friend,
   Who, loving, lov'st them | to the | end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
   That | thou wilt | plead for | me.

2. When, weary in the Christian race,
   Far-off appears my | resting | place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
   Then, | Savior, | plead for | me.

3. When I have erred, and gone astray,
   Afar from thine and | wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
   Still, | Savior, | plead for | me.

4. When Satan, by my sins made bold,
   Strives from thy cross to | loose my | hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
   And | plead, O | plead for | me.

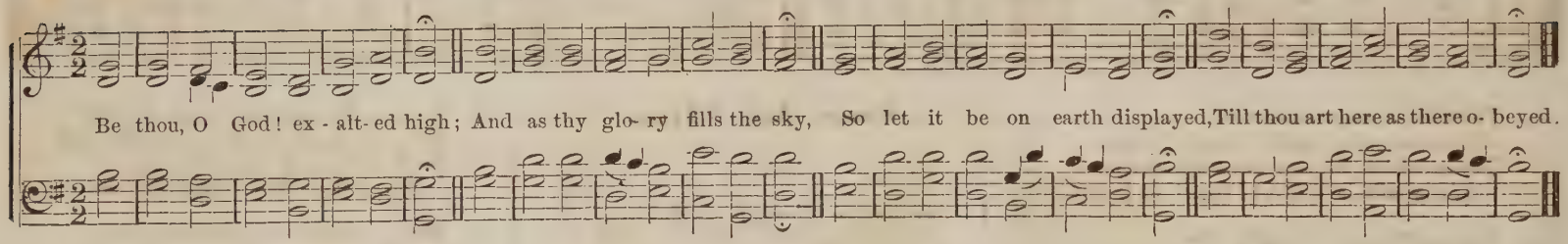
5. And when my dying hour draws near,
   Darkened with anguish, | guilt and | fear;
Then to my fainting sight appear,
   Plead- | ing in | Heaven for | me.

6. When the full light of heavenly day
   Reveals my sins in | dread ar- | ray,
Say thou hast washed them all away,
   O | say thou | plead'st for | me.

CONGREGATIONAL TUNES.

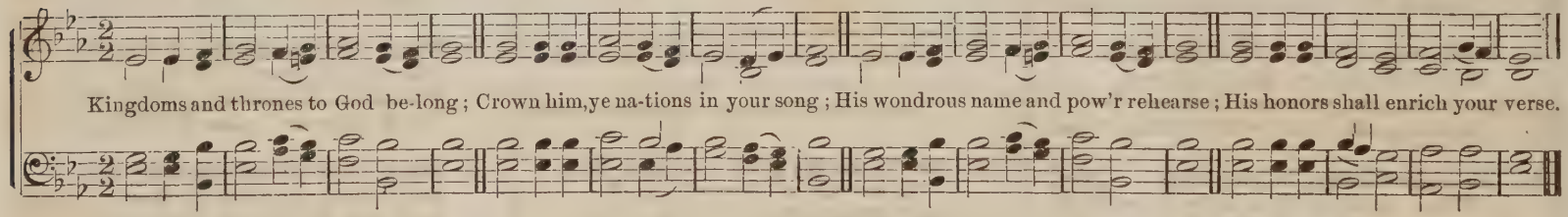
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.



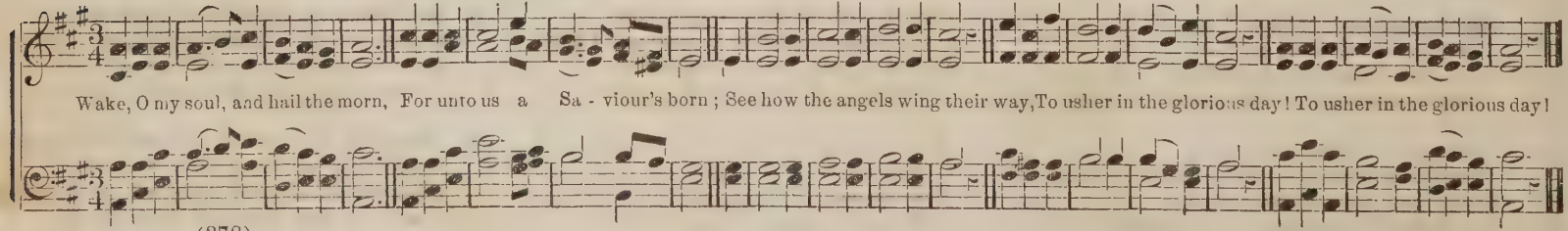
HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN.



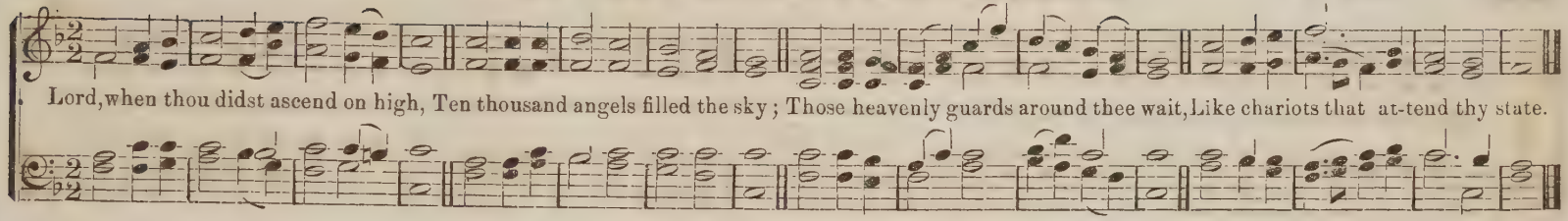
PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



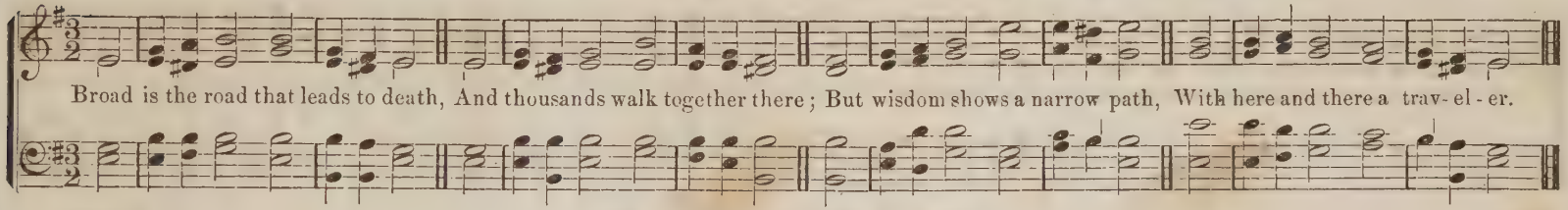
DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. Hatton.



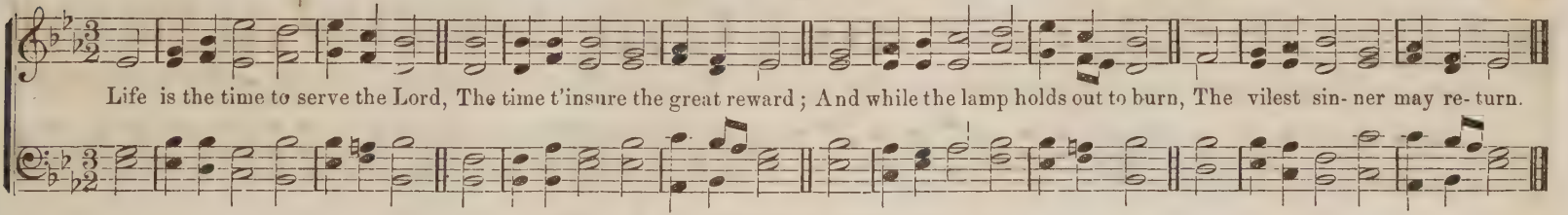
WINDHAM. L. M.

Read.



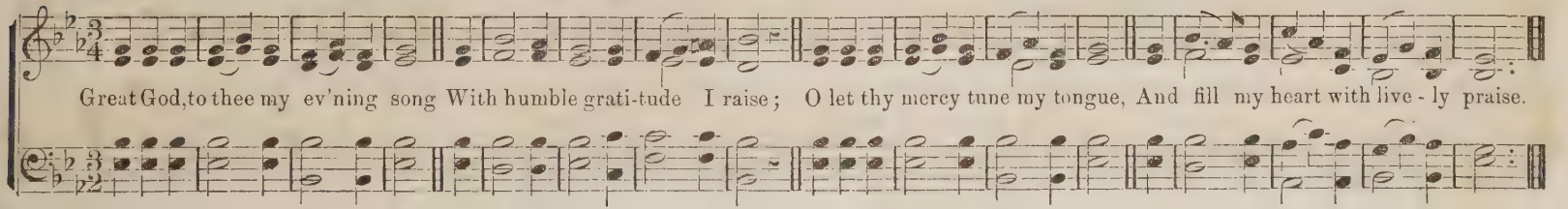
WELLS. L. M.

Holdrad.



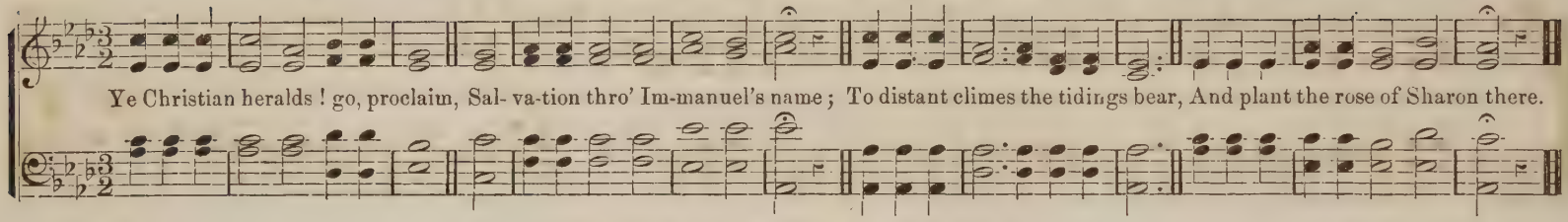
ROSEDALE. L. M.

Geo. F. Root.



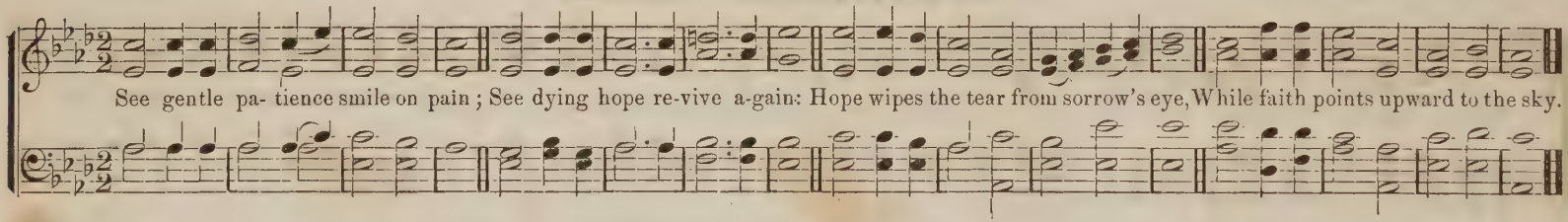
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.



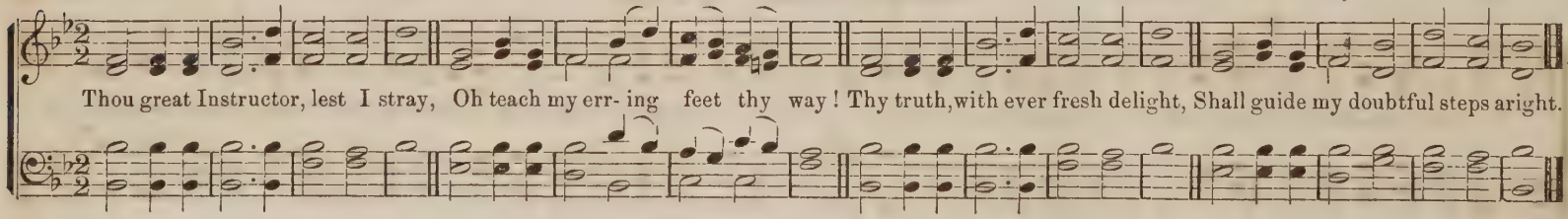
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



WELTON. L. M.

C. MALAN.



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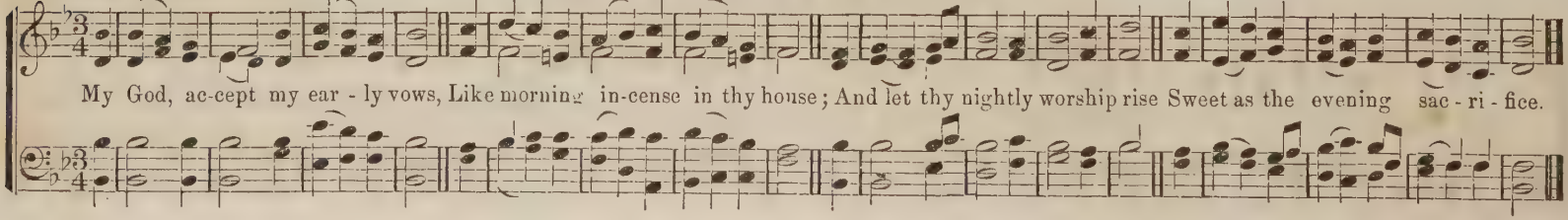

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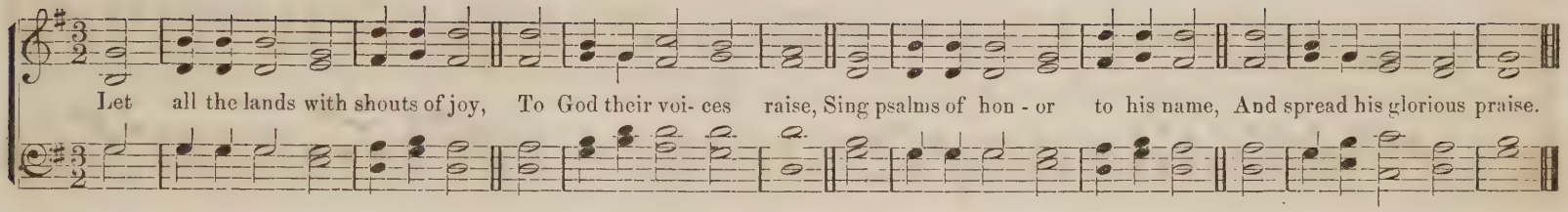

CHINA. C. M.

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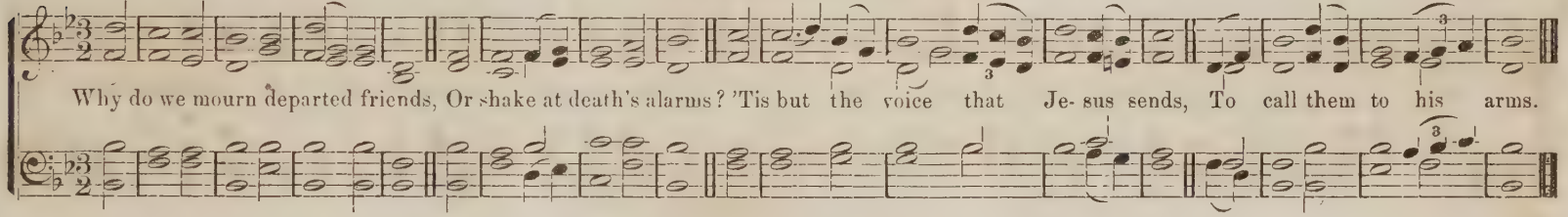

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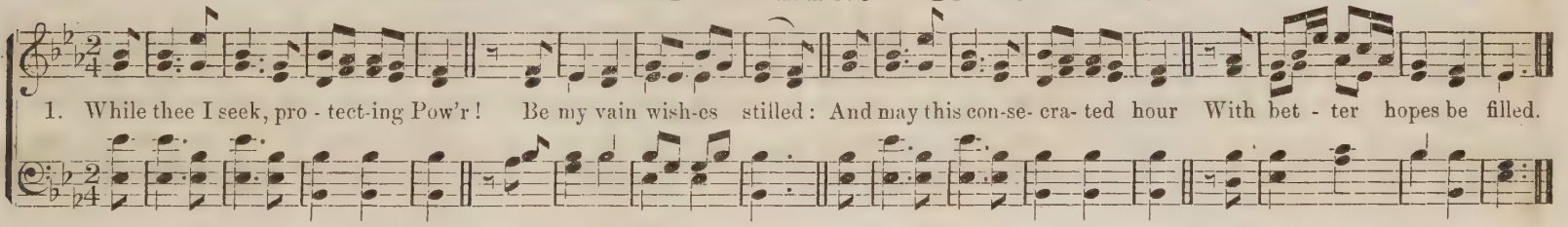
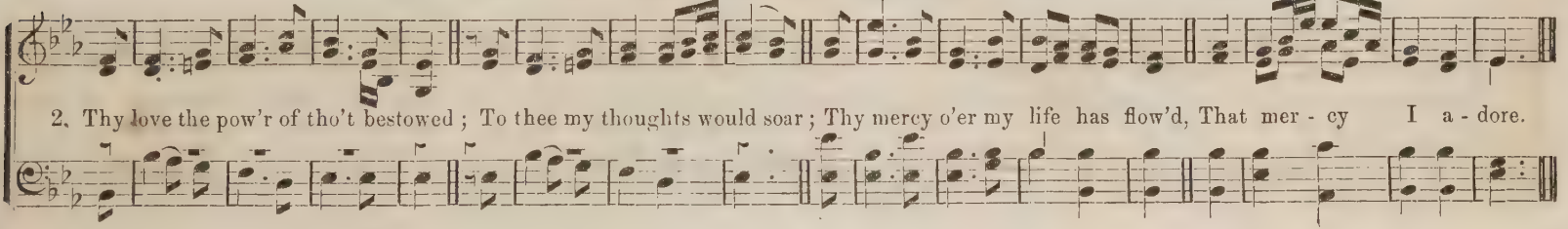
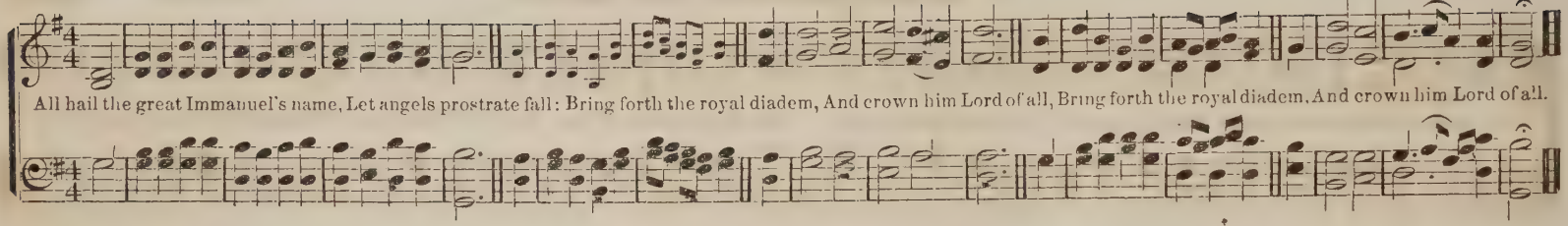




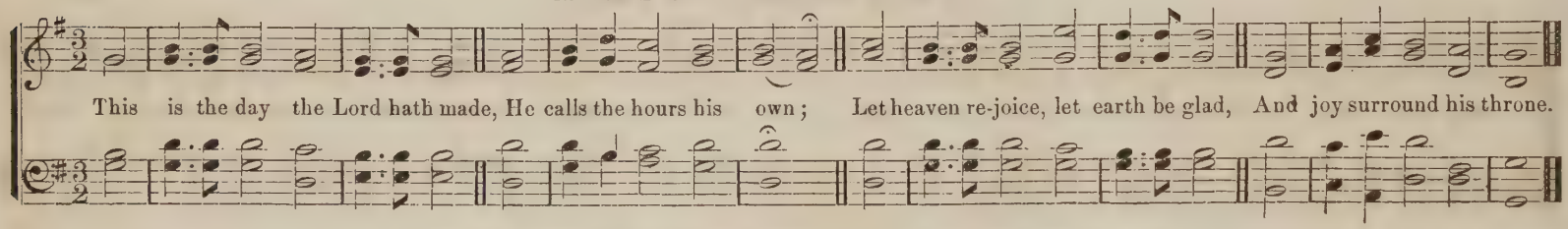
CORONATION. C. M.

O. Holden.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.



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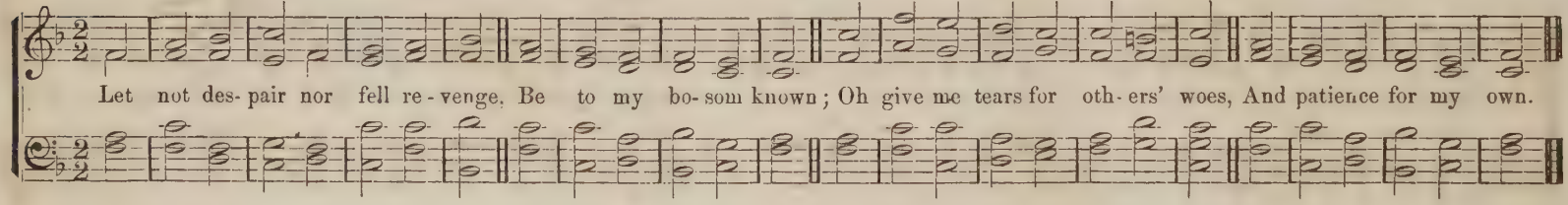
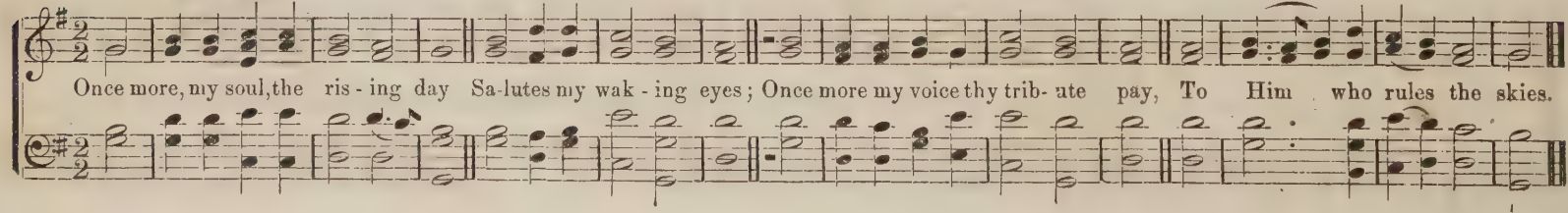
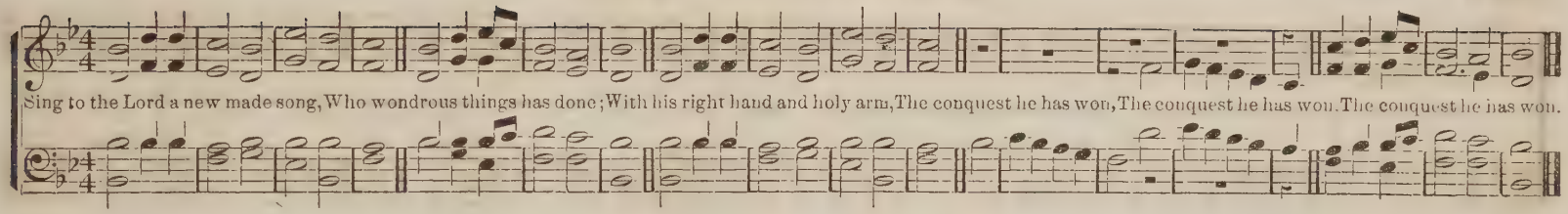


PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



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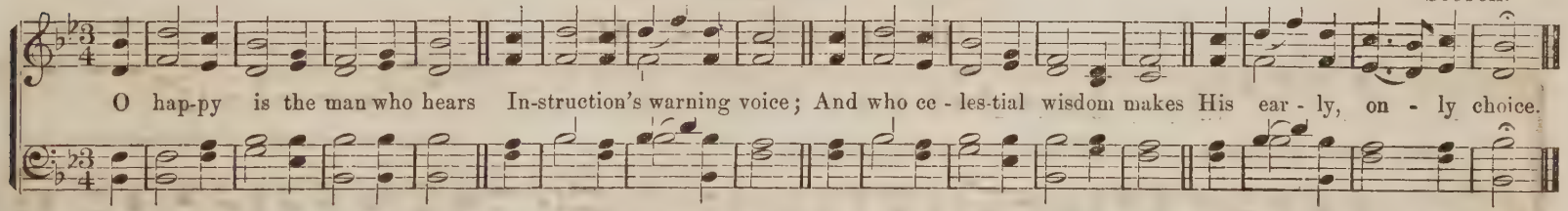
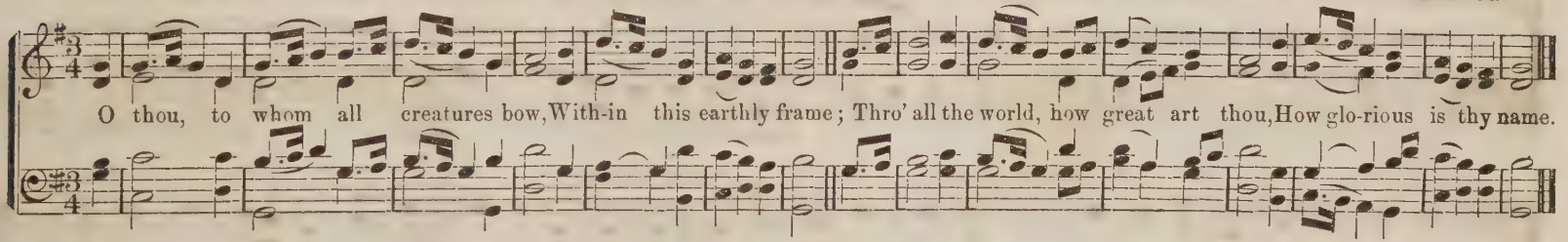
SCOTCH.



ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR.



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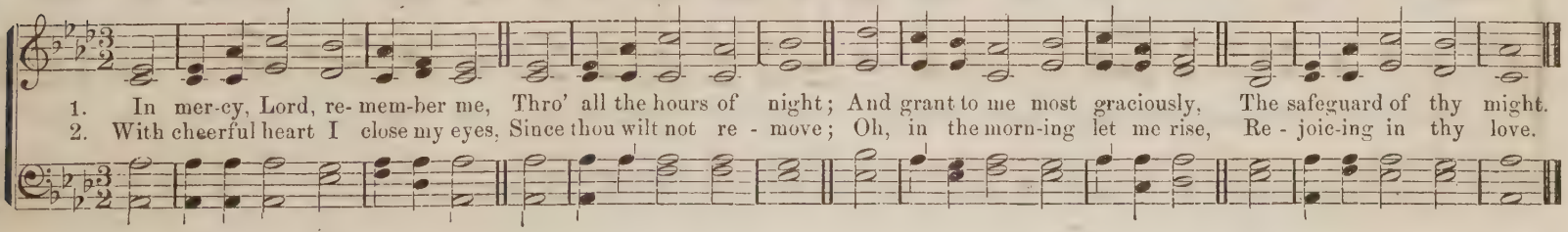
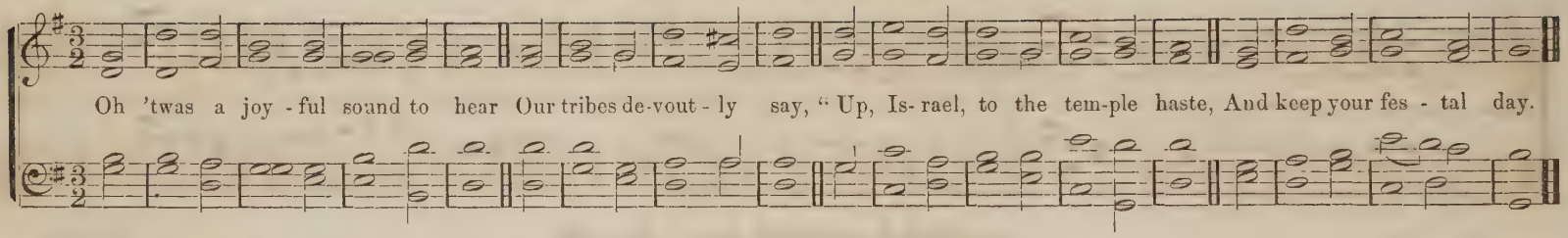


MEAR. C. M.

WILLIAMS



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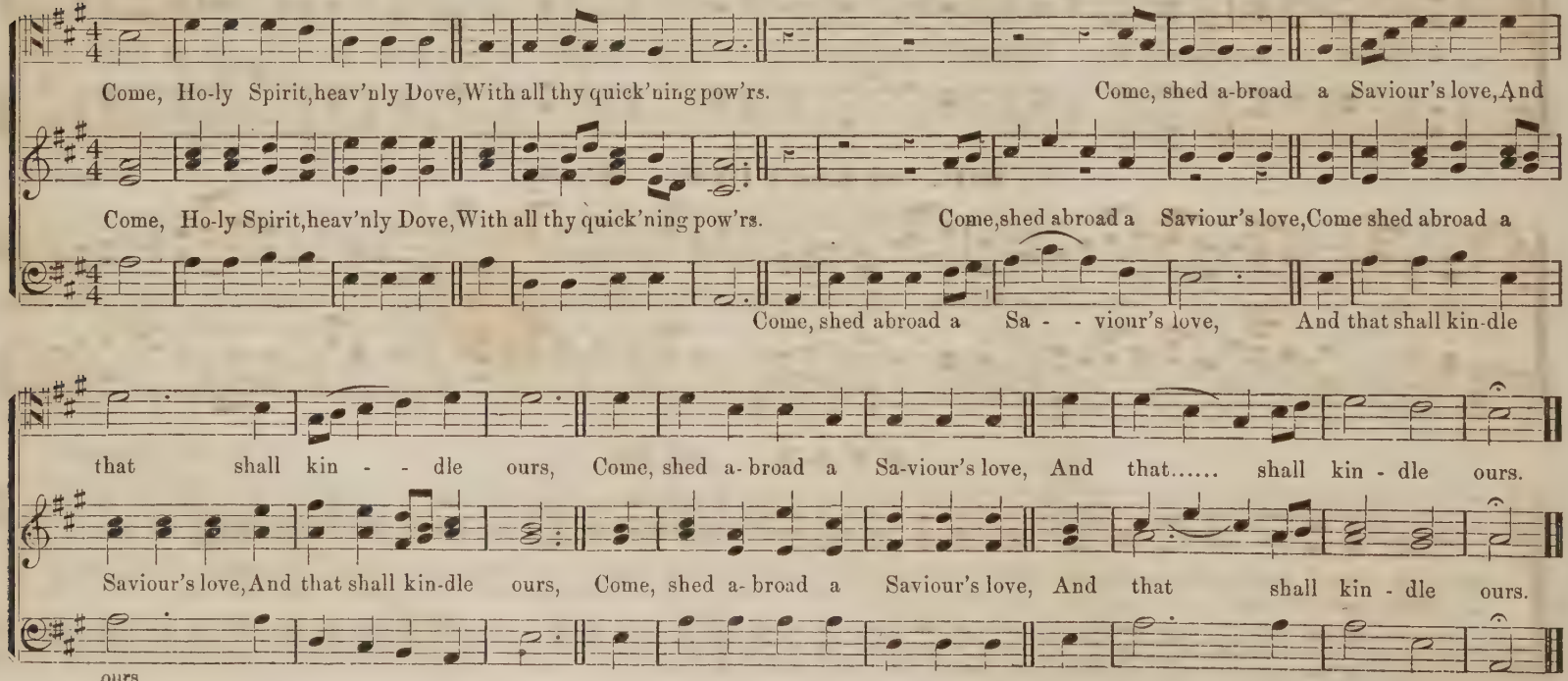
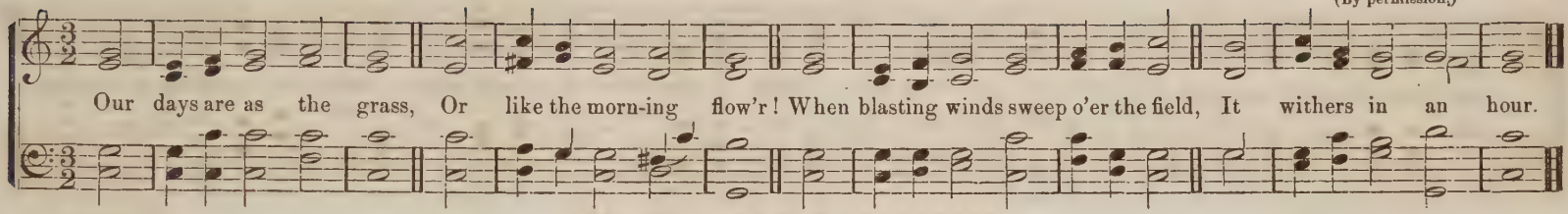
MAXIM.



BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. Mason.
(By permission.)



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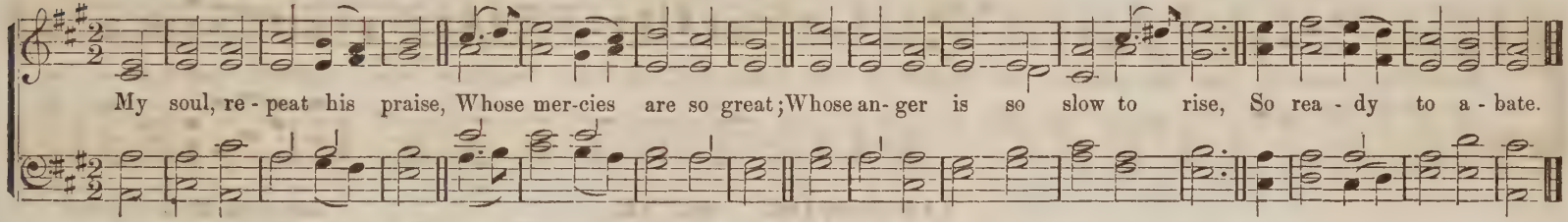
A. Williams.



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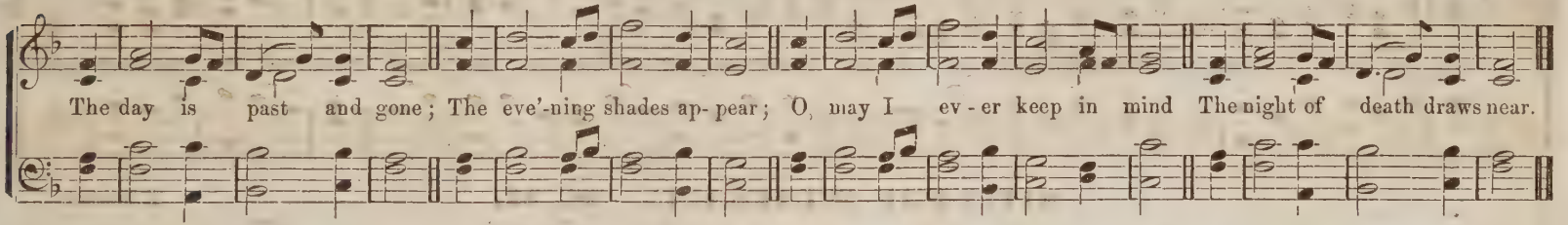

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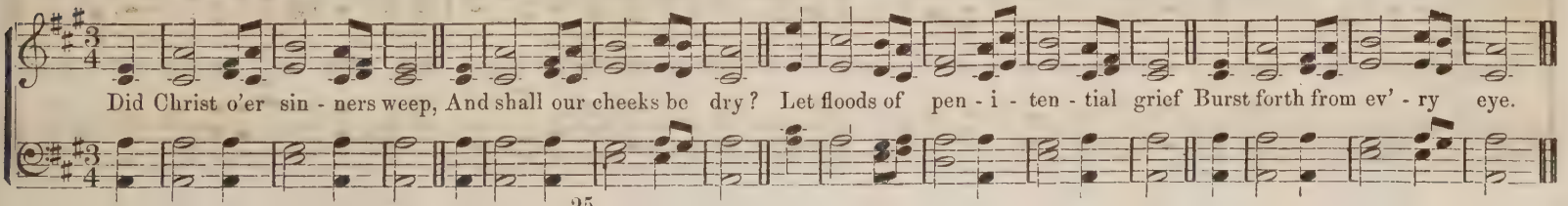

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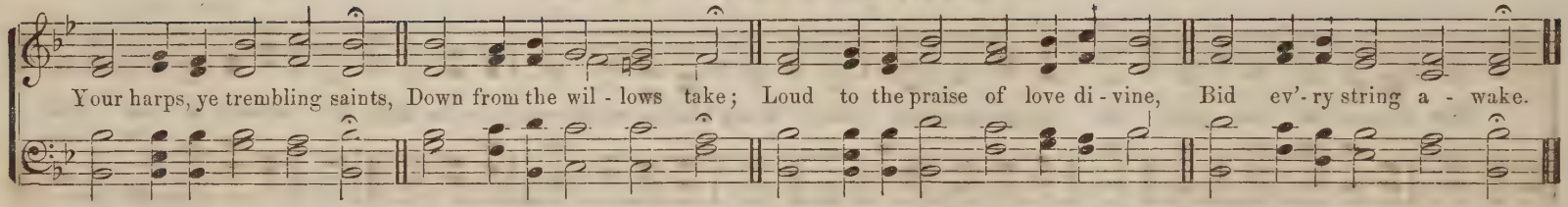
GREGORIAN.



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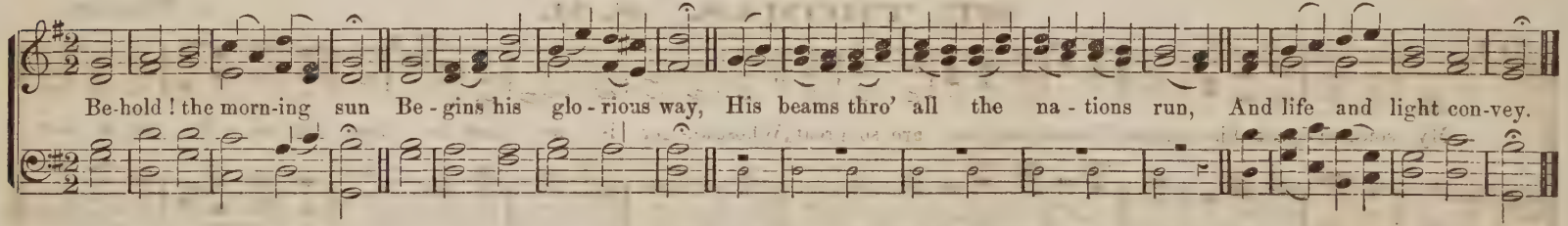
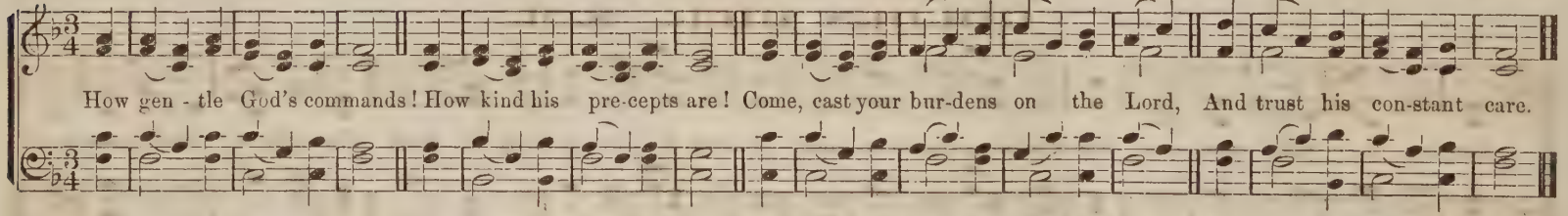
STANLEY.



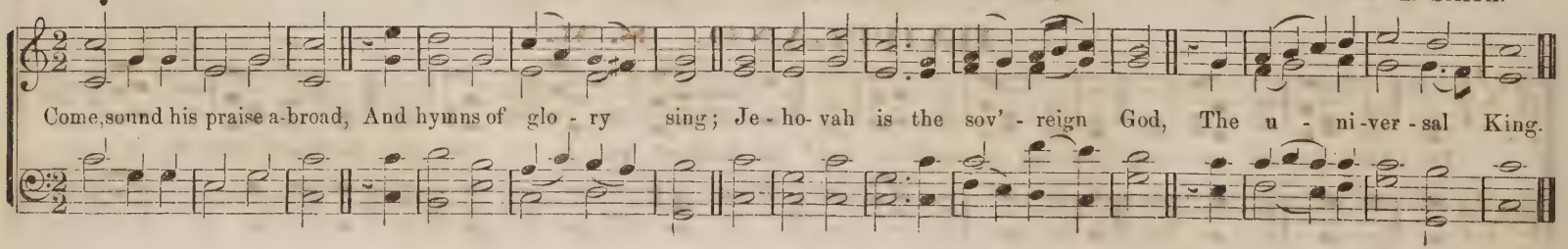
DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI.



SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



LENOX. H. M.

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise. Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be-gin the song.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song, In worlds of light begin the song.

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n. and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise. Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

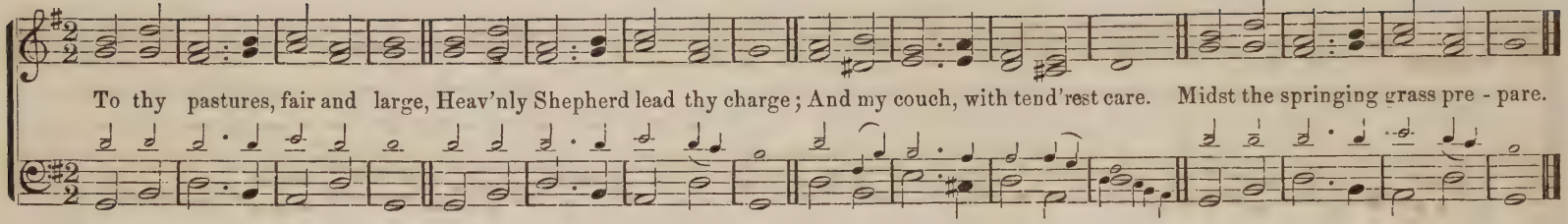
SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER.

1. Gen - tly, gen- tly, lay the rod On my sin - ful head, O God! Stay the wrath, in mer - cy stay, Lest I sink be- neath its sway.
2. Lo! he comes, he heeds my plea; Lo he comes, the shadows flee; Glo - ry round me dawns once more; Rise, my spir - it and a - dore.

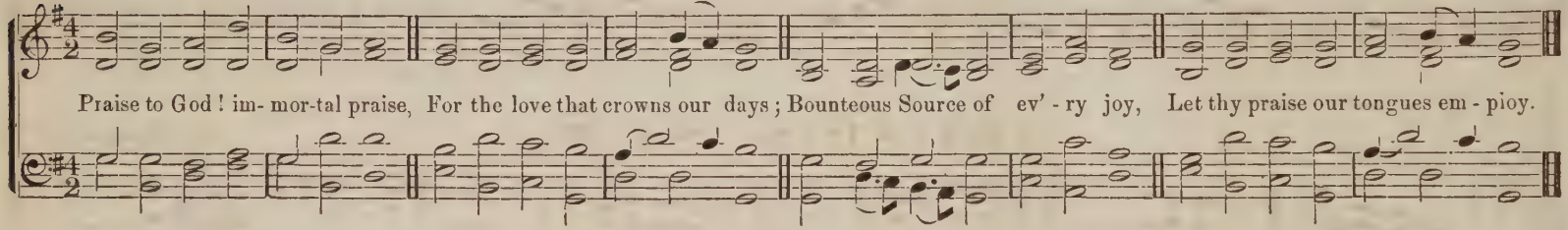
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.



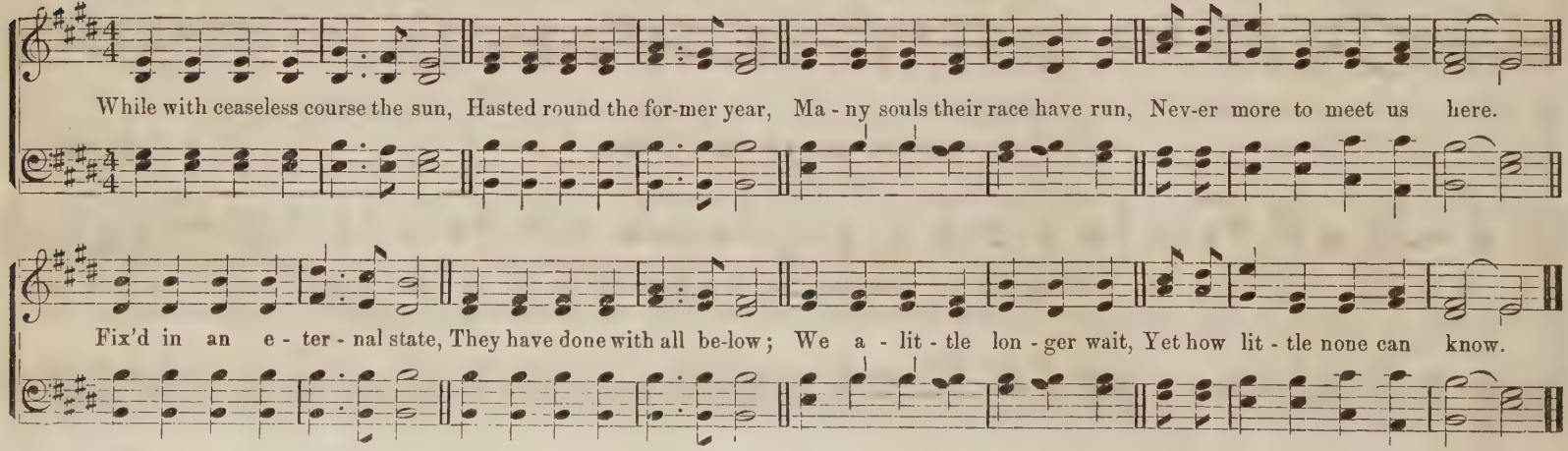
NUREMBURG. 7s.

GERMAN.



BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

WEBBE.



SHINING SHORE. 8s. & 7s.

My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger:

REFRAIN.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be-fore, the shining shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

AUTUMN. 8s. & 7s. Double.

Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mercies crown:

Je - sus! thou art all com- pas -sion; Pure, un- bound - ed love thou art: Vis-it us with thy sal - va - tion; En-ter ev' - ry longing heart.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4, or 8s & 7s. Double.

ROSSEAU.

FINE. D. C.

Far from mor-tal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires,
Here our will-ing footsteps meet-ing, Ev'-ry heart to heaven as-pires,
Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claim-ing, Peace and par-don from the skies.
From the fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deeming grace;
Oh re-fresh us, Oh re-fresh us, Trav'ling through this wil-der-ness.

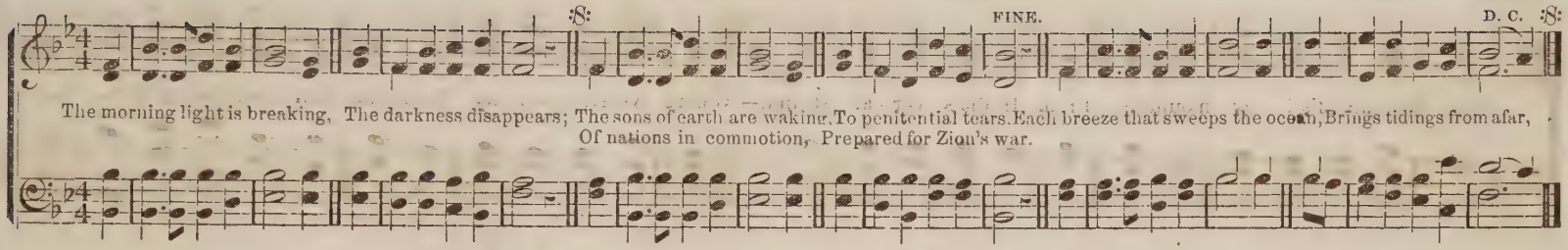
SALVATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

T. M. TOWNE.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Re-deem er from all sin;
Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who has died my heart to win.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be-gin.

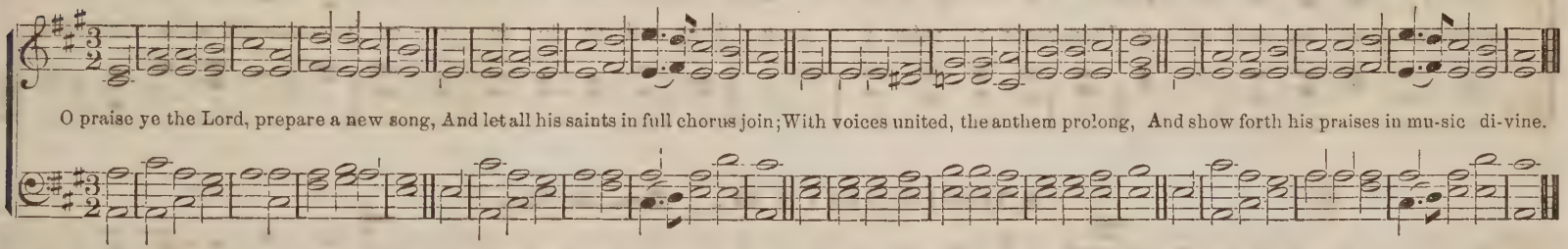
2. When the an-gel choirs are cry-ing, Glo-ry to the great I AM.
I with them will still be vie-ing, Glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Lamb.
O how pre-cious, O how pre-cious Is the sound of Jesus' name.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

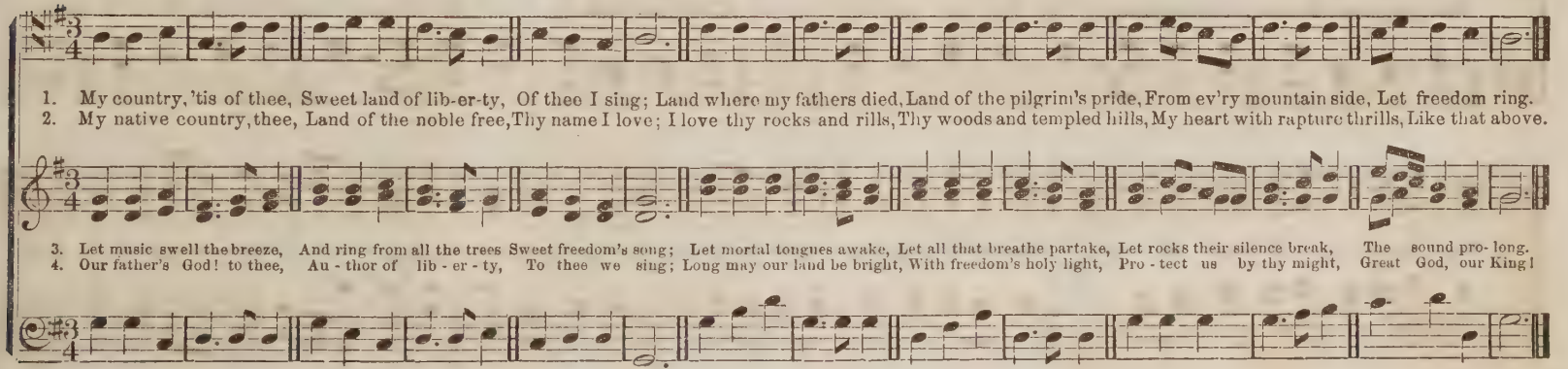


LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.



AMERICA. 6s. & 4s.



MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,—Where Af- ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;

From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

AMSTERDAM. 7s. & 6s.

Rise, my soul, stretch forth thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran- si - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re- move; Rise, my soul and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee; Though sorrow and darkness en-compass the tomb, The Saviour has passed thro' the por- tals be- fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

The Lord is our shepherd, our guar-dian and guide, What - ev - er we want, he will kind - ly pro - vide, To sheep of his pasture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro-tection, His care and pro-tection, His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round.

DEFINITION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A...To, for, by, in or at.
Accelerando...Gradually faster.
Adagio...A very slow movement.
Ad Libitum. } At the pleasure of the per-
Ad Lib..... } former.
Affettuoso...Tenderly.
Agitato...With agitation, excitedly.
Air...The leading part or melody.
Allegretto...Somewhat cheerful.
Allegro...Quick, lively.
Andante...Rather slow and gentle.
Andantino...Faster than Andante.
Animato or con Anima...With animation.
A Tempo...In time.
Baritone...A voice whose register is between the Base and Tenor.
Ben...Well; as *ben marcato*, well marked.
Bis...Twice.
Calando...Gradually softer and slower.
Cantabile...Smooth and graceful.
Coda...A second or added ending.
Contralto...The lowest female voice.
Con Spirito...With spirit, animation.
Da Capo...From the beginning.
Dolce...Sweetly.
Decrescendo...Decreasing.
Espressivo...With expression.
Finale...The last piece or movement.
Fine...The end.
Forte...Loud.
Fortissimo...Very loud.
Forzando...Suddenly loud.
Grave...Slow and solemn.
Grazioso...With grace and elegance.
Harmony...Two or more parts performed together.
Interlude...An instrumental passage between vocal passages.
Larghetto...Slowly.
Largo...Very slow and solemn.
Leggiero...Lightly.
Legato...Smoothly, connectedly.
Lentando...Slower and slower.
Lento...Slow.
Ma...But.
Maestoso...With majesty and grandeur.
Marcato...Somewhat detached.
Melody...An agreeable succesion of sounds.
Mezzo...Medium or middle.
Moderato...Moderately.
Molto...Much.
Morendo...Gradually diminishing.
Non...Not.
Obligato...Something indispensable.
Pia...More.
Piano...Soft.
Poco...A little.
Presto...Quick.
Prestissimo...Very quick.
Primo...The first or leading part.
Quasi...In the style of.
Recitative...Musical declamation.
Rallentando.. } Gradually slower.
Ritard..... }
Scherzando...Light, playful manner.
Segno...Sign.
Semplice...With simplicty.
Sempre...Always.
Slentando...Slower.
Smorzando.. } Gradually diminishing.
Smorz..... }
Solfeggio...A vocal exercise.
Solo...For a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto.. } Sustainedly.
Sost..... }
Sotto Voce...With subdued voice.
Staccato...Short, detached.
Stentato...Loudly, forcibly.
Suave...Sweet and delicate.
Subito...Quickly.
Tenuto...Well sustained.
Tasto Solo...Without chords.
Tempo...Time.
Tempo Giusto...In exact time.
Trio...Three.
Tutti...All.
Un Poco...A little.
Veloce...Rapidly.
Verse...One singer to each part.
Vigoroso...With vigor, boldly.
Virtuoso...A proficient in art.
Vivace...Vivaciously, briskly.
Volti...Turn over.
Voce di Testa...The head voice.
Voce di Petto...The chest voice.

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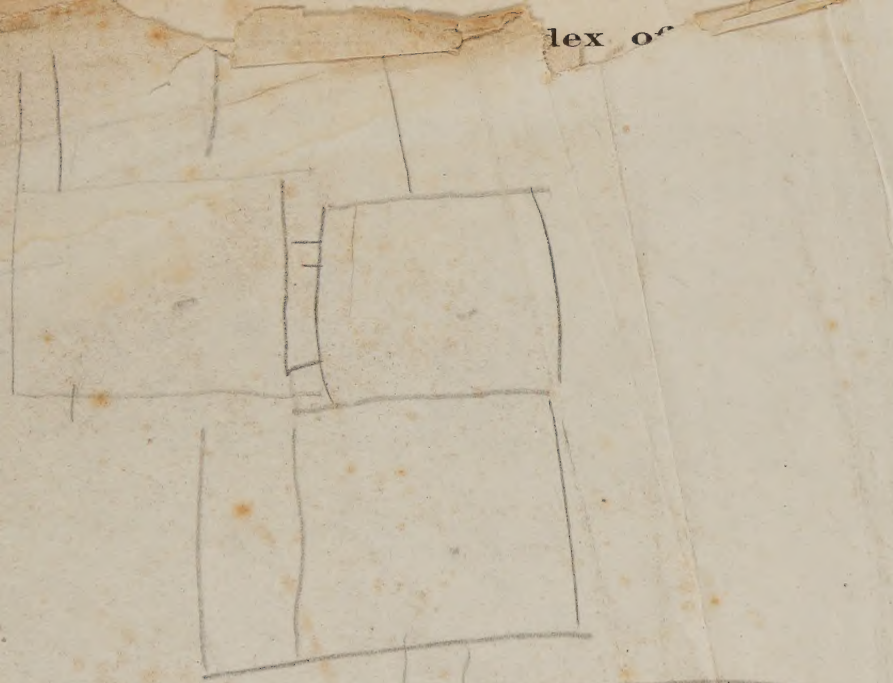

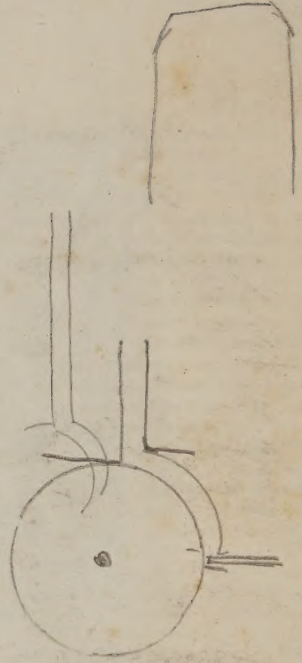

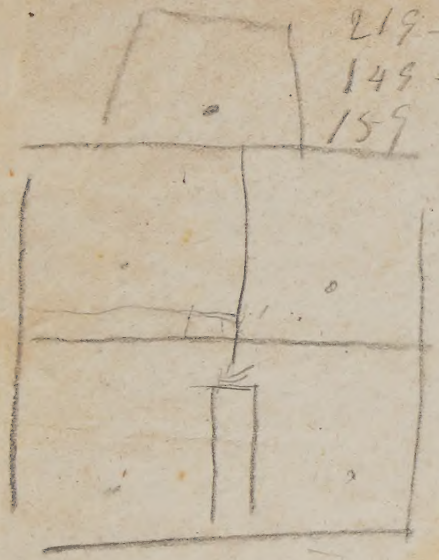

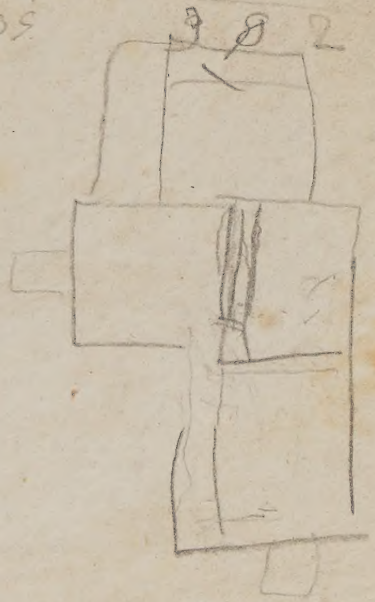

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